CHINA AND THE ALLIES

A— HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR

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CHINA
AND THE ALLIES

THE SUMMER PALACE

CHINA

AND THE ALLIES

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND," "ALONE WITH THE HAIRY AINU," "COREA, THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

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THE TARTAR WALL, SHOWING AMERICAN POSITION SOUTH OF THEIR LEGATION

CHAPTER I

A complete narrative day by day — The alarm sounded — Civilians concerned—Legations confident—Placards—Queen Victoria's birthday — Railway employees attacked — A commotion—A plucky couple—Rescuers and rescued—Feng-tai attacked and destroyed—An amusing incident—Guards telegraphed for—Communication cut with Tientsin—The telegraph —Precautions—The Chinese guard—Refugees in the Legations —The Boxers as near as Ma-chia-pu.

So many inaccurate accounts of the siege of Pekin have been published, and so little do the majority of people seem to know exactly what happened, that I give here in full a complete narrative of the events day by day. Great care has been taken in compiling this narrative, both as to the sources from which I derived my information and as to checking the information received from the various sources ;

and I am much indebted to several of the most intelligent men who were shut up in Pekin for their help in furnishing me with the facts contained in the chapters in this volume dealing with the siege.

Boxers, Boxers, nothing but Boxers, seemed to be the constant alarm which for several months had been sounded in Pekin. The foreigners were to have been murdered first on a particular day of a certain moon, then on some other day of some other moon, but somehow the murders never came off. The civilians were somewhat concerned at the turn affairs were taking, but the Legations, the British and American in particular, were so confident that there was nothing to fear from the rising Boxer movement that people almost began to feel ashamed of having sounded the note of warning, and at least did not take further precautions.

Placards were posted all over Pekin in May, inciting the Chinese to murder all Europeans, but this did not prevent the birthday of Queen Victoria from being solemnised on May 24 with due pomp and good feeling at the British Legation, where some sixty residents of the Pekin *élite* sat down to an elaborate repast in honour of her Majesty, and were further entertained to a dance after dinner.

It would appear that with the whirls of the last waltz on that night were whirled away, too, that self-reliance and confidence by which the Legation people had so far been upheld, and which they had tried to impress on their unofficial and less confident friends.

At Chang-sen-tien, on the railway, as we have already seen, the European employees had been attacked and fled to Fengtai, while those who could not effect an escape barricaded themselves in their houses and offered a stout

resistance to the Boxers. The station shed and various buildings were wrecked and burnt.

This alarming news arrived in Pekin and caused a commotion. The danger was coming—it was only within a stone's-throw—but no one had a remedy at hand. In the meanwhile it was reported that the barricaded people would not be able to hold out long. A deed of great bravery, which has hardly been noticed in England and America, was performed by a Frenchman, M. Chanot, the young proprietor of the Hotel de Pékin, and his wife, a plucky little American lady. These two set out with their rifles at great danger to themselves, and, at the head of a small party of foreigners, forced their way for some miles through the menacing mob, freed the Europeans, and conveyed them back in safety to Pekin. Rescuers and rescued had hardly time to make their retreat before the houses they had occupied were set ablaze. The party returned the following day to Pekin with 13 men, 8 women, and 6 children whom they had saved. They had killed a good number of Boxers.

Feng-tai was attacked immediately afterwards, and, as we have already seen, the engine-sheds and workshops, machinery and rolling-stock, were looted and burnt, the engines therein stationed being absolutely destroyed. One engine, it seems, had its steam up, and, while it was being tampered with, started at full speed down the line with a load of Boxers on it. The astonished fanatics were unable to stop it, and before coming to a standstill it shot down the steep embankment, the Boxers having, previous to meddling with the locomotive, torn up some of the rails and sleepers of the line.

The news of the destruction of Heng-tai (or Feng-tai) arrived in Pekin at noon on Monday, May 28, and the authorities, for the first time, gave the Legations to under-

stand that they had no power over the fast-spreading Boxer movement, and that in all probability Pekin would be threatened next. Guards for the Legations were only telegraphed for by the British and American Ministers at this last moment. The Russian and French Ministers, it may be

A SANDBAGGED HOUSE IN THE BRITISH LEGATION

remembered, had telegraphed for them two days before, that is on May 26.

Members of the Legations were openly insulted in the streets of Pekin by fanatics of the Ih-hwo-Ch'uan. The historic letter of Bishop Favier has already shown us that there was somebody in Pekin who well knew what was taking place, and had given friendly warning to the Ministers. We have also seen with what result.

Communication was now cut with Tientsin and Taku, but the telegraph was still in working order, both to these places

and to Kiahta, and thence to Europe by the Siberian telegraph.

Hasty precautions and arrangements for a defence were made in the British Legation, under the direction of Captain Poole, who happened to be in Pekin for the purpose of mastering the Chinese language. In the French Legation, M. Pichon forbade his staff to leave Pekin, and requested all his compatriots to take refuge in the Legation compound. In all the Legations the duty of patrolling the premises during the night was undertaken by volunteers, mostly Students, who took turns every two hours. The guard provided by the Chinese Government, a murderous-looking crowd of soldiers, armed with spears and a few rifles, was felt to afford a very doubtful protection.

The whole city was in a feverish state, people running in all directions, and some trying to escape before the storm broke out. Foreigners, in carts and other conveyances, left their houses to repair to the Legations, which were safer, and their servants and friends followed conveying loads of pig-skin boxes, bags, parcels, parasols, &c., which in the confusion their owners had attempted to save. I am told that it is quite curious to notice what strange things people try to save on such occasions. The most valued are not, it seems, always the most valuable.

Messengers kept coming into the Legations with reports, more or less alarming every time, and towards evening the rumour ran that the Boxers were now in great force, and were as near as Ma-chia-pu.

CHAPTER II

Confirmation of alarming news — The electric tramway—A contrast—Disturbing the peace of the dead—Morrison and Whittal mobbed—Barricades—Mutiny of the Kan-su regiment —The Viceroy's refusal to grant a train—Precautions abandoned—No firmness—The day settled for an attack on the Legations—The French and Russian Ministers—The arrival of guards—Boisterous Imperial troops—The British guard—The Italian gun—Chinese Government powerless—The last English mail—Native Christians—Marines for the Pe-tang—News of a forthcoming Boxer attack.

As is invariably the case in moments of great danger, everybody tried to belittle the peril now in store for the Europeans in Pekin. Many people thought that the troubles at Feng-tai had been greatly exaggerated, and refused to believe them until confirmation arrived. It duly came the next morning, the 29th, and matters were now reported even worse than had at first been suspected.

The next evil deeds of the Boxers occurred outside the Tun-ting-men (gate), where a squeaky, jolting electric tramway line had been running for some time — a contrast so great to the majestic ancient walls of the city along which it sped, that it gave a moral shock to people even less barbarous than the Boxers. The uprights supporting the overhead wire were pulled down, and the wire itself cut and removed, the rails torn up, and the carriages burnt

THE EAST GATE, PEKIN.

or destroyed. Curiously enough, the Boxers claimed that the wire disturbed the peace, not of the living, but of the dead men whose graves it happened to pass. Moreover, a carriage that went along without being propelled by beast or man must be the work of devils, and not grateful to the gods. What better could men do than destroy such work ?

Dr. Morrison (correspondent of the *Times*) and Mr. Whittal went to investigate the extent of damage done to the line. They were mobbed by Chinese soldiers just outside the Temple of Heaven, and had to make a hurried escape. The missionaries, who had taken refuge the previous night in the Legations, to-day returned to their respective homes, for the situation was "not considered critical" as yet.

In the British Legation, the side gate and the stable gate, leading to the Mongol Market, were blocked up with heavy stones and strongly barricaded.

Fresh developments arose on the 30th. The Kan-Su regiment, set as a guard to protect foreigners at the Yun-ting gate, mutinied, and had apparently made common cause with the Boxers.

Bad news never comes singly. Not only had the protection of these Chinese troops, on which certain Ministers had relied up to this last moment, turned into open hostility towards foreigners, but the Yamên absolutely declined to grant any facilities to the Legation guards on their way to Pekin. The Viceroy of Tientsin refused a train for their conveyance.

In the British Legation preparations were made for receiving fifty missionary ladies in case of necessity, Lady MacDonald turning her ball-room into a dormitory. In the evening the city seemed quiet, and even the small precaution of having patrols at night round the Legation compound was

abandoned. The opinion seemed prevalent among outsiders that although some of the European Ministers had spoken very harshly to the Yamên Ministers, to whom they had presented an ultimatum in the morning, none had shown absolute firmness, or a power of maintaining their position,

IN THE RUSSIAN LEGATION

which would have appealed to the Chinese much more than severe but empty words.

During the night a commotion was caused by the news that the Chinese had actually opposed the landing of troops at Taku.

The 1st of June was, according to placards posted all over Pekin, the day settled by the Boxers for an attack on the Legations. The French and Russian Ministers demanded an immediate explanation and atonement for the opposition shown to the progress of their guards to Pekin, and at 1.30

A.M. on May 31, just on the eve of the forthcoming attack, the news was heard, with no small relief, that the Yamên agreed to afford facilities for the various contingents to proceed to the capital.

At 7.30 A.M. these contingents arrived at the terminus of the railway line, and at 8.10 every foreigner in Pekin was intently listening to the comforting sound of the approaching Russian and French bugles. The Students of the British Legation went to meet the guard, singing "Soldiers of the Queen," and riding ahead of the contingent, and at 9.30 entered her Majesty's Legation, where the men were warmly greeted with three cheers. Their arrival, which considerably allayed the anxiety of the people already there, had come none too soon, as will be seen by subsequent events.

The Boxers, whether through cowardice or for some other cause, had suddenly quieted down on the approach of the foreign marines, whereas the Imperial troops became more boisterous and aggressive, their attitude being evidently instigated by their superior officers.

The British guard was under the command of Captains Strouts, Wray, and Halliday.

As already stated in a preceding chapter, the troops which arrived in Pekin were composed of 78 British, with a Nordenfeldt gun, 75 Russians, 25 Austrians, 50 Americans, 50 Italians, 75 French, and 25 Japanese.

The Italians had brought up with them a 1-pounder gun, of which we shall hear again in the history of the siege. The American marines had a Colt Automatic.

Considerable interest and no little concern were displayed by the Chinese mob upon the arrival of these guards, crowds, on their best behaviour, witnessing their march through the streets. An exaggerated rumour that several

thousand foreign soldiers had arrived in the city spread at once all over Pekin, and seemed to have a salutary effect. The town remained quiet, and never was it quieter than on June 1, the day for which the massacre of Europeans had been formally announced. It was said to be now postponed to the 5th.

Outside Pekin things were a little more brisk, and news

CHINESE SOLDIERS

arrived that part of the Summer Legation on the hills, near the Summer Palace, had been destroyed.

Railway communication with Tientsin was re-established.

The threats of the British Minister had received no attention from the Yamên, and those of the French Minister, which were made on June 2, and were yet severer, only produced the declaration, in plain words, that the Chinese Government was powerless to suppress the spreading of the anti-foreign movement. On Saturday, the 2nd, one of the refugees from Pao-ting-fu, whose wife had been murdered,

came to have his feet doctored. They had been badly burnt.

On Sunday, the 3rd, 35 Austrian marines, with a machine gun, arrived, and 50 Germans. This would bring the total of the guards to 460. Some consolation was felt at the delivery of the English mail on Sunday evening—the last that was received until after the end of the siege.

In Pekin itself everything was quiet enough, but native Christians and missionaries all over the surrounding country seemed to be faring badly. Thousands of Catholic Christians had come in to the mission of Pe-tang, the north cathedral of Pekin, within the walls of the Imperial City, for shelter, and to escape the persecution of the Boxers. Their villages, their dwellings, and all their property had been set on fire.

At the urgent request of the French Bishop Favier, 30 of the 75 French marines who had arrived were detailed for the protection of the French Fathers and their Catholics at Pe-tang, while 10 Italians were despatched for the protection of the Jen-se-tang's Sisters of Charity, whose premises adjoin the Pe-tang.

On Whit Monday, June 4, an attempt was made by the Students to reach Ta-chueh-Su by cart, but the risk was deemed too great, and they were recalled.

Curious as it may seem, the apparent danger being so imminent, Miss Armstrong had gone or been sent with children to the "Summer Legation," several miles outside the West Gate of Pekin, where, although they had a guard of 10 marines, they certainly could not have shared the comparative safety of the now well-guarded Legations inside the city. In fact, they were sent for, no later than the following day.

The French Minister, who, as we have seen, was the best

informed of the European Representatives, brought in the news that the Boxers intended attacking the city the following day, June 5. The attack would very likely take place during the night, 4th-5th.

It never came off, but in the morning the murder of Robinson and capture of Norman were reported. The railway line was again in the hands of Boxers. Am'ting station was destroyed, the line torn up, and other stations in course of destruction. The Summer Legation was in serious danger, and practically in the hands of the mob.

CHAPTER III

The Chinese post office and telegraph—Impossibility of leaving Pekin—Mistaken beliefs—Chinese assurances—Too great a risk—The Empress' hesitation—A signal of extreme peril—Two more stations burned—The Imperial car—Officials living in hope—Sir Robert Hart—A panic—General Nieh to protect the Boxers—A horde of semi-barbarous soldiery enters Pekin.

YET the Chinese post-office was still in working order, the letters being despatched by courier twice daily, at 9 A.M. and 6 P.M. The telegraph to Tung-chow, the end of which is close by the Tsung-li-Yamên, was still intact, as well as the Russian line viâ Kiahta. No doubt the Chinese had some special reason for this, as it seems hardly possible that the Boxers and soldiers, who took special pains and pleasure in tearing up rails and sleepers and electric tram wires, would not interfere with the telegraph line, which could so easily be destroyed.

On this day the Ministers came to the conclusion that there was really trouble brewing in Northern China, and that it was absolutely useless to treat any longer with the Chinese Government, which had practically ceased to exist. To leave Pekin was an impossibility. There seemed only one thing to do, and that was to take immediate steps for making a stout defence.

There were constant meetings of the Ministers, as well as a council of war of all the military officers, and a combined plan was drawn up for the defence of the Legations.

On Wednesday, the 6th, three bridges were burnt on the Pekin-Tientsin line, near Yangtsun, but Chinese troops, the

A CHINESE STREET

Legation people were led to believe, were busy mending the line.*

It was hoped from moment to moment that communication with Tientsin would be restored, and the Tsung-li-Yamên assured the anxious Ministers that, by the following Saturday (the 9th), the railway line would be in full working order. Prince Ching swore by all that he held most sacred that this would be so, and the Ministers believed him.

* The reader has already met these troops, on his way up the line with Admiral Seymour's relief column.

This was merely an expedient to gain time.

The Legation people heard, to their concern, that in Tientsin, too, things were getting bad, and heavy clouds, foreshadowing a fierce storm, seemed to be closing over the horizon on every side.

The French Minister for a moment entertained, but soon abandoned, the idea that all the Legation staffs, escorted by their guards, should make their way to Tung-chow, and thence by river to Tientsin; but the risk was too great.

Preparations were hastily carried out in the Legation compound, barricades put up at the weakest points of defence, and an opening cut into the wall that was common to the Pekin Hotel, in which lay a good store of flour, rice, tinned provisions, wines, beer, spirits, and other such commodities, which might at a future date come in handy. Some accommodation for the refugees was provided in the British Legation, in Mr. Bax Ironside's old house, and in the stable quarters.

There were so many rumours floating about that it was difficult to know what to believe and what not. The people felt uneasy. In the Palace, the Empress was said to hesitate whether to protect foreigners and suppress the insurrection, or to let the Boxers overrun the country and drive the "white devils" into the sea. This latter plan was a favourite dream of the Empress, and it was felt that her sympathies ran altogether in that direction. Her prudence, however, might prevent her giving way to her wishes.

Another meeting of all the Allied officers took place, and it was decided that upon the ringing of a bell, which would be a sign of extreme peril, the American and Russian guards

were to come at once to the British Legation, and the German, Italian, and Japanese to the French. The Students were to defend their own quarters. Ladders were made to enable the defenders to man the walls; more barricades were put up, sand-bags filled, and other general preparations made, none of which, however, were of a kind to withstand a serious attack from a well-armed and perfectly trained force. Anything, it was thought, would do against the Chinese.

More depressing news arrived. Two more railway stations were burned, reports were circulated that the Powers intended at last to take active measures, while the Yamên refused permission, point blank, for more troops to enter or even to advance towards Pekin. It was reported from Chinese sources that the Viceroy in Tientsin had flatly declined to supply a train for their conveyance.

At the Pekin terminus of the railway (Heng-tai) there were no engines, nor, as a matter of fact, anything else, the Boxers having destroyed everything, including the elaborate Imperial car, the private property of the Emperor. From that end of the line, therefore, no assistance whatever could be given to a relief force.

Yet even at this point the people of the Legations had not lost absolute faith in the Chinese. There were still some who believed that the Imperial troops would exterminate the Boxers, and quickly suppress the "insurrection." The hopes of these people rose high on June 7, when a vivid account of a battle between the foreign-drilled troops, under General Nieh, and the Boxers, passed from mouth to mouth all over Pekin. The engagement had taken place at Yangtsun, and the Boxers, it was stated, had been worsted.

There was one Englishman in Pekin — and only one—who knew how things stood, but his knowledge, as is the case on such occasions, was scorned and laughed at by inferior and less competent persons. I mean Sir Robert Hart, whose intimate knowledge of China and the Chinese is not paralleled by any other living foreigner in the Empire of Heaven. When everybody was rejoicing at the defeat of the Boxers, he stated—because he knew it to be true—that Pekin was seriously threatened, and that the city was swarming with Boxers and was practically in their hands.

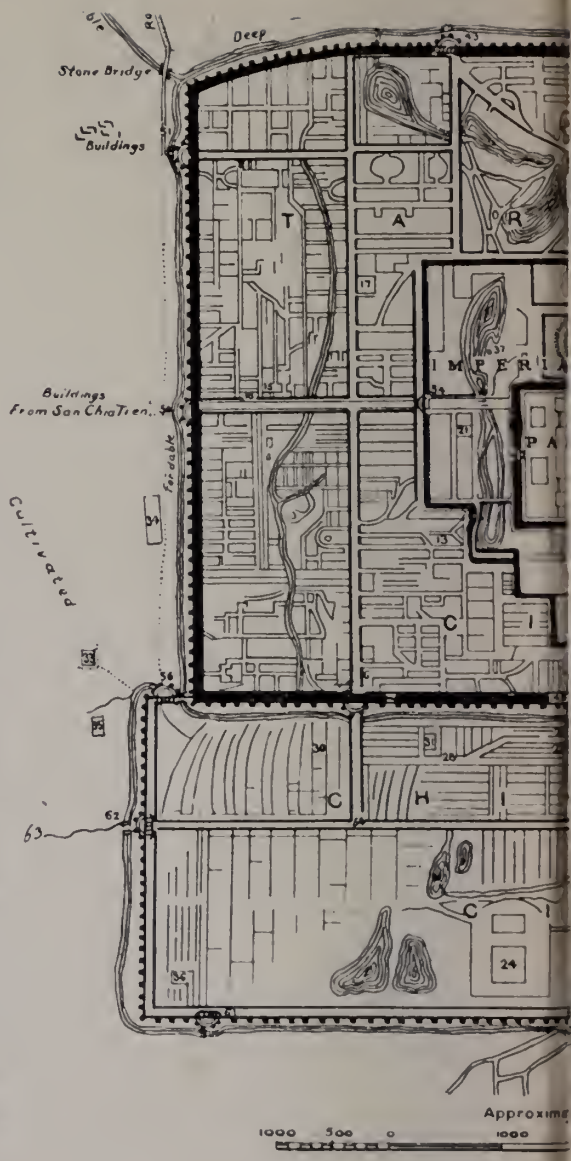
This statement at first created a panic, and then merriment, among people who thought they knew better; but this merriment did not last long. In fact, on the following morning, together with the report of two more stations burnt, and with a number of refugees rushing into the Legations for shelter, came the cheerful news that General Nieh had been commanded by the Empress and the Government not to interfere in any way with the Boxers, but to protect and help them.

More alarming still was the fact that thousands of well-armed, ill-behaved soldiers, under the leadership of the Mahommedan General Tung-Fu-Hsiang, as "foreign-hating" a man as ever lived in China, were streaming into Pekin.

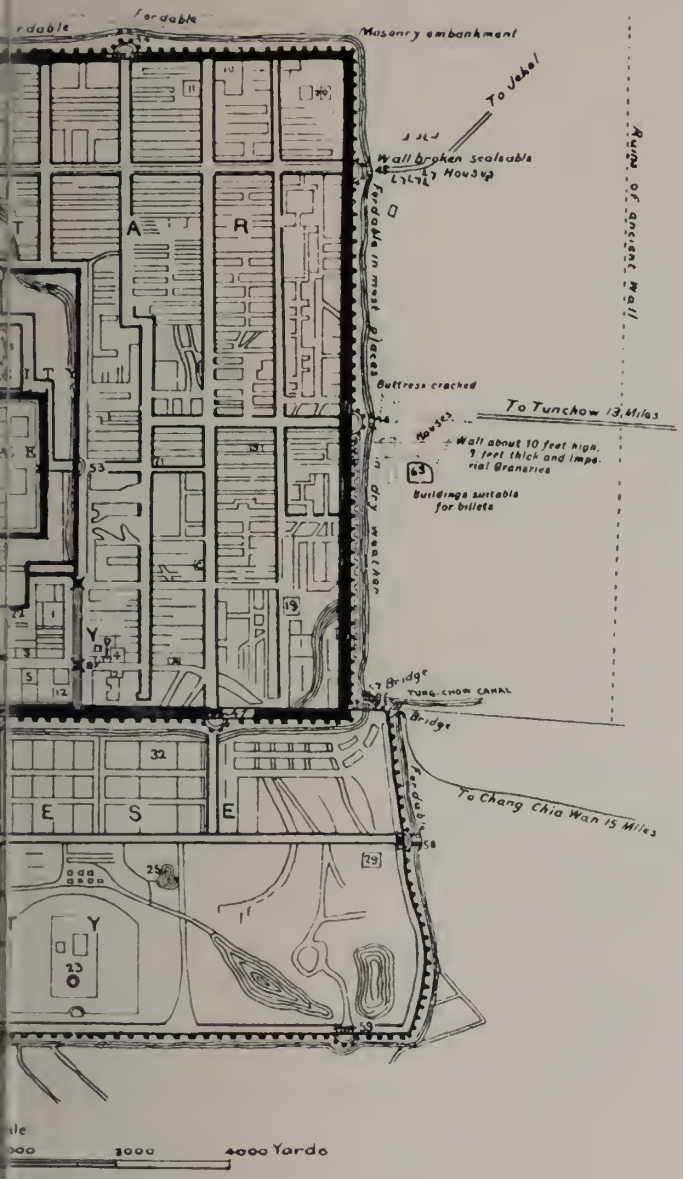
It was from this horde of semi-barbarous soldiery—ever ready to run into excesses, ever disorderly and cruel—that the chief danger to Europeans might be expected. The extent of this danger was fully realised by some of the number, and a proposal was made to send all the women and children out of Pekin. Until railway communication was again open, however, the carrying into effect of this scheme was absolutely impossible; so, like many other fine projects, it was abandoned.

1. British Legation.
2. German Legation.
3. Russian Legation.
4. French Legation.
5. United States Legation.
6. Nan-Tang French Mission.
7. Tung-tang French Mission.
8. Si-tang French Mission.
9. Foreign Customs.
10. Tung-ho-kung (Lama Temple)
11. Wen-miao (Confucian Temple).
12. Corean Embassy.
13. Mahommedan Mosque.
14. Kuang-sing-tai Observatory.
15. Ti-wang-miao Imperial Temple.
16. Pai-ta Temple.
17. Hu-po Temple.
18. Me-chan, or Coal Hill.
19. Kao-chang Examination Hall.
20. Russian Mission.
21. Pe-tang French Mission.
22. Mongol Market.
23. Temple of Heaven.
24. Temple of Agriculture.
25. Goldfish Ponds.
26. Picture Street.
27. Theatres.
28. Book Street.
29. Foundling Hospital.
30. Lock Hospital.
31. Soup Kitchen.
32. Soup Kitchen.
33. Temple.
34. Temple of the Moon.
35. Tien-ling Temple.
36. Deposit for bodies of criminals.
37. White Ming Pagoda.
38. Russian Graveyard.
39. Temple of the Sun.
40. Lama Temple.
41. Lama Temple.
42. Drum Tower.
43. Te-sheng Gate in the Tartar Wall.
44. An-ting Gate in the Tartar Wall.
45. Tung-chih Gate in the Tartar Wall.
46. Chi-ho Gate in the Tartar Wall.
47. Ha-ta Gate in the Tartar Wall.
48. Ch'ien Gate in the Tartar Wall.
49. Shun-Chih Gate in the Tartar Wall.
50. Ping-tsu Gate in the Tartar Wall.
51. Si-chih Gate in the Tartar Wall.
52. Ou Gate of the Imperial City.
53. Yung-hua Gate of the Imperial City.
54. Si-hua Gate of the Imperial City.
55. Ta-ching Gate of the Imperial City.
56. Si-pien Gate of the Chinese City.
57. Tung-pien Gate of the Chinese City.
58. Sha-huo Gate of the Chinese City.
59. Cheang-tsu Gate of the Chinese City.
60. Yung-ting Gate of the Chinese City.
61. Nan-si Gate of the Chinese City.
62. Hang-yi Gate of the Chinese City.
63. Jih-tou Temple.
64. Tsai-shi-kur (execution ground).

A. Italian Legation.
B. Spanish Legation.
C. Belgian Legation.
D. Japanese Legation.



PLAN O


Fordable
Masonry embankment
To Jehol
Wall broken sealable
Houses
Fordable in most places
Buttress cracked
To Tunchow 13 Miles
Houses
Wall about 10 feet high, 9 feet thick and Imperial Granaries
Buildings suitable for billets
Dry Masonry
Bridge
TUNG-CHOW CANAL
Bridge
To Chang Chia Wan 15 Miles
Yardo

KIN.

CHAPTER IV

Appealing to the sporting community—The grand stand—Escaped missionaries—An unfulfilled promise—Four thousand Chinese troops—The telegraph *via* Kiahta—Boxers and soldiers amalgamate—Prince Tuan—Prince Ching the friend of Europeans—A new president of the Yamên—A sleepless night—A proposal to leave Pekin—Expectation and disappointment—Communication cut with the outer world—Summer Legation razed to the ground—Relief reported by mistake—The murder of Mr. Sujiyama—Chinese couriers—Rapidity with which news travels in Asia—A true report—A Boxer proclamation—*Mafus* and *boys*.

On Saturday, the 9th, all the young men of a sporting disposition in Pekin began to realise how serious matters were getting. The Grand Stand at the Racecourse, six miles outside the city, had been wrecked and burnt. They could hardly believe that Boxer villainy could reach so far, and four of them—Messrs. Porter, Kirke, Warren, and Giles—went out to ascertain what had really happened. Hostility towards them was shown all along the road, and they had hardly gone a mile when a couple of hundred Boxers assembled, shouting at them "*Sha! sha! sha!*" ("Kill! kill! kill!") They decided to turn back. Near the Chang-I-men (gate) they saw a party preparing to cut them off, and galloped for their lives along the wall. They met Mr. Drury and Mr. Bristow, and related to them what had happened,

but these two were bent on seeing the Grand Stand, and continued.

On their way back to Pekin, these two also were attacked by a party of Boxers, who were only routed when Bristow fired

THE NORTH GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY

his revolver and killed one. Two swords were thrown at the Europeans, but no harm was done.

A number of American missionaries, escaped from Tung-chow, arrived, their houses having been set on fire by the Boxers, and more refugees came pouring in to the British Legation.

Great uneasiness was felt, the telegraph to Tientsin being now cut, and the Yamên informing the Ministers that the promise to restore railway communication could not be fulfilled.

About 4000 Chinese troops marched through the city to meet the Empress Dowager, who was returning from the

Summer Palace, and her return was in order—so said rumour —to witness the attack by 8000 troops on the Legations, which she had ordered to be razed to the ground. Confirmation was given to the rumour by the appearance of masses of soldiers on the wall and on the Ch'ien-men ; and a further rumour (never verified) declared that two Krupp guns had been dragged up thither.

The only line of communication open with the outside world was now the Russian telegraph line *viâ* Kiahta.

In the evening great excitement was caused by the information received that the Chinese Government could no longer answer for the security of Europeans, as the Boxers and regular troops had practically joined together.

Prince Tuan, the leader of the Boxers, had been raised by the Empress to the high post of President of the Tsung-li-Yamên, in place of Prince Ching, suddenly dismissed for his pro-foreign proclivities. There is no doubt that the lives of all the Europeans in Pekin were saved by Prince Ching before the Legation guards arrived. He had done all he could to protect Europeans, but the reactionary party was now too strong for him.

Due notification was sent to the Ministers of this change in the Presidency of the Yamên, but some reluctance was felt by the foreign Representatives in negotiating with the new President, who was known to conceal in his house several hundred Boxers.

An assault on the Legations was expected on that night, which was sleepless for everybody. The Ministers proposed to leave Pekin, escorted by the Legation guards, but concluded that this would involve greater danger than remaining where they were. They could make a stand within an enclosure, and hold out until relief came ; but once out in

the open, they felt that they would be at the mercy of the Chinese. The guard was considered too small to attempt such a move, and it was resolved to send for more troops.

June 10 was a day of great expectation, which was turned into bitter disappointment. News arrived that Admiral Seymour, with a strong force, was setting out by train to the relief of those in Pekin. He was expected to arrive at 10 A.M., time being mentally allowed for repairing the line, which would not, it was believed in Pekin, take long.

A circular was in the meantime sent round notifying that the Russian telegraph line had now been cut, and with it ended the prospect of further communication with the outside world. Hope now rested entirely on the arrival of the Seymour expedition, for which preparations were hastily made.

The hours passed slowly; a sharp look-out was kept in vain all day. Night set in, and no relief in sight. Another long and dreary night of uneasiness followed.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 11th, two servants brought the news that the Summer Legation had been absolutely destroyed, and that the London Mission, the Church of England Mission compounds, and the hill residences of American missionaries had shared the same fate, notwithstanding the presence of Chinese soldiers.

In the afternoon, the approach of the Expedition was by some mistake reported, and fifty carts, under a guard, went out to the terminus to meet the force. Not only had the expected reinforcements not arrived, but no news whatever could be obtained of them.

The procession, that had started gaily, had to make its way

THE TCHANG-IH GATE OF CHINESE CITY, PEKIN

back mournfully; the carts were placed in a square in front of the theatre in the tennis-court of the Legation, the mules being tethered on Mr. Bax Ironside's lawn and round his house.

That same afternoon, outside the Yun-ting-men, a ferocious outrage was committed on Mr. Sujiyama, the Assistant-Chancellor of the Japanese Legation. He had gone in his

THE TARTAR WALL, SHOWING PROTECTING PARALLEL WALLS ON RAMP BUILT BY THE CHINESE

cart to see if there was any sign of the Relief Expedition, and when just past the gate was dragged out of his conveyance by the soldiers of the Kan-su regiment, and, by order of one of the officers, immediately murdered and hacked to pieces. His Chinese driver managed to escape and bring the ghastly account to the Legation. The Japanese were indignant, and their Representatives sounded the British and other Ministers to learn how their respective countries would view a proposal from Japan to despatch at once a large punitive

force in order to restore law and peace, and protect the lives of foreigners.

The wire being cut, it may, to those who do not well know Asia, seem extraordinary how fast news reached Pekin—from mouth to mouth, as it were. The distance between Pekin and Tientsin, it must be borne in mind, is only about eighty miles, to Yangtsun sixty miles, and news can easily travel that distance in a few hours. Besides, the Chinese themselves had their couriers on horseback travelling to and fro, and news once spread over the town was soon learnt in the Legations.

To give an idea of the rapidity with which news can travel in China, it is sufficient to refer to some of the Proclamations and Edicts published, and sent all over the country, by runners and horsemen, at the rate of 600 li, or 200 miles, a day. In the case of Pekin, the news thus picked up travelled so fast that it reached the capital before the events had actually occurred!

Such was the case with the reported arrival of Seymour at Ma-chia-pu, which caused rejoicing in the hearts of the distressed. Then came the true report of the battle at Lanfang, already described in these pages, and this was confirmed by the arrival of a courier—a coolie employed by Americans—bearing a message from the Admiral to Sir Claude, to the effect that twenty marines, guarding others who were mending the line, had been attacked by 4000 Boxers, fifty of whom were killed. Twenty of our men had been wounded.

At night the Boxers issued a proclamation setting forth the correct number of men and rifles (forty, all counted) in the Pe-tang Catholic mission, and exhorting the populace to make an attack. All the *mafus* (grooms) in the Legations,

except four, left—a sure indication that they anticipated trouble ; but the *boys* (servants), probably through fear of being murdered by their own countrymen, remained. The position of these servants was very hard, as many of them were Catholics, and had families. They had to abandon their wives and children to their fate, and could offer them no help. They stuck faithfully to their masters.

CHAPTER V

More bad news—Everlasting complaints—A deliberate insult—An Imperial edict—Policing duties—Evil characters—Prince Tuan in command of the Pekin field force—Hanlins appointed examiners—Ching-feng Vice-President of the Board of Punishments—Russian telegraph re-established—Discussed rivalry—Yamên members call on British Minister—Subterfuge to "save their own faces"—Three fires—An angry mob—A messenger—Torturing a woman—Boldness of Boxers.

MORE bad news arrived on June 12. Troops had not yet arrived in Pekin. An-ting station was destroyed. Two further and more serious engagements between the Seymour expedition and Boxers with Imperial troops were reported. The Ministers went to the Yamên to complain of the hostile attitude of the Government and the murder of the Japanese Chancellor of Legation by Imperial soldiers; but they were received with impudence, not by the new Ministers themselves, but by some subordinates—a deliberate insult.

The Imperial Edict, bearing the date of June 8, was published in the *Gazette*, by which Prince Tuan was appointed to the command of the Pekin Field Force.

AN EDICT.

"1.—As the Boxers created trouble not long ago near the vicinity of Pekin, which caused the people some excite-

ment, we have repeatedly issued orders to investigate. Recently, crowds of loafers, armed with knives, &c., have been gathering and loafing here and there in the streets and markets in the city of Pekin, and their appearances are uncertain as to whereabouts. If this is not put a stop to the condition of affairs will be worse. The General Commanding

THE APPROACH TO PEKIN FROM THE SUMMER PALACE

the Gendarmerie, the Governor of Pekin, and the Police Censors of the five cities of the capital, are responsible for such policing duties, and they ought not to allow these evil characters to assemble, infest, and incite the people near the Imperial Court buildings. Now, we hereby order the Prince and Minister, the Heir-Apparent's father (Prince Tuan), in command of the Pekin Field Force, &c., to go round with the force, to keep a strict watch day and night, and at once to arrest and punish those ruffians who are seen to create disturbances. The General Commanding the Gendarmerie,

Governor of Pekin, and the Police Censors of the five cities of the capital, are also ordered to do the same. If met with, those who are suspicious in movements, armed in person, and inciting the people, deserve to be captured and punished without the least leniency, in order to suppress the rising, uproot the rebellion, and restore peace in the country."

2.—Appointing several Hanlins to be special grand examiners and assistants to the provinces of Kwang-tung, Kwangsi, and Fukien, in the celebration of the Emperor's thirtieth birthday this year.

June 11.

"Ching Feng is hereby appointed junior Vice-President of the Board of Punishments, and Na Tung is promoted to fill his post as senior Vice-President of the Mongolian Superintendency."

Some relief was felt when, amid so much bad news that kept coming in, it was ascertained that the Russian telegraph was re-established. The Russians had landed 2000 men at Taku, and the Japanese Minister had sent another urgent message for 20,000 men. To show how little the people in Pekin knew of what was going on, this rivalry was much discussed, and was considered to be, not an effort to come to the rescue of the besieged in Pekin, but as a serious omen of war between Russia and Japan! As a matter of fact, there probably never was a time when war between these two nations was more unlikely to break out.

Whether to make up for the impertinent behaviour that had been exhibited, or probably because they heard that the Boxers were being defeated in every engagement by Seymour, the new Members of the Yamên (created on the 10th) went to call on the British Minister. Now, when they feared that the British Admiral with his International troops might at any

moment force his way into Pekin—thus discrediting the Chinese Government—they admitted that there was danger for Europeans, and offered to permit the entrance of troops *into Pekin if they came at night, and on condition that they kept inside the Legations and did not look over the walls.*

This was obviously a trick to "save their own face," both with the Ministers—for they must have been aware that the Expedition had left Tientsin two days before, on the 10th—and with the populace, from whom they hoped by this childish subterfuge to conceal the fact that other troops had been allowed to come up.

The evening was exciting. Three large and ugly fires were seen, and great commotion prevailed all over the town. The buzzing sound of the populace in the streets could be heard round the Legations, whereas the silence of the Pekin streets at night in normal times used to be almost absolutely perfect. No one who has not heard that peculiar sound of an angry mob on the point of breaking out can believe how unpleasant is the feeling it seems to produce on one. Something parallel, not to the sound itself, but to the impression produced on one, exists in the howling wind and the depressing black clouds preceding a terrific storm.

Wednesday, the 13th, came, bringing no news yet of Seymour and the troops. A ting-ch'ai (Government messenger) of 18 years' service was persuaded, by the handsome offer of 100 dollars, to disguise himself as a coolie and find the whereabouts of the Admiral. He started right enough, but presently returned, his courage having failed him, and refused to go for any sum.

Some Boxers were seen, in Legation Street, driving a woman, whose hands and feet were tightly bound. They

wore their Boxer red turbans and sashes. The Germans chased them and arrested one.

The Boxers all of a sudden became so aggressive that the French killed two of them in a fight. They were seen in great numbers in the street, and all wore their distinguishing mark, with an impudence and bravado which they had not so far displayed in Pekin itself. The foreigners felt that the crisis had come. It was a matter of hours.

CHAPTER VI

American missionaries and the United States Minister—The Methodist Episcopal Chapel turned into a fort—Mr. Gamewell—The first Boxer attack—Two explosions—Austrian Legation on fire—Mission attacked—Troops at their posts—The non-military men—Enemy driven away by Italians and French—Austrians and their quick-firing gun—A woman burnt alive—Isolation again complete—Chinese Customs ablaze—Sleeping under arms—The barricades—No pity—Legation Street—The South Cathedral on fire—A man who could breathe flames.

WHILE from the very beginning of the trouble British missionaries were given all possible protection in the Legation, the Americans were rather encouraged than otherwise by their Minister to hold out in their respective homes. Towards June 8, about seventy American missionaries—men, women, and children—collected in the mission compound of Hsiao-shen-ghu-t'ung, where they assembled in the hope of protecting their lives against Boxer attacks.

A most urgent request for help sent to Mr. Conger, the United States Minister, brought forth the reply that only twenty marines could be spared, who, with twenty other rifles, brought the defending force of the Mission to forty men all told, in addition to a number of Chinese Christian refugees, armed with swords and spears.

Earthworks and fortifications were pushed on with alacrity around the compound, and the Methodist Episcopal chapel,

standing in the centre of the grounds, was turned into the principal fort, the windows being blocked up with bricks, and loopholes cut through the walls where necessary. A deep trench was dug round the fort, and a double barbed-wire fence put up for additional protection. Other trenches had been cut in various parts of the compound, the genius and soul of these fortifications being Mr. F. D. Gamewell, Professor of Natural Science in the Methodist College, of whom we shall have to speak again later in connection with the fortifications in the Legations.

Barring anxiety, excitement, and numerous false alarms, nothing of importance happened till the night of June 13, and we must attempt parallel narratives of the efforts of the Legations and the Mission on that memorable night, when the first Boxer attack was made.

At 7 P.M. a regular panic was caused by the Boxers breaking into the Ha-ta-men (gate) and rushing down from the east end of Legation Street.

At 7.45 an explosion occurred, followed by another loud report. The Austrian Legation was on fire, and the American Mission chapel attacked. The smaller chapel, standing outside the Mission compound, was now in flames, and, intoxicated by their success, the Boxers marched upon the chapel-fort by the narrow lane leading to it. They were charged by the American marines with bayonets fixed, who routed them. The Americans were led by Mr. Gil Hall.

All the troops immediately turned out and stood at their posts. The Italians and French were at the Ha-ta-men end of Legation Street; the Americans and Russians at the Ch'ien-men, where barricades had been put up. The Japanese and Germans were in the centre between the two first positions, the latter doing useful work between

their Legation and the Austrian. The British held the North Bridge along the Legation canal, and their position commanded the entry from the north-west city, while the Austrians guarded the eastern approach.

Some merriment was caused to the non-military dwellers

THE REMAINS OF AUSTRIAN LEGATION AND CUSTOMS BUILDINGS

in the Legations by the fact that, for the first time, the men had to sit down to dinner fully armed and ready to fight the Boxers after dinner !

The Italians and French were the first to be attacked, and drove away the enemy; then in the evening came the turn of the Austrians. They, too, with their quick-firing gun, repulsed the mob, and made a brave attempt to save a Christian woman who was being burnt alive in front of the Legation by the Boxers, lighted torches being applied to her naked body. Some people declared that her child shared her fate. The Russian wire via Kiahta was cut, and isolation was again complete.

At night, flames lighted up the skies from various parts of Pekin. The *Tsung-Tang* (eastern cathedral) was burning, with the numerous buildings round it, and so were the London Mission and an asylum for blind Christian converts.

In the east city, all the fine Chinese Customs buildings, with Sir Robert Hart's house, were ablaze—a fact which proves that the Boxer movement was not directed against missionaries only—and the whole of the Kao-lau and Ha-t'ung were burning fast.

All the men in the Legations slept under arms, the Students being sent to the posts to act as interpreters on the bridges. A visit to the various barricades was interesting. Those of the Russians and Americans were made mostly of wood and *chèvres de fer* with iron spikes. A second was formed of European low dog-carts, Pekin carts, and bags and barrels filled with sand and earth. The Italian barricade was constructed entirely of Pekin carts. Outside still lay the dead Boxers, killed while waving their swords at the Italian marines. They were garbed in their war costume. As in the Seymour fights and at Tientsin, they came on deliberately facing the foreign guns, and firmly believing in their own invulnerability. They advanced slowly, making gestures with their arms, and burning joss-sticks. At night many carried lighted torches. They refused to retire when ordered to do so, and as they made no combined attack, but rushed on singly, were easily shot down.

It was not surprising that the Allied guards had little pity on these fanatics after the fearful and cowardly atrocities committed by them on women and children. A poor woman was found with arms tied behind her back, lying flat on the ground, her head burning in a fire. Both her breasts had been cut off, and her heart torn out.

IN THE BRITISH LEGATION, SHOWING BELL TOWER WHERE NOTICES WERE POSTED DURING THE SIEGE

The following day, Thursday, 14th, the neighbourhood of the Legation presented quite an unusual appearance. There were none of the usually numerous Chinese, no carts, no street pedlars. Legation Street had been cleared of all Chinamen, and the guards allowed no one unprovided with a pass to enter the barricades to the east and west. Even the *Mafus* who had escaped a few days previously found it difficult to be readmitted within the line of defence. Most

LEGATION STREET AS IT WAS AT THE END OF THE SIEGE

of them now wished to return, as they deemed it safer than being with their own people.

At 11.30 the Nan-tang (south cathedral) was on fire—a building inside the Hsun-chen gate, 278 years old, and very handsome. The nuns and priests escaped in the nick of time, but the old Father Superior was broken-hearted. Although only one and a half miles from the Legation, no assistance could be sent, for that would have meant a weakening of the Legation defence. The conflagrations were fast extending towards the west. Bishop Scott's mission was

partially destroyed, but the church and dwelling-house did not suffer much, beyond being thoroughly ransacked.

At 12.45 the British patrol under Captain Wray captured a Boxer on the North Bridge, over the canal, and brought him into the Legation, causing a regular scare among the native servants and coolies. He was unarmed, and had rushed on the bridge singing and making wild gestures. He was put into the dark cell, much to the alarm of the Chinese, who declared, and fully believed, that the man could breathe flames and set the place on fire.

CHAPTER VII

Two disgraceful edicts—*L'union fait la force*—A Council at the British Legation—Germans and Boxers—An uproar inside and outside the city—City gates closed—Audacious Boxers—A diabolical scene—A sortie by the Austrians—Belgium a neutral country—A practical Tommy—Barbarity on the Nan-tang Christians—Yellow Boxer decorations—Tung-Fu-Hsiang aiding the Boxers—Pathetic incidents—Boxer brutality.

Two disgraceful edicts condoning the acts of the Boxers were issued.

IMPERIAL DECREE.

June 20.

"The Ih-hwo-Ch'uan and people inside Pekin and the vicinity have of late, in their enmity against the Christians, opposed themselves also against foreigners. Churches have been daily burnt down and Christian converts massacred. These disturbances have, indeed, now spread to such a degree that it is difficult either to disperse these people peaceably or to suppress them. In consequence of this, therefore, foreign troops are pouring into Taku and Tientsin, and fighting between China and foreign countries has now come to a head. It is impossible at the present moment to foretell what will be the end of it all.

"Now, the Viceroys and Governors of the various provinces have all received the rich bounties of the Throne, and our

relations with each other have always been kind and affectionate as between kindred, and now that the Empire has come to such a point it ought to be their bounden duty to do what they can to save the Empire. Let them unite now upon ways and means with regard to the three important questions of *selecting military officers of ability, assembling trained soldiers,* and the *collection* of money for their upkeep; they should devise as to the best means of protecting the Empire, and prevent outsiders from satisfying their greed in China; and they should decide as to the methods by which Pekin can be saved and prevent those in the Palace from being besieged. The Viceroys and Governors of the Yangtze and maritime provinces must also look to the safety of their territories—territories that have longingly been viewed [by foreign nations]. This is most important, and if these high officials still persist in their indifference to be up and doing, they will daily endanger the safety of the Empire more and more, causing destruction unspeakable. The safety of our Empire depends upon the said Viceroys and Governors alone, and it should be their duty to unite and restore peace. The situation now is most pressing, and we earnestly hope to see you all obey our commands. Let this decree be sent by courier at the rate of 600 li a day. Haste! haste! that all may know these our commands."—(*Shanghai Daily News*, June, 1900.)

Another council of war was held in the British Legation.

At seven in the evening, the Germans quartered on the Tartar city wall saw a mass of Boxers, apparently fighting among themselves. They were nevertheless approaching the city from outside, and the Germans deemed it advisable to fire on them. Ten were killed, and the rest dispersed.

This incident set going a most awful uproar, both inside

and outside the city. Thousands and thousands assembled in the neighbourhood of the Legations, with their terrific cry of *"Sha! sha!"* ("Kill! kill!") The sound, coming as it did from so many thousands of powerful throats and lungs, was appalling.

Even as late as 11.30 this was still going on, and made the

GERMAN AND AMERICAN POSITIONS ON THE TARTAR WALL
(CH'IEN GATE IN THE DISTANCE)

Europeans somewhat restless and anxious. For some reason best known to themselves—probably to prevent foreigners from attempting to escape—the Ch'ien and Ha-ta gates were both closed by the Chinese, so that one large body of Boxers was completely shut out.

Individually the Boxers were audacious beyond words in their attempts to injure foreigners. One man, for instance, was captured by the Americans and Russians while setting fire to houses in Legation Street. Soon after dark a large fire was observed from the Legation stable, and heavy firing

was heard in the direction of the Hai-Pien gate. Shortly after, volley after volley resounded from the North Bridge. An attack had been made by Boxers from the east, and one individual, brandishing a sword, made a desperate rush at Captain Strouts. The captain fired three shots at him, hitting him twice, and, as he still advanced, he was bayoneted by two marines. Another fellow got within five yards of Sergeant Preston, who lost no time in shooting him. The aggressor was armed with a magnificent halberd, probably out of a temple. The rest threw away their torches and ran.

MR. HEWLETT, A STUDENT MESS VOLUNTEER

This diabolical scene contrasted glaringly with the lovely moonlight night, free from any breath of wind, and the pure sky, with not a cloud in sight—a night well fitted for poets to dream or lovers to be happy, but most unsuited for the constant challenge of sentinels and rattle of muskets, the ghastly sight of dead bodies—the British having killed four men—and the piteous groans of the wounded, who fortunately numbered only two. Two more Chinese, who accidentally passed into the zone of fire, were also wounded, but were moved into the Legation, where they received medical assistance.

Mr. Hewlett, one of the Legation students, acting as interpreter at the bridge, was the first to bring news of the fighting into the Legations.

The Austrians, to the east, had also been attacked, more

fiercely than the British, and made a sortie, capturing twenty-five prisoners. The Boxers had attempted to enter the Belgian Legation, evidently with the object of looting. The Belgian Minister, when asked whether, being so far from the other Legations, he was afraid, wittily replied: "Oh, no; you see, we are a neutral country." He forgot that he too was nevertheless a "foreign devil."

Probably less witty, but more practical, was the view taken of the subject by a Tommy. He did not approve of firing upon the Boxers, but insisted that the only proper way to kill them was with a bayonet. Here were his reasons in his own words: "You see, sir, shooting I do not much like; but get in a bayonet—well, sir, it sort of soothes the feelings like."

The Germans were evidently not of Tommy's opinion, for they fired from the top of the Tartar wall whenever they saw a number of Boxers together. In the evening they kept up a smart fusillade on them, and dispersed them.

The 13th was another exciting day. Some refugees reported that the converts at the Nan-tang were being treated with the utmost barbarity. A Russian and American expedition started in the morning to go to their assistance, and found that the Boxers had killed many converts outright, while others were being roasted alive. Along the road, nearly every house belonging to Boxers was decorated with a small placard of yellow paper, bearing an inscription. The fact that most houses had one shows how popular the movement was in Pekin, though many persons had no doubt displayed the placard merely in the hope of saving their homes from destruction, and preserving their own lives. Tung-Fu-Hsiang's troops had now openly given their help to the Boxers.

At the approach of the foreign guards the unfortunate Christians who were still alive crept out of their half-ruined

dwellings, holding crucifixes or Catholic images, and, throwing themselves on their knees, prayed fervently.

The brutality of the Boxers towards them was appalling. A number of Boxers were caught unawares while looting and committing atrocities, and were dealt with in due haste. Quite a lot of them were killed. The expedition brought back many of the converts, some two hundred of whom were lodged in the American Legation, while, after a most animated discussion, shelter was eventually afforded in the British Legation to the relations of servants, whose lives had been in great danger. The majority of these converts and servants' relations, however, were allowed, in consequence of a fervent appeal made to Prince *Su*, to be lodged in the *Fu*, or Palace, opposite the British Legation, on the east side of the canal.

CHAPTER VIII

A rumour—Despatches from Seymour—The Legations and Christian converts—A noble heart—Dr. Morrison saves helpless converts—The main strength of the Legation—Prince Ching's soldiers—The infamous Red Lamp Society—A superfluous precaution—"Death of the thousand cuts"—A story from the Grand Council—Sir Robert Hart's prophecies—Murder, plunder, desolation—Morrison again to the front—A sortie—Rushing a temple—Mutilated bodies—A destructive fire—The Pai-lon—Rank and *buttons*.

It was rumoured that the Empress had left the city, and another panic was caused by Sir Robert Hart's announcement that Tung-Fu-Hsiang's troops were ready to make an attack on the Legations. Despatches arrived from Admiral Seymour, reporting his fight at Lanfang, half-way between Pekin and Tientsin, and his long delay in arriving was then explained. A special messenger was sent to the Admiral urging him to hurry.

Much discussion prevailed in the Legations regarding the protection of the poor Christian converts, who were now being murdered wholesale. Many Europeans were bitterly opposed to allowing these poor wretches to come within the line of defence, for fear that there might be some traitor among them.

At two in the afternoon Dr. Morrison, Pekin correspondent of the *Times*, who had a nobler heart than many of the

selfish refugees, on hearing that many Christians and converts were still left at the mercy of the Boxers near the Nan-tang church, applied to Sir Claude MacDonald for guards to go and rescue them. Twenty British were given him, and were joined by a force of Germans and Americans. Morrison guided them to the spot, and it will ever be a bright page in the record of the doctor's life that he was the means of saving from atrocious tortures and death over a hundred helpless Christians. It will be seen later how these poor grateful creatures were practically the main strength of the Legation people. Without them the Legations would never have stood as they did.

DR. MORRISON
(Correspondent of the "Times")

The rescuing party found the alleys round the Nan-tang occupied by soldiers, who professed to be under the orders of Prince Ching, and who, while not in any way protecting the Christians from the assaults of the Boxers, showed no hostility towards the rescuing party. The slant-eyed Imperials seemed to be keenly interested and vastly amused by the belligerency of foreigners and Boxers, and took care to be well out of the scrimmage when they saw that the relief party really meant business. Captain Halliday was in command. As they broke into the quarter that had been invaded by Boxers, the rescuers had before them painful scenes of desolation. Houses were burnt or burning, bodies con-

sumed by flames. A woman was being murdered by a Boxer, but a bullet from Morrison's revolver saved her. Some poor girls of twelve or thirteen were carried away by force to join the infamous Society of the Red Lamp; others, to avoid dishonour and disfigurement, sat outside their houses patiently waiting to be killed. Women and children, gashed and mutilated in the most horrible manner, lay about everywhere.

On the arrival of the guards a ray of hope shone on the faces of these prostrate unfortunates. Some were fervently praying to God, and God was coming to their assistance.

Boys were sent in every direction to call Christians together, and when no more could be found these wretches, in a sorry condition, were safely conveyed inside the Fu.

Two hundred of them, all counted, received shelter in this palace, and when they first arrived were most pitiable objects of compassion, wounded with spears, swords, and burns, half-stunned, with sore feet, distressed faces, and hardly any clothing to speak of. There they lay, huddled together, until due care was taken of them, and little by little they became reassured. Some eventually turned into absolute heroes.

A Japanese guard was placed over them at first, to allay the fears of those who felt uneasy at having saved these poor wretches from certain death, but the precaution was soon found to be superfluous.

Beyond a few stray shots there was no further fighting in the evening, but two men were discovered, tied to stakes, upon whom the "death of the thousand cuts" had been inflicted—a most refined and cruel torture, which only cowardly people like the Chinese could devise.

At the Ch'ien gate the Boxers were parading about with

their banners and chanting their war-song, but their hostility went no further that night.

A story, said to come from the Grand Council, asserted that the Empress Dowager, some days before, had called a meeting of the Grand Council, at which she proposed that an attack should be made on the Legations and all foreigners put to death. This proposal was strongly opposed by Princes Ching and Tung, nevertheless the Yamên gave leave that night at 1.30 A.M. for the troops to enter Pekin, and they did so. It seemed very probable that Sir Robert Hart's prophecies, although delayed, might yet come true, and no doubt now remained in the minds of the besieged that Sir Robert knew what he was talking about, and was reporting from accurate information he had received.

Everybody holding official foreign positions in Pekin seemed astounded at the fact that the Boxers had dared to come into the city, bringing with them murder, plunder, and desolation far beyond the predictions even of those who held the most pessimistic views of the situation.

After his good and charitable work of the previous day, Morrison again came to the front. He knew that there was a temple at Tung T'ang where Boxers met to worship, and where atrocities without bounds were committed on captured Christians.

At 9.30 A.M. a body of twenty British marines, joined by ten Americans, five Japanese, and some Austrians, made a sortie, and marched on the temple. When two or three hundred yards outside the Austrian post, they perceived a Boxer, on outpost duty, run into the temple to give the alarm. The temple was rushed and surrounded under a shower of pelting stones thrown from within the walls. A breach was made and the precincts entered, short work

being made of those inside, who received no quarter. They were all killed in revenge for the brutality shown towards converts.

Mutilated bodies of Christians offered as a sacrifice before the Boxer god were found inside the temple. Others, still prisoners, were saved in the nick of time. The temple was then abandoned, leaving forty-four dead Boxers (all that were inside to defend it) scattered on the ground.

The force went inside the Customs premises to ascertain what damage had been done, and found it a total wreck.

While this went on to the north-east, a destructive fire had been raging in the Chinese city, just outside the Ch'ien gate. This was the richest trading quarter, where all the jewellery and silk shops, and the smelting-houses, were to be found. The wind was high at the time, and the fire spread with great rapidity towards the city gate. The outside guard-house on the wall caught fire and collapsed, but the inner and higher gate structure was not injured by the flames.

The fire had been originated by the Boxers applying their lighted torches to each shop that sold foreign goods, and the fire soon spread east and west to the goldsmiths' street and the silk and fur stores. Then the lantern and fan shop street blazed away, and soon afterwards the book streets, including the famous Liu-li-chang establishment. The destruction caused by this fire in the Chinese city was enormous, and loss almost as great had been caused by incendiaries in the Tartar city.

The great fire outside was assuming terrific proportions, and the wind blew strong from the south, driving the flames towards the Imperial Palace. The inmates became alarmed, and between 5 and 7 P.M., when the Ch'ien outer gate

was burning, the Imperial bodyguard were placed on guard in the Palace precincts.

A Russian patrol killed a fire-brigade man who was setting fire to houses in Legation Street. The Pai-lon was destroyed. As a precaution the Russians pulled down a number of houses leading up to their Legation, and the fire was eventually extinguished. The British placed their pickets so as to join hands with the American post, thus covering a very extensive area that included the entire Mongol Market. The

THE CH'IEN OUTER GATE BURNT

débris from the destroyed houses was thrown into the canal, to avoid the chance of a further conflagration.

The usual farce of depriving officials of their rank and *buttons* was on this occasion gone through with Chung-li and others, who had accused themselves before the Throne of not trying sufficiently hard to put out the fire. They had supposed that their statement might please the Court to hear, but as the Court itself had passed some anxious moments in

fear of being burnt down too—a fact of which the self-accusers were not aware—they lost their official status, and considered themselves lucky not to lose their heads. It was, however, a mark of Imperial favour that they were not turned out of office altogether, in consequence of their misdirected goodwill. The head of the Gendarmerie was degraded for not keeping the wind in check, and as the fire spread nearer and nearer to the Imperial City, the Government sent an urgent request to know whether they could send troops to help ours, without being fired upon by them !

CHAPTER IX

An unfortunate incident—The canal and water gates—Besieged and besiegers—A verbal message to Prince Su—A qualified officer interviews Sir Claude MacDonald—Outbursts of friendly feelings—A gloom—A farce—Chinese sense of humour—M. De Giers—Amicable calls—A council of war—An unsuccessful courier—Sad news.

FOUR shots from Chinese troops entered the British Legation early on the 17th. They had been aimed at the British picket, of which one man was killed.

The fire burnt for nearly twenty-four hours, and at last dwindled away, much to everybody's relief. The usual rumours were spread that the relieving force was at hand. Others said that the Russians had reached Tung-chow (fourteen miles off) with a great number of troops; but while this news temporarily cheered the spirits of the besieged, their hearts sank lower and lower with disappointment when they discovered that the tidings had no foundation. Nobody arrived, nor were there any signs of anybody coming.

At noon the Austrians and Germans were patrolling near a Chinese position, when Tung-Fu-Hsiang's soldiers threw stones at them. The patrol fired on the Imperials, and the latter replied, a smart fusillade being kept up for some time. The British, who had advanced, had to withdraw to the

canal bridge until the French and Japanese came to the rescue. This was an unavoidable but unfortunate incident.

The dry canal that passed along the British Legation entered the Imperial City through the red wall at the North Bridge. This passage was similar to, but smaller than the one in the Tartar wall at the south of the Legations, and called "the sluice," or "water gate." The difference, however, between these two passages was that the "sluice" was protected by a

TRENCHES FROM THE TARTAR WALL TO THE GERMAN LEGATION

rotten and tumbling-down iron-barred gate, whereas the one in the Imperial wall was now strongly barricaded and well guarded. It was presumed that the Chinese had also mounted some artillery on the other side for greater protection.

The semi-friendly intercourse which prevailed between besieged and besiegers was one of the chief and strangest characteristics of the siege from beginning to end, and is almost incredible—I might say inconceivable—to the minds

of those who are not familiar with the ways and extraordinary notions of Celestials.

While the struggle was going on, a messenger was sent from the Imperial City to Prince Su, in whose palace, the *Fu*, the Christian converts were sheltered. The messenger was sent to bring a verbal message, nor did he carry any official pass. He seemed unaware that, in warfare, an enemy is not allowed to prowl about at leisure within his foes' lines of defence, and he showed great surprise when the Japanese refused to let him come in.

Later, another messenger, this time a fully qualified officer on Tung-Fu-Hsiang's staff, requested and obtained an interview with Sir Claude MacDonald, Mr. Cockburn acting as interpreter. He professed astonishment at the firing of the guards on the Chinese soldiers, and explained what friendly feelings the Chinese entertained for foreigners—feelings which he was assured were sincerely reciprocated. This friendliness might be considered demonstrated by the present attitude of both belligerents, and by the scrimmage between Chinese soldiers and Europeans, no longer than a few hours before; but to prevent further outbursts of friendly feelings such as the above, it was mutually agreed that the troops should in the future avoid each other.

This plan seemed to suit the Chinese completely, and they agreed to try their best.

At 7.30 two more fires were reported—one in the Imperial City, another in the Chinese city.

Although no belief was attached to the rumour that the Seymour force had been driven back by Tung-Fu-Hsiang's soldiers from Huang-tsun to Yangtsun, the news cast a gloom over every one's countenance. There was decidedly something depressing in the long delay of the force in arriving.

In such agonising circumstances, it is usually the case that people place no reliance upon what is true, unless it is what they wish, and give unbounded faith to anything misleading.

In the people of the Pekin siege, this tendency was intensified to a most ludicrous extent. So sure were they that a large Russian force had reached Tung-chow, that two unfortunate Chinese commissioners were sent to meet them and guide them into Pekin !

Notwithstanding the assurances of friendship, several false alarms were given during the evening, at 9.15, 9.30, 10.45, and 11.15. Volleys were fired from the outposts to the south, and by the Russians and Americans from the barricades down Legation Street.

On the 18th the Russians were believed to be nearing the city, and the Chinese, to keep up the farce, sent a messenger —one of the Yamên Ministers—to M. De Giers, the Russian Minister, to request him to keep the Russian troops outside. Chinese Imperial troops were guarding the city and maintaining order (!), but if the troops persisted in entering Pekin the Chinese could not hold themselves responsible if any regrettable accidents happened. It was further requested that the foreign guards should make no more raids on the Boxers, as this irritated the population, and might cause serious trouble. Evidently the Chinese, consciously or not, were, even in such trying circumstances, not devoid of a keen sense of humour.

M. De Giers, a man of deeds and not of words, treated the message with the contempt it deserved. He would not condescend to argue matters, and declined to answer.

In the afternoon Sir Claude MacDonald received the friendly visits of the Yamên Ministers, Hsu-li and Lien, who came with small retinues, presumably to approach Sir Claude

on the inadvisability of allowing more foreign troops to enter Pekin.

While Foreign Ministers and Yamên Ministers were paying and receiving amicable calls, the soldiers outside were imitating their superiors' example, the various pickets entering into joyful conversation with the enemy. The British picket on the North Bridge saw a great number of Tung-Fu-Hsiang's men going north along the Imperial City wall, and these professed to be in Pekin, not to kill foreigners, but to protect them. This sudden change in the feelings of the Chinese (caused, no doubt, by the fall of the Taku forts, of which the Legations were still ignorant) took the Europeans so much by surprise that a council of war was summoned, at which it was agreed that leniency should be shown to the Chinese. Passes should no longer be necessary in the daytime for *boys* and *mafus* to circulate within the line of defence, but should be required from 7 P.M. to 4 A.M. The Chinese were informed that any Chinaman found outside the cordon during the night went at his own risk, and, whether a soldier or not, would be instantly shot, since the foreign troops had strict orders to fire on any one in the streets unknown to them.

A Customs post-office courier had been sent to Tientsin, but returned, unable to reach the place, which he reported besieged by Boxers, and the Cathedral burnt. The Railway Station had been saved by the Russians.

With this news, the besieged also learnt that Seymour's relieving party, far from being on the way towards Pekin, had met with disaster, its line of communication having been cut off.

CHAPTER X

Boxers active—Courier in the hands of Boxers—The latest news—Foreigners to leave Pekin within twenty-four hours—"To go or not to go?"—An invitation declined—Baron von Ketteler's murder—Mr. Cordes wounded—A curious fact—Europeans resolve to fight to the bitter end—Missionaries rush into the Legations for protection—Friendly relations and heavy firing.

JUNE 19, 10.30 A.M. Volley heard from troops outside Ta-cheng, in the north city. Boxers reported active at the Hsun Chi gate. Relief force supposed to be in a bad plight at Lanfang. The station at Yangtsun burnt. The courier had fallen into the hands of the Boxers; his letters were burnt, and he escaped by the skin of his teeth. The Taku forts—according to native reports—had been captured by the French and Germans, and an ultimatum was sent by the Yamên to the Ministers on Tuesday afternoon, at 4 P.M., to say that, owing to such an unfriendly act on the part of foreign Powers, war was declared! All foreigners must therefore leave Pekin within twenty-four hours. The Yamên would guarantee a safe passage as far as Tientsin. Outside the Ha-ta-shien the telegraph office was set on fire.

"To go or not to go?" was now the alternative which foreigners had to face. It was very difficult to decide which course was the more dangerous of the two. A meeting of

the Ministers took place, and they seemed in favour of leaving Pekin with their guards, and with the additional protection of the Chinese Imperial troops. So marked, however, was the hostile feeling of all the population, and so little faith could be placed in the protection of Chinese troops, that most other foreigners refused to leave, and pointed out to the Ministers the folly of such a step. The whole day and the greater part of the night were spent in arguing and discussing the point. The prospect of being shortly in safety among friends seemed attractive enough, but how to realise it was a different matter. The railway broken up, the navigation by river unsafe, hampered by numbers of women, children, and sick, with the country up in arms against "white devils," and the Imperial troops as likely as not to shoot everybody down the moment they got them out of cover into the open—all these were factors which turned the scale towards remaining where they were. Unsafe though this was, it appeared safer than going. Anyhow, the Europeans did not in their present position feel quite at the mercy of the Chinese, as they would be in the other case. Many felt very strongly that the order was only a ruse of the Chinese, who hoped to slaughter the defenders of the Legations with greater ease.

The twenty-four hours would be up at four o'clock on Wednesday, the 20th, and there still seemed to be some indecision left in the minds of the Ministers whether all foreigners should leave Pekin that day or not. What irresolution was left was removed by events.

The Ministers had been asked to proceed to the Yamên, but none had accepted the invitation except Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister. He was instructed by the other Ministers to convey their views to the Chinese.

Shortly before eight on June 20, he and his Secretary, Mr. Cordes, escorted by a guard of German marines, started on their way to the Yamên. On reaching the Austrian outpost a guard of Imperial troops was found waiting for them, and their officer explained that he would conduct

A BARRICADE AND COUNTERMINE IN THE BRITISH LEGATION

the Minister and his Secretary safely to the Yamên, and would himself be responsible that no harm should be done to them.

Baron von Ketteler, a man of great courage, therefore ordered the German guard to return to the Legation. Soon after, the *mafu*, who was riding behind the Minister's chair, galloped back through Legation Street, saying that his master was being murdered. The Minister had been attacked, on entering the Yamên, by the soldiers sent to escort him, and had been bayoneted in his sedan-chair, where he was boxed in and unable to get out. Mr. Cordes was also badly

wounded, but in the *melée* was able to escape. Stumbling and weak, he was able to reach the Mission, where, as we have seen, the Americans were defending themselves, and received what medical assistance they could afford. News of the murder was sent to the Legations. Guards were sent, and Mr. Cordes was transferred to the German Legation, and then to the British, but the body of the assassinated Minister could not be recovered. Mr. Cordes, although wounded, had attempted to go back to see whether the Minister had succeeded in escaping, but no traces of him could be found. Feeling his strength give way, he then made for the American Mission close by.

The news of the certain death of Baron von Ketteler was brought, first to Sir Robert Hart, by two *ting-ch'ais*, and gave a fearful shock to every one, for the Baron was universally admired and respected.

It is curious to note that although the assassination only took place on June 20, and telegraphic communication with Pekin was cut, the news of his murder appeared in all the European and American papers on June 16, or *four* whole days before the murder had actually occurred. The news was telegraphed from Shanghai or Chefoo. It would be interesting to ascertain whether orders issued several days before the crime had leaked out and were cabled over, or whether—and this is not unlikely—the cable was a made-up one, which by a mere coincidence turned out to be true. A third hypothesis is that a mistake may have occurred, and the Japanese Chancellor of Legation, who was murdered on the 11th, reported as the German Minister.

But let us leave speculation and return to facts. The crime thoroughly opened the eyes of the Pekin refugees, and showed what reliance could be placed upon Imperial troops.

The insane proposition of leaving was abandoned, and the Europeans resolved to withstand a siege in the Legations, where they would fight to the bitter end.

Much alarm was caused among the missionaries, who were still holding out in their own places, by Baron von Ketteler's death. Men, women, and children rushed into the Legations for further protection, and brought with them cartload after cartload of provisions, clothes, and what few other things they were able to save. It was an interesting scene to see these men and women, some frail and delicate, discharging grain, coal, wines, cooking utensils, and all sorts of extraordinary articles, upon the lawn in the Legation compound, and driving away with their mule-teams to fetch in more. The sight struck one as the more unusual in Pekin especially, because one never sees a European in China do work of that kind. In a few hours the green lawn could be seen no more, and all imaginable sorts of goods were stacked upon it.

A report, evidently inspired by the Chinese, came in to the effect that the Yamên had heard of foreign troops being 15 miles away, and that friendly relations had been re-established with the Powers! People were beginning to beware of the friendly relations so much talked about by the Chinese, and while everybody was at work bringing in goods to withstand a siege, at four o'clock precisely—the limit given in the ultimatum—the Imperial troops opened a very heavy fire from all sides on the Legations generally, and the British Legation in particular.

CHAPTER XI

The chapel fort abandoned—People born improvident—The wiser folks—Laying in stores—The enemy kept at bay—British picket called in—Herbert James killed—Austrian Legation and Customs untenable—An anxious night—Mission on fire—Representations, but no messenger to convey them—Charging a mob—Prince Ch'eng helping foreigners against the Boxers—A rush on the Austrian position—The picket falls back—Chinese determination—Swamping all before them—Within the last line of defence—A sensible message—No protection—A fearful moment—If the worst came to the worst.

THE Hsiao-shen-ghu-t'ung missionaries had abandoned their chapel-fort, after bravely defending it for twelve days and giving shelter to some 600 Christians. It was too far from the line of defence to be in constant communication with the Legations, and the defenders could not, with the few rifles they possessed, have withstood a severe attack. They were ordered into the British Legation compound, and so were nearly all the women and children of all the other Legations.

Many people are born improvident, and they generally die so. There were many who even now believed the situation not to be serious, and the preparations for withstanding a siege to be almost uncalled for. The alarm, they thought, was much in excess of the actual danger. Even should there be a siege, they doubted whether it would last more than two

or three days, or possibly a week! And they brought in with them provisions accordingly. Some did not bring anything.

Luckily, there were wiser folks, who provided for themselves and for the unwise, and who directed their attention chiefly to bringing in nearly six tons of wheat from a neighbouring Chinese mill, and four huge grinding-stones to grind it with; while others, of more Epicurean tastes, emptied the foreign shops of tinned provisions and preserves and conveyed them for safe keeping into the Legation. Several thousand pounds of rice were also brought in from Chinese stores, and by four o'clock, when the attack began, sufficient food had been carried into the Legations to last at least ten or twelve weeks. The Legation grounds were amply provided with excellent well-water; and as for wines, spirits, and beer, there was more than was wanted.

The Chinese kept up their fire very smartly, and the Austrians bore the brunt of the attack, keeping the enemy at bay with their quick-firing guns. The British picket on the North Bridge had to be called in, as it was in a most exposed position. At sunset, Mr. Herbert James, who was with the picket, was killed on the North Bridge, and one Frenchman was mortally wounded and died shortly after. At 8.30 in the evening heavy firing was heard on the Legation gate, where coolies were fired on, and during the night the Austrian Legation and the Customs had to be abandoned as untenable. The fusillade continued till ten.

The night was an anxious one, and at sunrise the attack was renewed with vigour. The Boxers actually crossed over the bridge previously held by the British, and were fired upon from the Legation wall. At 8 o'clock they attacked the Hanlin. It then became necessary to fortify the wall

between the Legation and the adjoining Carriage Park. It was sand-bagged on the top and strengthened at its base by earthworks and logs of wood, with shelters for the guards.

The abandoned American Mission in the direction of the Belgian Legation was now burning fast.

The British Minister sent a message to the Yamên to ask for an explanation of the attack, but as late as 5.45 P.M. not only was no reply sent, but the firing from the Chinese grew worse and worse. At six the Imperials had occupied a position near Prince Su's palace, the "Fu," and they were keeping up a well-directed fusillade on the top of the Legation gate, evidently with the intention of keeping our men down.

The Austrian Minister was under the impression that Ch'ang's troops were firing on the Boxers, while there was not the slightest doubt that Tung-Fu-Hsiang's soldiers were sniping at any foreigner they perceived.

Other representations and complaints were to have been sent to the Yamên by the Ministers, but no messenger could be persuaded to convey the message. The firing was getting heavier, and was mainly directed upon the Russo-Chinese Bank and upon one of the houses of the Austrian Legation which was still standing.

The Italians and Russians charged a mob of well-armed Boxers and soldiers, repelling their attack on the south, but soon after, at 7 P.M., the Chinese broke through a barrier lane and entered the Mongol Market, within the zone of the British and American guards.

Prince Ch'eng, much to everybody's surprise, was helping the French and Italians against the Boxers, and soon the Germans, who held portions of the Tartar wall, directly behind their Legation, reported that Ch'eng's troops were

friendly, the officers holding amusing conversation across their barricades, only a few yards apart; and the Chinese professed to have strict orders from Prince Ch'eng to prevent Boxers breaking into the Legations, and to shoot any that attempted it. Foreign troops, they said, would as a matter of course be allowed on the Tartar wall, and the Chinese

FORT COCKBURN. NORDENFELDT 1886 MANNED BY J. THOMAS, R.N., AND SERGEANT MURPHY, R.M.L.

gave the Germans the friendly advice to push on their position as far as the Tower.

All through the siege there were these curious displays of friendship and consideration, accompanied usually by fierce attacks and showers of bullets. The same thing happened that day. While these touching confabulations were taking place to the south, Boxers and soldiers rushed in great force on the Austrian position to the north-east. The picket held their post from 8 till 10, when, their position

becoming precarious, they were compelled to retire, and fall back on the French in the Legation park.

The Chinese, encouraged by their success, continued their advance on the French and Italian positions, and so determined were they, and so well conducted, that these, too, had to retreat and seek shelter in the British Legation.

The Japanese came next, and, like the others, made a brave stand against the overwhelming mass of ferocious beings that, like an incoming tide, swamped all before it. They were gaining ground inch by inch, and at last even these plucky little soldiers had to withdraw into Her Majesty's Legation.

All the troops had retired within the British Legation walls, the last line of defence, which, to everybody's concern, had no barricades to speak of—no loopholes, hardly any sand-bags, or any other cover—and, moreover, could easily be breached in any place by artillery fire.

It was probably in this emergency that Sir Claude is reported to have sent a message to the Yamên to request, in the name of all Ministers, that, no matter how they fought, the Chinese troops must on no account use artillery against the Legations! Sir Claude was that day elected to the Supreme Command of the Allied besieged forces.

The Americans and Russians had now also come in, for, according to a concerted plan, it was agreed that, to avoid the chance of pickets being cut off in case of a reverse, the guards should retreat into the British Legation.

The Austrian Legation was burning, with the exception of two houses, and part of the Italian Legation was similarly destroyed. The Dutch Legation was in flames.

The Chinese were now expected to make a final attack, and nothing was ready to meet them. There was absolutely nothing to keep them from breaking right in. Intoxicated

with their success so far, and the foreigners being now caught in their weakest moment and at their feeblest point, the odds of victory were in favour of the Chinese. Everybody felt it. It must have been a fearful moment for the women, and, rather than let them fall into the hands of the brutal enemy, it was decided that, if the worst came to the worst, and there was no possible chance of escape, the women and children should be shot first, while the men would die fighting.

At this tragic moment the women bore themselves with marvellous fortitude, and it was this extraordinary bravery in the women that made almost every man, prisoner within those walls, a hero. There were exceptions, but they were few and far between.

CHAPTER XII

The Chinese lack of courage—Withdrawing from the captured positions—Driven away in confusion—Ch'eng's soldiers fire on the Boxers—A fire in the British Legation—A sortie—Houses pulled down—The Italian gun—Invaluable Christians—Mr. Gamewell and the fortifications—The Food Committee—The Sanitary Commission—The International Hospital—A model laundry—A Committee for Public Comfort—The Students—The Commander-in-Chief.

THE mob swarmed up on the North Bridge, and down the dry canal, in the Mongol Market, all round everywhere, and the foreigners were in a regular death-trap.

Were the Chinese preparing to make a final attack? No. It seemed incomprehensible, but yet true. Much to everybody's astonishment, the Chinese soldiers and Boxers gradually withdrew from the positions they had conquered, and, taking advantage of this lack of courage, the foreign guards made sorties, drove the last Chinese away pell-mell, and recaptured their former positions. The French and American Legations were re-taken at nine o'clock, and the Russians, who were the last to come in, at 9.20, were immediately sent back to their post.

One German marine, and Private Scalding, of the Royal Marines, were killed—the latter while on outpost duty on the south stable. A Russian Bank student was severely

wounded, and other lighter casualties occurred during the day.

Fighting continued incessantly the whole day, and at noon the Chinese fired on the foreign pickets from very close quarters.

Ch'eng's soldiers on the Tartar wall — who had been watching the whole proceedings unconcernedly from their high point of vantage—opened fire at two o'clock upon the

THE ITALIAN GUN

Boxers, who had assembled near the Hata gate. At 3.30 they stopped. The Boxers were setting fire to buildings near the Hata-men, and two more large fires were observed to the west.

The Italian gun was dragged upstairs in the stable quarters of the Legation in order to batter down the loopholed wall in the vicinity of the Mongol Market, which was in possession of the Chinese, and from which they kept sniping at the Legation.

In the afternoon the now daily and unconfirmed rumour, that the Relief Expedition had signalled and was in sight, was repeated.

The messenger sent by Sir Claude to the Yamên returned at 2.30 with a receipt, and at 4 firing began again in a desultory manner. At 4.20 the alarm was sounded. A large fire had broken out in the British Legation, under the wall behind the Tower. All who were not fighting made strenuous efforts to prevent the fire spreading. The women were of great assistance, and, with their sleeves turned up, passed buckets of water to the men, and made themselves generally useful until the building collapsed and was reduced to ashes. The neighbouring buildings were saved. High columns of smoke surrounded the Legations in every direction. A great conflagration was seen towards the Boards, and several smaller ones at the end of Legation Street.

A sortie was made to drive Tung-Fu-Hsiang's men from a neighbouring temple, but they had made their escape before the guards arrived.

On the 23rd, from sunrise to 7.30, there was heavy firing on the west defence, until the Italian one-pounder gun silenced the enemy. A number of houses which gave cover to the Chinese were pulled down, and at 9 o'clock the report that heavy guns had been brought up to play on the Legations from outside the wall to the north-west was confirmed. The Chinese had occupied the high electric-light building, and were troublesome until dislodged by the Italian gun, which, having done its work to the west, was now hastily brought down to the Russian Legation to play on the lighting station.

The Christian refugees now proved themselves invaluable. After the experience of the previous day it was fully recog-

nised that the outer defences were not sufficiently strong, and the inner ones still less so. In fact, the besieged had thus far been, more or less, playing at barricading, and had made no serious or well-defined plan of fortification. Under the supervision of the military authorities, Mr. Gamewell — whom we have already met, fortifying the Hsiao-shen-ghu-t'ung Mission—was placed in command of the men, and to him is practically due the wonderful way in which from that day the entrenching and barricading of the defences was systematically and efficiently carried on.

MR. GAMEWELL, WHO FORTIFIED THE LEGATIONS

Of untiring energy, paralleled, if not surpassed, by his extreme modesty and courage, he was engaged night and day in superintending the work and urging on his men, often under conditions of great danger, under the heavy fire of the Chinese. His name will ever shine with glory in the history of the siege, and the gratitude of the besieged should have no bounds, for to him the Legations owed the

power of withstanding the future attacks of the Chinese. In the illustration here given, Mr. Gamewell is represented in his daily attire while at work on the last barricade, which was being erected when relief arrived nearly two months later.

Mr. Gamewell's subordinates and helpers were the 3000 Christian refugees sheltered in the Fu and the Legations. There were among them men of all classes and conditions—preachers, hospital assistants, teachers, merchants and coolies. They all worked with admirable devotion, and never gave the slightest trouble. They were divided into companies of from thirty to ten men each, according to the work they had to do, and Mr. Hobart, of Tientsin, was, with Mr. Gamewell, in charge of them.

The food arrangements were in the hands of Professors Russell and Oliver and Mr. King, while Mr. C. H. Fenn was entrusted with the confiscated grinding-stones, with which he managed to grind the appropriated wheat into coarse flour. Mr. Stelle and Mr. Galt registered the labour, and Dr. W. S. Ament was kept busy looking after the confiscated goods.

Dr. Dudgeon and Dr. Inglis were on the Sanitary Commission, and Dr. Wordsworth Poole (British) and Dr. Velde (German) superintended the International Hospital in the south of the British Legation compound, with the assistance of a number of trained Mission medical assistants and nurses, who were able to bestow every care on the sick and wounded.

There was a model laundry working daily in the Legation, a bakery, and, by the Bell Tower, a board on which the latest news was daily exhibited.

As if all this were not enough for besieged people, a committee, presided over by the American missionary, Mr.

Tewkesbury, was elected, under the name (it is not a joke) of "Committee for Public Comfort."

Dr. Ingram, Mr. Verity, and Mr. Ewing were given charge of the native quarters, both in the Fu and the Legation.

One of the most interesting features of the siege was the volunteer corps of Students from the Legations, Customs, and banks; and these young fellows not only deserved to be thanked for fighting bravely by the side of the guards, but also for their invaluable services rendered in interpreting at the barricades.

Captain Halliday had been in command of the military until he was wounded, when Captain Strouts took his place, Sir Claude being nominally the Commander-in-Chief.

CHAPTER XIII

The Hanlin University—An element of danger—One curious circumstance—Risking valuable lives to save ancient books—A second alarm—The Chinese concentrating—The Japanese hard-pressed—A fire in the Russian Legation—Safer quarters selected—Russo-Chinese bank wrecked—The 15-pounder gun—A fierce attack on the Russian position—Blue and red banners—The Americans recapture position on the wall—The wall to be held at all hazards—The *mitrailleuse*—Two plucky sorties—Captain Halliday wounded—In the *Fu*—Within a hundred yards of the Chinese.

THE Hanlin University, adjoining the Legation, was now burning, and to prevent foreigners from putting out the flames a heavy fire was poured into the compound from the north-west.

Sir Claude ordered a breach to be made in the Legation wall, so that it might be possible to extinguish the fire and yet remain comparatively under cover. The Chinese had barricaded themselves strongly on the north-west side, and caused much annoyance. Nevertheless, superhuman efforts were made to get the flames under control, and eventually, with the help of Providence, the large hall was pulled down, the heavy roof smothering the fire.

These constant fires were at first the greatest element of danger, and gave the besieged many anxious moments. A

special fire department was instituted, under the supervision of Mr. Tours, and every one not fighting, women included, was ordered to assist in cases of imminent danger.

It was beyond doubt that the Chinese had set the Hanlin Library and College on fire in order to burn down the adjoining house of the British Minister.

One curious circumstance, which to an outside observer has its humorous aspect, arose. While men and women were passing along buckets of water, sweating and making desperate efforts to pull down the buildings, and while bullets were pelting all round those who were most exposed, Sir Claude, possibly influenced by others, authorised an attempt, which meant risking valuable lives, to save some of the ancient Chinese books believed to be in the burning library. Orders were also given to bring them for safe keeping to the central hall of the Legation, so as to prevent the mob from stealing them. A messenger was sent to the Yamên to request them to note that thousands of bullets had been fired on Europeans while attempting to put out the fire and save the books! This course seems extraordinary and unnecessary, since it was evident that the Chinese authorities had themselves given orders to destroy the College, and had set fire to the principal gate of the building, which faces the Imperial City upon the street.

Hardly had this fearful fire been got under when a second alarm was sounded, and another fire broke out within the Legation compound, in the south stables. The Chinese had stacked up some old furniture to the south of the compound, and another fire was seen ablaze in the Hanlin buildings, about fifty yards from the Legation wall. The buildings caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.

In the afternoon the Chinese were in strong force to the west, close to the Legation, and were drawing near, evidently concentrating for an attack.

The fire brigade had to be sent to the Russian Legation, where it was now needed, and the American and Russian pickets were so hard pressed that twenty-one additional men had to go to their support. The Customs Volunteers, who had gone to clear the neighbourhood of Su's palace and of the destroyed Customs buildings, found that the Japanese, too, were in a bad plight, and could barely hold their own against the Imperial troops.

What remained of the Austrian Legation was now utterly demolished. The Chinese were also congregating in great force to the north-east of the defences. By 6.30 P.M., the fire in the Russian Legation had assumed alarming proportions, and another fire threatened the north stables in the British Legation.

Shells from a 15-pounder gun were dropping into the American, British, and Russian Legations, and Sir Claude MacDonald, one shell having gone right through his study, thought it was high time to remove his quarters to a spot where more quiet and safety could be obtained.

The Russo-Chinese Bank, in which were $80,000 in silver, was a total wreck.

Although a few stray shells were sent in by the Chinese, the heavy shelling of the Legations by the 15-pounder gun on the Ch'ien gate did not begin till early in the morning on the 24th. A shell which burst in the American Legation caused a panic, and so did the first few shells that dropped into the British Legation, but the artillery fire was ill-directed, and most of the projectiles whizzed over the

THE CHIEN GATE OF THE PEKIN TARTAR WALL

heads of the besieged and fell beyond the last line of defence.

At 7.15 A.M. a fierce attack was made on the Russian position, and one American was killed. The object of this movement was probably to cover a great number of Imperial troops who were taking up positions on the Tartar wall. These were first detected by their blue banners which, with their red borders, inscribed with characters, showed on the sky-line above the parapet. While the Chinese were lining the wall, their heads now and then seen peeping over, heavy firing was heard, and a messenger ran in to say that Colonel Shiba and the Japanese picket were hard pressed on the north-east of the *Fu*. About a hundred and fifty Chinese soldiers had attacked him, and were making strenuous efforts to demolish the separating wall and barricade.

The Americans on their side were hard pressed by a thousand Chinamen, who occupied the ruins of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and were trying their best to break into the United States Legation (7.45 A.M.). The Yankee marines succeeded in driving off the enemy, and recaptured their old position on the wall ; while a few German marines crept up the rampart on the city wall, and in a few minutes cleared the top of hundreds of Chinese soldiers, who lost no time in taking to their heels. The Imperials were driven back as far as the Ch'ien gate.

This very bold stroke having proved a success, pressing orders were sent that every available man and coolie should come up to erect barricades on the top of the wall, so that it might be made possible to hold the conquered section. The necessity of holding it at all hazards was clear.

Reinforcements were hastily despatched to the Japanese

and Italians in the *Fu*, and the Austrian mitrailleuse was placed at the disposal of the Germans on the wall. A party of ten Germans, six marines, and six Customs Volunteers, under Captain Halliday, rushed to the help of the wavering *Fu*, while the French were sent to cut off the Chinese from behind.

Unhappily a fire broke out between the Russian Legation and the British south stables, and a heavy fusillade poured from the direction of the Russians.

The Chinese had come very near. Two plucky sorties were made, headed by Captain Strouts, and the Chinese were shot down without mercy. Thirty-four bodies were counted, and the rest, having set fire to the house under which they had taken cover, fled.

Captain Halliday, who had been summoned from the neighbouring *Fu*, made a sortie into the Mongol Market, where he was badly wounded through the shoulder in one of the volleys fired by the Chinese. The enemy was completely routed on the west side.

It was now again possible to help in the defence of the *Fu*. Six British marines, ten Japanese, ten Italians, and ten French, made a sortie from the *Fu* gate, and drove away a hundred and fifty Chinese who were getting on fast with the breach which they were cutting into the north-east wall. Their banners were captured.

Sir Claude MacDonald very wisely impressed upon the defenders the importance of holding the wall, which would be a most valuable position when relief arrived. Barricades could be erected during the night, and at least the section of the wall from the Ch'ien gate to the Hata gate ought to be held. The Italian gun ought, the Minister considered, to be planted upon the wall near the Ch'ien gate. After an inter-

view with the Russian Minister, who fully agreed with Sir Claude, Captain Myers, with the American marines, covered the wall to within a hundred yards of the Chinese barricades on the Ch'ien gate. On the top of the wall the Chinese had previously erected some protecting parallel walls at intervals, behind which the Americans took cover.

CHAPTER XIV

Roar of big guns to the south-west—Sick and wounded increasing daily—A Chinese cannon on the Ch'ien Gate—The return of the messenger from Tientsin—Captain Myers and the Americans recapture the lost position on the wall—Boxer prisoners shot—Captain Myers' impregnable barricades wrecked—Japanese in the *Fu* reinforced by Volunteers—The Chinese bugle—The white flag on the North Bridge—An Imperial command—A volley—The reply—A seared messenger—Mandarins fired upon—Prince Tuan's Decree.

DURING the previous night the roar of big guns had been heard to the south-west, and rockets with white stars had been noticed in that direction by the Germans occupying the wall. These were probably signals from the Chinese, but were mistaken by the foreigners for evidences of the approach of the Relief Expedition.

The number of sick and wounded was increasing daily. The chancery and reading-room in the British Legation were turned into a hospital to accommodate them.

At 11.30 A.M. on June 25 sharp firing was heard from the west, and Boxers were seen moving towards the Legations in bodies of twenty or thirty. Another fire broke out near the north stables, but the wind blew it away from the other Legation buildings.

The Chinese had set up a cannon on the Ch'ien gate, and

turned it on the Americans, compelling them to evacuate the wall at 12.30.

A messenger sent by the Japanese to Tientsin returned, reporting the Chinese thickly encamped in the North City. For some thirty miles down the road he had seen no Boxers and no foreign troops. Notwithstanding this, four loud reports were heard, and the following notice was posted on the Bell Tower: "Heavy firing constantly heard towards the west. Believed to be approaching foreign troops."

At 3.45 in the afternoon the Americans, led by Captain Myers, with great gallantry retook the lost position on the wall behind their Legation.

A marine was shot in the leg, inside the British Legation.

At 6 P.M. the Germans and Americans began to cut trenches and erect solid barricades upon the wall, which could be held even against artillery fire. Fifty coolies were sent to work on them, and were given three pounds extra of rice each to enable them to work hard the whole night.

Captain Myers reported that the distance between his last barricade, near the Ch'ien gate, and the first of the Chinese was only 100 yards, and that so far nothing more had happened, each guard merely watching the other. The Chinese had a 3-inch gun placed on the wall.

Things went well till 8 o'clock, when the Chinese, seeing the American defences growing up too fast, opened fire on them. It was too late. Under cover of what had already been done, the fortifying continued steadily, and by 11 o'clock the barricades were finished.

Captain Myers was reinforced and ordered to capture the Ch'ien gate, but he did not deem it possible to hold it, nor did he consider it worth the waste of life and ammunition which it would necessarily entail. The gun mounted on the

gate had, so far, not caused much damage, and the other officers agreed that it would be wiser to limit themselves to holding the positions in which they were now strongly entrenched and barricaded.

With all these attacks on all sides from early morning till late at night, with fires in all directions, and the wounded to

THE CHINESE BARRICADES AND TRENCHES ON THE TARTAR WALL

attend to, the 24th was a trying day. The 25th was almost as bad, but there were a few amusing incidents.

At 5.30 two Boxer prisoners were led to the west stables, placed against the wall, and shot.

Intermittent firing began at 8 o'clock from the north-east, and two hours later from the north front, and again to the north-east. The back of the German Legation was now strongly barricaded, in case it might become necessary to fall back from the position on the wall.

Captain Myers, with his new impregnable barricades, was not faring well. The Chinese opened fire with their gun,

which had so far not caused much damage—chiefly because it had not been fired upon the American barricades—and in seven shots wrecked these to such an extent that Myers sent to say he could not hold the position much longer. Ten Germans were sent to reinforce him, as Sir Claude insisted that the position was worth holding at all costs.

From eleven in the morning the Americans and Germans fought bravely, holding to their post with great tenacity, and trying to rebuild the barricades as well as they could until coolies could come to help them at night.

The Japanese in the Fu were also having a bad time. The Chinese artillery was trained on the Palace, and did considerable damage, smashing down the barricades and breastworks put up for protection by the Japanese.

The outpost had been joined by a number of volunteers with shot-guns and revolvers, but the attack had been severe ever since the early morning, the Chinese having erected a barricade during the night only a few yards off the Japanese one. At 2 P.M. Captain Poole, Dr. Morrison, and seven Customs Volunteers went to the assistance of the plucky little garrison, and the French sent in some captured Mauser rifles and ammunition.

The place held out, but one Frenchman and two Japanese were killed, and an Italian wounded.

A signal was given by a bugle, and the Chinese suddenly withdrew. At 4.15 a rabble flying a white flag appeared on the North Bridge, escorting a messenger, who signalled not to fire at him. The messenger advanced and hung up on the "Ho" bridge a long wooden placard, which purported to be an Imperial command that the Legations should be protected and that hostilities should cease, an exchange of communications to take place on the bridge.

As messenger and mob under the flag of truce seemed inclined to continue their advance towards the Legations, a volley was poured into them, which made them take to their heels and withdraw to some little distance. They afterwards returned to the bridge.

A reply, duly translated into Chinese, and written with huge black characters on a large board, was sent by the Ministers. A bearer, possessing an official hat, was found, and after some reluctance induced to take the board to the bridge. When close to the bridge, where a mass of soldiers had again assembled, he was received with yells of "*Lai-la ! lai-la ! lai-la !*" ("He's here !"), and, seized with terror, dropped the board and ran for his life, while the treacherous Chinese fired at him, but without hitting him. This seemed a peculiar fashion of making friendly overtures, but on a further blowing of horns from the Imperial Palace the shooting stopped altogether.

What better evidence could there be that the hostilities were directed by and under the absolute control of the Court ?

Some mandarins with an escort of servants and soldiers came out, probably to bring an answer to the Ministers' reply, but by some mistake they were fired upon by the Italians and Japanese in the Fu, and had to make a hasty retreat. The "cease fire" had been ordered in the Legations, but had not yet reached the Japanese post. On receipt of intelligence that some mandarins were coming from the Palace to parley, the foreign Ministers assembled at the big gate of the Legation ; but nobody came, nor was any message sent.

Later, at 6.15, after a considerable preliminary waving of hands and hats, friendly communications were begun from

the Hanlin wall. Chinese soldiers of all regiments, Tung-fu-Hsiang's, Ch'ing's, and Tung-lu's, were assembled there.

On the same day Prince Tuan's "decree," dated June 25, was published, and plainly revealed the aims of the reactionary party in Pekin.

"PEKIN, *June* 25.

"We are now at war with foreigners, and we have fought great battles against them. The Ih-hwo-Ch'uan patriots and people, combined with the Government troops, have repeatedly been victorious in their battles with our foreign enemies, and we have already sent Imperial Commissioners to transmit to these patriots and Government troops the Imperial commendation and exhortation to repeat their successes on the field. Now, we feel that there must be men of similar patriotism and bravery in all the provinces of the Empire. It is therefore our command to all our Viceroys and Governors to enlist such and organise them into troops, as they will undoubtedly be of great use and assistance in our war with the foreign Powers. Let this decree be sent for the information of all the high provincial authorities of the Empire, at the rate of 600 li a day."

[N.B.—This decree was sent by courier to the nearest telegraph office and thence transmitted by telegraph.]

CHAPTER XV

The Germans reinforced—Tung-lu orders "cease fire"—Chinese barricades—An Austrian reconnaissance—Lull in the fighting—White rockets—A faint ray of hope—On the stroke of twelve—A quiet day by contrast—British marines relieve the Americans—Bomb-proof shelters and sand-bags—A notice on the Bell Tower—Preparing for a coup—Terrific firing—A census—Enemy's attempt to break into the Fu—Successful sorties—A *feu d'enfer*—The Americans stormed—In the Mongol Market—A Boxer attack.

WHILE all was quiet and the enemy friendly at the Hanlin, the Germans sent for reinforcements upon the wall, where the Chinese had assembled in great numbers, flying a huge yellow standard with a black dragon on it. Precautions were taken not to let the Chinese approach, since, whether friendly or not friendly, the enemy must be kept at bay.

In conversation with the soldiers it was learnt that Tung-lu had ordered "cease fire," and that messages could pass between the Chinese Government and foreign Representatives. To avoid friction, a further notice was immediately despatched to the Germans not to fire unless fired upon, but to be on their guard against surprises. These instructions were sent by the Italian Minister, who was now in command, Sir Claude being ill in bed all day.

The Chinese were concentrating near the French and

German Legations in such force, and in such a menacing attitude, that at last, at 7.30, they were fired upon.

To the west, at the Hanlin, the Chinese, as soon as darkness set in, hastily put up high barricades, their breastworks being no more than a hundred yards from Mr. Cockburn's house, and forming splendid cover from the shots of the British pickets. They also put up some fresh barricades in the Carriage Park, in Legation Street, and near the duckpond.

Shortly before sunset the Austrians made a reconnaissance inside the wrecked Italian Legation, and found it full of Chinese, looting. They shot sixty.

The lull in the fighting was put to full use in many ways, foraging parties being sent in all directions within the line of defence to collect from the remaining shops anything that could be of value to the besieged. Fresh meat was becoming scarce, and the first pony was killed to supply the want.

Late in the evening white rockets, followed by far-away reports of heavy artillery, were noticed in the south.

It is curious how, under the strain of anxiety, people cling to the faintest ray of hope. The Russians were joyous, for they said they distinctly heard the distant sound of their own bugles; the Japanese declared the rockets seen were from their own people, and the British were certain that the guns heard could be none else but British! These conjectures served to pass away the time, and everybody was congratulating himself on the happy turn matters were taking, when, at the stroke of twelve midnight, "bing-bang" went the Chinese guns again from every quarter, and a fusillade such as had never yet been experienced began simultaneously on all the positions.

*

The Americans and Germans were attacked on the wall, and the French and Russians in their Legations. Fortunately, all the houses in the immediate neighbourhood of all the Legations were now destroyed, so that not only had the besieged nothing more to fear from fire, but they were able to prevent the Chinese from coming too close under cover. The attack lasted some time, and was very severe, but the enemy was at last repulsed.

By contrast, the 26th seemed a quiet day. There was sniping at the American west barricades from morning till 7.20 P.M.; there was a fire in the Carriage Park, where the Chinese soldiers were entrenched and barricaded; there was another fire in the east of the *Fu*, which the Japanese were destroying as a measure of safety, and that was all as far as conflagrations went.

INTERIOR OF SHELL-PROOF SHELTER OUTSIDE MAIN GATE OF BRITISH LEGATION

Ten British marines were sent to relieve the Americans on the city wall, and the people found some employment in constructing bomb-proof shelters and making sand-bags, at which the women worked hard, using for the purpose all their most valued silks, their tablecloths, napkins, and everything that could be sewn into a bag. They made, I am told, over 50,000 in a few days, and these bags were filled with earth by the men, and duly placed on the fortifications by Mr. Gamewell and his valiant crew.

Tung-fu-Hsiang's troops, with their transports, were seen moving to the north-west, and 1500 cavalry galloped south. The following notice was posted on the Bell Tower :

" In case of firing, all men with guns of any description, who are not on special duty at that time, are to assemble at the Bell Tower, and there await the orders of Captain Strouts."

It was felt that the Chinese were so quiet because they were preparing for a sudden *coup*. In the evening they opened fire on the French, wounding one man, and set fire to one of the few remaining buildings behind the Legation of France. Men running about the Carriage Park with torches created some apprehension, and again the expectant ears of the besieged heard the rumbling of foreign guns in the distance to the south-east, and the grateful sound of a siren signal.

The firing became heavy at 9.45, and gradually extended to the American barricade, and by 10.50 bullets came pouring in on the British east front.

At 2.45 A.M. on the 27th of June the firing was terrific all round the Legations, up to the left corner of the Hanlin, but did not last over a quarter of an hour. Two more volleys were fired from the Hanlin, opposite the main gate, and then the firing ceased. The Italian gun was sent to the Japanese in the *Fu*, as Colonel Shiba wished to smash the Chinese barricades, from which the enemy was continually sniping, in the lane to the north, and outside the Imperial City.

From 9.30 A.M. to 2 P.M. all was quiet. Preparations were made for building a redoubt in the Carriage Park, and the Germans and Americans were relieved at their barricades.

A census taken of foreign civilians in the Pekin Legations brought the aggregate number to :

Men.	Women.	Children.		Total.	
191	147	76	=	414	inside Legations;
54	2	3	=	59	outside the British Legation compound.

The Chinese sheltered in the Legations and *Fu* were reckoned at about 3000 all included.

At 2.30 P.M. the enemy attempted to break into the *Fu*, through the Japanese defences, which had been much damaged by the attacks of the three preceding days. Five Customs Volunteers, five British marines and a corporal, and ten Russians were sent to reinforce the Japanese, the attack being a hot one, and bullets flying freely into the Legation. Peachey was wounded in the leg.

Matters looked rather serious, and ten more British marines (on duty at the American Legation) were sent for, a reserve of five being kept at the big gate. Ten more were kept in readiness in case of emergency. The Chinese succeeded in driving back the Italians from their barricade, and, breaking through the wall, swarmed into the *Fu*, where they were caught in a regular death-trap. As few at a time could rush in, they were shot down by the defenders, who were practically free from danger behind a loopholed wall.

Simultaneous sorties upon the Chinamen were then made from three different points; by the 10 British marines and 5 Japanese from the south, 10 Russians from the east, and 20 Italians from the west; and the enemy was driven away in confusion, leaving 20 dead and a great number of wounded. These were cleared off to beyond their barricades, and many more of the enemy were killed and wounded while attempting to drag behind them, with hooked poles and rakes, the bodies of their comrades who had fallen.

They found time in their flight to set on fire a temple, probably to show their anger towards the gods at their want of success.

The Chinese to the east were evidently in a bad way, for the firing in that direction ceased altogether at 4 P.M.; whereas a regular *feu d'enfer* was still coming from the west, and grew worse every moment. At five a determined attack was made from the Carriage Park and Hanlin, where the Chinese were occupying a large house still standing. The Americans were stormed, but held their own.

At 6.30 the Japanese sent for help, as the Chinese had now again advanced on the Fu, and were using ladders to scale the wall; but although the firing was heavy from every other direction, there was none from the east. A conflagration took place behind the French Legation.

At 6.45 the Americans and Russians on the wall and Legation Street heard Chinese bugles signalling in the Mongol Market, and great crowds were noticed assembling in that neighbourhood. An answer with a similar bugle came from the Imperial City, and at 7.15 firing ceased.

An hour later the Americans were attacked by 200 Boxers, who were driven on to the barricades by Imperial soldiers, who remained in the rear. Fifty were killed, and the others fled, some jumping down the wall. The Russian position was attacked at 9.10, and the heaviest firing occurred at 10.30, mainly on the American barricades and on the north front.

Another general attack was feared, and Captain Strouts ordered the signal of alarm to be rung on the big bell. Firing, however, ceased at 11 o'clock, and the rest of the night passed quietly.

CHAPTER XVI

Change of tactics—Heavy firing to the north-east—The Hanlin set on fire—A hard day—Two sorties—A fire in the East Fu—The Japanese driven back—Urgent help for the French—French and Japanese Legations hard pressed—A terrific storm—A limelight to the south—Eighty pounds of gunpowder—Masses of Imperial soldiers.

THE Chinese were apparently distressed at their continual failure in storming the Legations. They had not sufficient courage to rush the positions steadily, and at the sight of the first killed those behind took to their heels. They now changed their tactics.

On June 28 they placed a gun north-east of the Fu, and two shells hit the Japanese Legation. Then, according to Colonel Shiba, the Chinese lowered their artillery, and shot towards the barricades so as to knock down the wall of the Fu. The brave Japanese Colonel wanted to make a sortie to capture the gun, but the attempt was considered too risky, and he was dissuaded from trying.

The firing was very heavy from the north-east. The temple in the Hanlin compound was now set on fire as a measure of precaution by the British, and a further breach made into the wall along the Carriage Park.

The ruins of the Russo-Chinese bank were cleared of Chinese by volunteers, but towards 6 P.M. a shell struck the

Hospital, and heavy firing began all along the west. A Chinese big gun, only 300 yards away, did great damage to the top storeys of the Legation buildings, and at 6.30 "general attack" was again rung on the "big bell." The ever-useful Italian gun was hastily brought up to the south stables, but this time did not prove serviceable. The Chinese continued their musketry fire on the French barricades, and in the Carriage Park, but at 10.15, with the exception of some sniping, all was quiet.

A CHINESE BUGLE

June 29 was a hard day. At 3 A.M., before sunrise, a sortie was made into the Carriage Park by Captain Poole, three marines, five Customs Volunteers, and five students, the object being to burn houses in which the Chinese had entrenched themselves. The party was allowed to approach within ten yards of the barricade, which they believed to be evacuated, when they found themselves under a fearful cross-fire, and had to retire hastily without achieving their object. They fired two volleys at the barricade, and that was all. Fortunately there were no casualties.

Another sortie was made round the west of the south

stable, in the vicinity of the Mongol Market, to discover the exact position of the big Chinese gun and, if possible, to capture it. There were twenty British, ten Germans, ten Russians, five French, five Italians, and two German volunteers (Graze and Gyleray). This cannon was only 100 yards away from the stables, and the Chinese had the range perfectly, so that they poured shell after shell into the building, killing several ponies and doing great damage. Some houses that were in the way were set fire to, but otherwise nothing was accomplished. The Italian gun was sent over to the Fu, as the firing had again become heavy to the north-east. Some apprehension was felt at the number of shells which continually buzzed over the Legations in the morning, and at the discovery that the Chinese were occupying a compound by the north stables. Five marines and five Customs Volunteers had to run over to the Fu to support the Japanese, a fire having broken out in the east of the Fu. The Chinese had succeeded in driving the Japanese out of one or two of the houses in the compound, which they promptly burnt. The enemy kept up a terrific fusillade on the Japanese, and were gaining ground all the time.

To the north, and directly outside the Hanlin, the enemy were busy setting houses ablaze, and sniping at the British. Phillips, a marine, was killed outside the guard-house, near the big Legation gate, and the American doctor was wounded in the leg. The enemy, however, was on that day mainly attacking from the north and north-east, and evidently concentrating all his strength on that side.

The French, who were next to the Japanese, asked for urgent help at 3.50, but only five marines and five Customs Volunteers could be spared. These men did excellent work, and were much congratulated by the French Minister and

THE FU, THE CANAL WITH BARRICADES, AND SHELL-PROOF SHELTER AT THE ENTRANCE OF BRITISH LEGATION

("Sluice" Tartar Wall, South Bridge in the background)

officers. The situation was extremely grave in this quarter, and in the Japanese Fu. The wall was battered down, and the only obstacle between the combatants consisted of the hastily constructed barricades, which a couple of shells would easily destroy.

Both French and Japanese Legations were hard pressed, the French Lieutenant Herbert was killed at the barricade, and Colonel Shiba compelled to abandon a portion of the Fu.

The French marines brought in the wounded, and returned to the work, as, towards six o'clock, the firing increased on the east, and at 6.30 was terrific from the east and north. At 6.48 it was all confined to the north-west. The Austrian machine gun had to be brought into the French compound, when (at 9.30) heavy firing, directed on the French, began from the west also.

The Chinese even advanced their barricade on this side (the west) to a point opposite Mr. Cockburn's house, and it was reported that hammering was heard behind the Students' mess, and this sound was believed to indicate an attempt of the Chinese to bore a mine.

Near ten o'clock a terrific storm of rain, wind and thunder added misery to the already diabolical evening. With it, and contrary to all precedents in Chinese warfare, the enemy kept up a fierce fusillade all night from their gingals. What with the clash of thunder, and the lightning, which was at times as bright as daylight, the uproar of the gigantic modern gingal rifles, and the din of Mauser musketry, the rush of rain coming down in bucketfuls, and the howling wind, this was a night that certainly did not lack dramatic and pictorial effects, nor most of the discomforts producible by nature or man.

After the storm was over, and during the weary hours of

the night, the picket at the south stable saw a limelight to the south moving from east to west for a whole hour. Could it be the relieving force ?

Ten marines had to be sent to reinforce the Germans, and at 9.10 the big Chinese gun on the north-east began to drop shell after shell into the Legation, doing considerable damage. The Fu wall was also being heavily bombarded by cannon, and a trench had been made during the night close to the Japanese barricade. Colonel Shiba sent for reinforcements, as he was hard pressed, the north-west of the Fu being now practically a mass of ruins. Five students, Wihlbefahrt, and six marines, went to the assistance of the Japanese, and eventually, at 10.45, the Chinese musketry fire ceased, but not the big gun, which continued shelling at intervals.

Eighty pounds of gunpowder were found in the Fu, and came in very handy for future use in the Italian gun.

Two marines, Tetner and Holme, were wounded at the wall barricade on the Ha-ta-Men side, and three Germans were killed, but the wall was still held.

Great numbers of Imperial soldiers were observed by the Germans, crossing the Chinese city from the Ch'ien gate to the Ha-ta ; but in the Tartar city, barring the attack on the Fu, which still went on at intervals, and a weak assault from the Hanlin, there was nothing of importance till the evening.

CHAPTER XVII

Americans abandon their barricade—Captain Myers recaptures the position—Captain Wray reinforces the Americans—The French Legation wavering—The Japanese running short of ammunition—Heavy fighting in the Fu and at the American barricade—An attempt to capture a Chinese gun—Scanty cover—In a perilous predicament—Heavy loss—The Fu in a precarious position—A quiet night—What comes of using unsuitable ammunition—The Japanese Attaché of Legation killed—Speculation—Casualties.

JULY 1.—At 9 A.M. the Americans and Germans, twelve of them, on the wall barricades, reported that they were under a heavy cross fire from the Ha-ta and Ch'ien gates. A quarter of an hour later a panic seized them at the discovery of three field-pieces trained on them, and they abandoned their barricades, retreating to the British Legation, into which they brought their Colt Automatic gun. A number of coolies employed by the Americans were also sent into the Legation to help in sandbagging the defences, much weakened in places by the well-directed fire of the Chinese artillery. Reinforcements, led by Captain Myers, were despatched at once, and the American barricade was retaken at 10.10, the Chinese not having discovered that the Americans had left, but owing to the Chinese fire that swept down the ramp the Germans were unable to recapture their position.

Captain Wray and ten men went soon after (10.15) to reinforce and relieve Captain Myers, and seven men were sent to the Germans, who were now in a bad way, and feared they would be unable to hold their own Legation.

The French Legation, too, was wavering, and M. Pichon sent word, "*On recule de la Legation de France.*" This was at 10.30 A.M. The Italian gun was used with good effect from

OFFICERS' SHELTER AT THE CHINESE BARRICADE ON THE TARTAR WALL

the Students' library on the Chinese barricades close by, and on this side the enemy's gun could be heard booming in the direction of the Fu and French Legation.

The Austrian quick-firer was brought into the British Legation, and the slight attack from the Hanlin side was easily repulsed.

The Japanese, who had been fighting continually and heavily for several days, were unfortunately running short of ammunition. They sent an urgent request for any old rifles and ammunition that could be spared. Many rifles

and heaps of cartridges had been captured in the sorties against the Chinese, and these weapons were despatched at once to the brave little defenders of the Mikado's Legation.

Two rockets were sent up by the Germans as a signal to the Relief Expedition, which everybody thought must now be very near.

In the morning of July 1, the French Legation, which had for a short time been abandoned, was retaken.

At 2.30 P.M. (July 1) there was heavy fighting, particularly at two points, the Fu, and the American barricade on the wall. Captain Wray, who had relieved Myers and the Americans, and was in command at this position with ten British marines, was wounded through the shoulder, and so was one of his men.

At 3.15 the Chinese were pressing on the Fu, and caused so much damage with their gun that it was decided to make a sortie to capture it. Five British Students' Mess, 7 British marines, and some Italian marines were sent to help. The big gun fired on the Fu at 3.45, 3.52, 3.57, and 4 A.M.

Five minutes before four the Italian marines and British Students' Mess left the Fu by the canal road, and rushed to the attack under a hot fire. They perceived a Tommy wave his hands in the air and turn back. They thought at first he had a message. A bullet had gone through him and he fell. Oliphant with an American and a marine brought him under cover. They then continued their rush towards a high barricade facing them at the end of a narrow lane. There were loopholed houses on either side, from which, the moment the foreigners had entered the trap, they were fired upon from the sides, and from the roofs behind and in front. The barricade itself was loopholed, and it was impossible for the small force to storm it. They crowded into a small space

in the side wall, which gave them scanty cover, and while in this perilous predicament discovered a hole in the opposite wall leading into the Fu. This was the only way of escape, and a dangerous way too. Within a few yards of the barricade from which the Chinese were blazing away, a rush was made one by one of the party, and when one had scrambled through the small breach, the next came on.

It cost the small party 1 Italian killed ; and 1 Italian officer, 3 marines, 1 Frenchman, 1 Japanese, and Mr. Townsend, wounded.

Two Chinese soldiers who had jumped over the barricade and were attempting to take in the dead body of the Italian marine, undoubtedly to receive the recompense offered by the authorities for heads of foreigners, were shot by the north stable pickets. Messrs. Cheese and Flaherty were the last two men to enter the Fu, and one student showed considerable coolness in stepping across the lane to pick up a rifle dropped by a wounded marine.

The sortie, with its fatal results, accomplished nothing, and the Fu was still in a precarious position, though holding out with marvellous tenacity against severe odds. The ever-shifting Italian gun was again sent out to the Japanese in the afternoon, and made what humble answer it could to the big Chinese gun, as boisterous and destructive as ever, and now firing solid missiles instead of explosive shells.

At 4.25 P.M. the musketry fire near the Fu lessened, but that on the American position was kept up until 7.30, when the firing practically ceased, and it seemed as if the Chinese troops had been drawn off. The quiet lasted all night.

At 10.20 the flash-light signal was seen again towards the

south by many, and all hearts bounded with joy and prayed that this might turn out to come from the relieving column.

All was quiet during the night, and the opportunity was seized to strengthen the American barricades on the wall. The Germans were still unable to recover their lost position.

Many held the opinion that the Chinese had withdrawn their troops, and that nothing more was to be feared from them ; but most people did not entertain quite such a hopeful view of the situation.

To make matters more gloomy, a drizzling rain and heavy showers continued during the greater part of the day (July 2), drenching the men on outpost duty to the marrow.

Colonel Shiba set fire to the north end of the Fu, and a little later (10.20 A.M.) the Chinese big gun began firing on the Japanese. The Chinese were busy building a barricade opposite the big gate of the Hanlin, and towards 10.45 several shots passed over the Legation, the ammunition apparently not fitting the gun : so, at least, it was calculated from the extraordinary noise made by the missiles as they whizzed over the heads of the besieged. In fact, during the afternoon three fearful explosions followed three shots from the gun, the shells bursting directly they left the muzzle. The good old Italian gun was brought to bear upon this new Chinese barricade outside the Hanlin main gate, and entirely destroyed the breastwork of it.

The rain continued heavy until 6.30 P.M., and as no fighting was going on, the time was spent in erecting a barricade in the north stables to cover retreat from the Hanlin, if necessary ; and in making an aperture for an

exit, as well as a protecting wall along the passage leading to Sir Claude's front door. Another small temple in the Carriage Park was set on fire to prevent its being used as cover by the enemy.

The Fu was in a critical condition, as firing had again begun from the north at 6.15; but the attack stopped suddenly, and the Japanese bravely held out through the night. The eastern gate of the outpost was taken by the enemy during this fight, and Mr. S. Kojima, Attaché of Legation, was shot through the head while helping to erect a barricade. He was conveyed to the British Hospital, but died next day.

Sir Claude posted the following notice on the Bell Tower board :—

"Last night between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M. an electric flash-light was seen on south-east horizon, the approximate distance from Pekin twenty-five to thirty miles. The flashes were regular, and occurred at intervals of about a second, with a pause of from five to ten minutes between each forty or fifty flashes. (Note: the signalmen reported favourably on it)."

Many were the speculations over the appearance of this flash-light, and many fervent hopes were built on it. No doubt, everybody said, it was Seymour signalling his approach. If not, what else could it be? Wiser folks identified it with the searchlight of H.M.S. *Terrible;* until, alas! the next day brought a grand collapse of everybody's bright anticipation, when it was ascertained that the light only came from a smelting furnace in the Chinese city!

Casualties up to July 3 at 10 A.M.

	Killed.	Wounded.
British	2	14
Italians (10 at Pe-tang)	6	7
Germans	7	8
French (35 at Pe-tang)	6	5
Austrians	3	3
Americans	6	9
Japanese	4	11
Russians	3	11
Civilians	3	4
	40	72

CHAPTER XVIII

Captain Myers' bayonet charge on the Chinese barricade—Flags seized—A new danger—The two Chinese 1-inch guns—The collapse of the Union Jack—Five huge standards—A determined attack on the American defence—Rockets in the Hanlin—A deceitful flash-light—The great American day—A grim touch of humour—The declaration of independence and the Chinese bullet—Pathetic letter—A plucky messenger—Chamot's Hotel the chief target—Oliphant killed—A good old cannon in the Imperial city—Fireworks.

At 3 A.M., before sunrise (July 3), twenty-seven British, fourteen Americans, and fifteen Russians, led by Captain Myers, made an attack on the Chinese barricade on the wall near the Ch'ien gate. At the point of the bayonet they captured the first barricade and the second, directly behind and parallel with the first. They seized two flags, a number of rifles, spears, swords, and quantities of ammunition, and cleared the ramp behind the American Legation. Unfortunately, Captain Myers was badly wounded in the leg by a spear-thrust, and Corporal Gregory was hit; two Americans—one, their finest shot—were killed, and many others wounded. The Chinese lost heavily, scores of them being bayoneted as they were trying to escape.

At all the other positions everything was quiet, except for a few rockets and primitive squirts used by the Chinese at close range in the Hanlin and north-west of the Fu.

After sunrise, at 4.30, the big gun fired three consecutive shots on the Fu, but was not heard again for the rest of the day.

Another danger was now threatening the besieged. Heavy rain fell steadily till late in the afternoon, and the dry canal between the British and the German, French, Italian, and Japanese Legations and the Fu—across which a fine barricade had been built with carts, furniture and sandbags—was now

A COUNTERMINE AND BARRICADE IN THE BRITISH LEGATION ON THE HANLIN SIDE

getting full of water, the level of which was rising perceptibly every moment.

The two Chinese one-inch guns fired thirteen shots from the Ha-ta gate, but the range being high they landed a few among their own people on the Ch'ien gate, instead of in the Legation. One bullet, nevertheless, brought down the Union Jack from the flagstaff, but it was immediately nailed up again to the top of the mast.

At 5 P.M. there was much massing of men behind the French Legation, where five huge standards had been planted. It was feared that these preparations meant another attack on the Fu, but both French and Japanese were left unmolested, nothing breaking the quiet of the day except a little sniping to the south-west.

At 9.30 P.M., quite unexpectedly, a ferocious fusillade against the west defence broke out, and a determined attack, which lasted for a long time, was made on the American defence, the Chinese being repulsed time after time and yet returning to the attack.

In the Hanlin, the Chinese amused themselves—and the besieged—by firing off rockets which burst in a shower of gold balls.

The deceitful flash light—the smelting furnace—was again seen in the same place, and burning more brightly than ever. It could not deceive people any more, although there were still some who maintained that it could not possibly be a furnace, but must be Seymour signalling his arrival.

There was a grim touch of humour on July the 4th—the great Independence Day of United States citizens. Most besieged Americans had made up their minds that, the day being so great a one in their own country, it must follow as a matter of course that the Legations would be relieved on that particular day. There was some sort of resemblance, perhaps, in the heavy fusillade on the north-east to the more harmless "fire-crackers" burnt in profusion everywhere in the States on these occasions; and no doubt that, as far as noise went, with the big gun continually pounding at the Fu, and the occasional shots from other big guns on the Ha-ta gate, the day must have reminded them forcibly of "home." So great was the sense of the importance of the

CHINESE BARRICADES ON THE TARTAR WALL

anniversary that a copy of the Declaration of Independence was brought out with great pomp into the open, where it was promptly pierced by a Chinese bullet from the wall!

The Italian gun was being worked to the utmost. It was now placed on the Hanlin defence and fired with effect on the north-west of the Fu. All was quiet in the afternoon and evening.

The "Fourth of July" ended—probably as a thoughtful Chinese compliment to the Yankee community—with a brisk fusillade at midnight upon the American barricade.

One of the nicest and most pathetic letters from the besieged was written and sent that day by Sir Claude to the relieving force. With great difficulty a trustworthy messenger was found to brave the many perils of a journey outside the Legation line of defence. There was no chance of his escaping alive if captured by his countrymen. The messenger, induced by the offer of a large sum of money, was let down the Tartar wall at night by the marines with a rope. After a journey full of sufferings, dangers and privations, footsore and sick, travelling at night and hiding during the day, he managed, as we have seen, to reach Tientsin.*

The Fu was still being shelled at intervals on July 5, and the Italian gun was again sent over to the Japanese to smash

* The letter ran:

"Since June 20th besieged by Imperial troops who have four or five guns, one 2 inch, two 3-inch, two 9-inch, throwing 14-pound shells, chiefly used at barricades. The enemy enterprising but cowardly. Chinese Government doing nothing to put them down. All their positions very close to ours—our positions all described, we could hold out, if everything went on as at present, say ten days. If attacked, four or five days. Haste absolutely necessary if wanted to avoid a terrible massacre. Entrance probably easy. Enemy hold gates. Canal sluice easy. Forty-four killed of ours."

the Chinese barricades. Chamot's Hotel de Pékin was the chief target of the Chinese gunners on the Ha-ta gate, and from the north. Much gloom prevailed among the besieged, who felt things going from bad to worse every moment. The line of defence of the Legations was getting smaller and smaller every day; the defenders were getting weaker from over-work and anxiety; the casualties were many daily, and the ammunition was running short.

A party of Students and marines was sent into the Hanlin from the British Legation, in order to cut down trees and tear down anything that might afford cover in case the Chinese, who had evacuated the place, should return.

Captain Poole had given the signal to retire, and the men were about to return into the Legation, when the young Student, D. Oliphant, a great favourite with all, was mortally shot by a sniper. He died at 3 P.M., and was buried at seven. His death cast a fearful gloom upon all his friends and acquaintances.

The Chinese were now busy erecting a barricade outside the Hanlin, and had set up upon a scaffolding in the Imperial City a good old cannon firing solid shot. The missiles were as big as cricket-balls, and about as harmless. It did, indeed, cause some annoyance in the Students' quarters, upon which the Chinese trained it, and the everlasting Italian gun was brought back from the Fu, and directed from the Students' library on its Chinese rival, which was temporarily silenced.

At 7.30 P.M. the Celestial gun fired two more shots.

The Japanese had found four boxes of fireworks in Kierulff's store, and, lacking ammunition, of which they only had forty or fifty rounds, used them to frighten the Chinese. They split the bombs, filled them with nails and

bits of broken iron, and then threw them among the Chinamen. The Imperials at the Hanlin barricade, not to be outdone, sent up fireworks—signals—in the evening, and big guns were plainly heard firing outside the city to the west.

CHAPTER XIX

New tactics—The ball guns—Barricade pulled down—An attempt to seize a Chinese gun—The Stars and Stripes—An unfortunate occurrence—The Shiba Chinese volunteers—The portrait of Queen Victoria—In the French Legation—The familiar bugle signals—Notices on the Bell Tower—Firing towards the Pe-tang—Conjectures—A large reward declined—A mishap—Boxer shouting—The Kanon Temple ablaze.

THE Chinese adopted new tactics. They used artillery fire rather than musketry, and made no important attacks in the daytime, reserving them for the night.

On July 6 their big gun was still pounding away at the Fu, and the "ball guns" were firing incessantly on the Students' quarters. The Italian gun was again placed on the platform in the north stables, in the hope of silencing the two guns on the Imperial City wall, but without any appreciable results.

A Chinese barricade which had been erected during the night was pulled down by the British, and then four Customs Volunteers, one corporal, and five marines were despatched to the Fu to reinforce Colonel Shiba, as the Chinese had made a big hole in the Fu north wall, and were about to break in. The Chinese gun, too, was still pounding away, and was a distinct nuisance, so that another sortie was organised to seize the enemy's guns. Everybody present

joined gaily in the scheme. The Japanese and British marines made a dash on the Chinese, while the Customs Volunteers and Italians fired volleys to protect their advance. These plucky fellows actually reached the gun, drove away the gunners, and kept them at bay for some time, but, unluckily, were met by a terrific fusillade, and had to make a retreat. A Japanese volunteer officer, Captain Tatsugaro

CHINESE BARRICADE AT THE IMPERIAL CITY WALL

Ando, was killed, and one Japanese sailor wounded. The charge lasted about a quarter of an hour.

In the Imperial City a gun was placed behind a heavy wooden door, half of which was opened, and the gun run out and quickly brought inside again after each shot was fired.

The American flagstaff, Stars and Stripes and all, was shot away by a shell.

The Chinese were now seen building barricades in the

Imperial City overlooking the big gate, and they loopholed one of the large buildings in the Carriage Park opposite the Hanlin post.

An unfortunate occurrence depressed everybody. A Russian Student, killed by a bullet, was dragged away by the Chinese and his body fearfully mutilated.

The big "shot gun" continued firing till ten in the evening, and a few sharp volleys were aimed at the south-west defence; otherwise all was quiet.

A native messenger was sent to take news to Tientsin, but got scared soon after leaving the Legations. He felt that he was being watched and lost no time in returning. The Chinese converts, nevertheless, showed much faithfulness and pluck when tasks of less difficulty were entrusted to them. Colonel Shiba raised a corps of thirty of them for the defence of the Fu, and armed them with rifles and swords captured from the enemy.

July 7 was hardly a more exciting day. The same firing of the same guns continued from the Imperial City and city wall, on the Fu, and on Chamot's Hotel. Renewed efforts with the Italian gun (now taken to the main gate) were made to destroy the new double barricade in the Imperial City, which was a serious menace, as it overlooked the passage across the canal from the British Legation to the Fu and Japanese Legation.

At 11.45 a most extraordinary thing happened. A big round shot pierced the outer wall of the main Legation building, entered the British Minister's dining-room, just below the ceiling, shaved all along behind a large oil painting of her Majesty Queen Victoria without injuring it, passed through the opposite wall at the same elevation, and so went out again. The force of the missile was astonishing, and it

was considered a lucky coincidence that the Queen's picture, the most valued possession in the Legation, should have escaped unhurt.

In the morning the French Legation had a heavy time. It was the chief target the Chinese of, and not only was the artillery turned on it, but a furious rifle fire was also kept up. The familiar "bugle" signals were heard again from the Imperial Palace, and the attack, which lasted some time, was terrific. Three large fires were burning in the adjoining Fu, but were got under, and the enemy were unable to carry the position.

Sir Claude MacDonald posted the following notice on the Bell Tower :—"The officer commanding the Austrian and French detachments reports heavy cannonading in the south-west, lasting from midnight to the morning."

This and similar notices, which suggested that relief was at hand, thoughtfully put up by her Britannic Majesty's Minister, helped in no small degree in keeping up the spirits of the besieged.

There was heavy firing to the north-west too. This was directed on the Catholics of Pe-tang. Would these poor fellows—3000 of them, with only 40 rifles—be able to hold out ? What would be the end of poor Bishop Favier and his companions, who had no quick-firing guns, no very high wall round their compound, and were presumably not expert in the art of barricading and entrenching ? These were the questions that everybody in the Legations asked himself ; and every one shrank from thinking of what, almost to a certainty, would be the fate of the besieged Catholics.

If the defenders of the Legations, with 500 rifles, quick-firing guns, and one cannon, were so hard pressed, the defenceless Catholics must be in a worse plight.

In the afternoon, things being quiet enough, and the

want of artillery being felt badly, the besieged proceeded to manufacture themselves a gun that would fire Russian shells, and to turn out shells to fit the Italian gun, as only fourteen more remained. An old muzzle-loader of 1860 was discovered half-buried outside the Legation. It was brought in to see what could be made of it.

A sum of $10,000 was given to a Chinese by Mr. Popoff to carry a message to the relieving troops, supposed to be near, but his courage failed him even in spite of this handsome offer, and no sooner had he started than he came back, frightened out of his life, returned the money, and would not hear of going.

Towards sunset all around was quiet, except a gun on the Ch'ien gate. In their hurry to fire it off without exposing themselves to the enemy's fire, and before they had raised it to a proper angle, the Chinese blew off a good portion of their own barricade with their first shot. The damage was soon patched up again. Had not the American barricade been merely a defensive work, advantage might have been taken of this opportunity to rush the enemy's position. But the small guard did not feel justified in attempting a sortie against such overwhelming numbers of Imperials.

During the night there was much Boxer shouting in the Chinese city, and far, far beyond, the same roar of cannon, which was audible every night, and the sound of which cheered the hearts of the besieged. Curiously enough, it never seemed to get any nearer. It became lost in the heavy musketry fire opened suddenly, at 10.45, on the Fu, the French and Italian positions. A bullet that came from the north of the Imperial City struck the British Legation chapel.

The Chinese managed to set fire to the Kanon temple, held by the Italian outpost, inside the Legation defences.

CHAPTER XX

Sunday a "day of rest"—A heavy fusillade—"Fireballs"—A big conflagration in the Fu—The French hard pressed—An old gun found—Its recoil—Christened the "Old Crock"—To assist the Japanese—The Fu almost untenable—Fierce fighting—The manufacture of ammunition—Retreat of the Austrian picket—Absolute quiet—Chinese prisoners—A spy—No approach of foreign troops—The plucky Chamot.

WHETHER by chance or on purpose, the Chinese appeared to take particular pleasure in attacking the Legations on a Sunday, probably because it was the "day of rest" of the Christians. Sunday, July 8, was as hard a day as the Legations had experienced since the beginning of the siege.

As early as 1.45 A.M. a very heavy fusillade, lasting for a quarter of an hour, was heard to the west. Then the big gun fired four times on the Hanlin, and the Chinese threw "fireballs" over the wall, causing a conflagration in the north-east corner of the compound.

At sunrise a banner was seen waving on the wall directly above the German Legation, and the big gun placed there fired several times. So did the one east of the Fu: the third, north of the Imperial City, and the fourth, on the new Chinese barricade, commanding the canal. This last, however, only fired twice during the whole day.

In the Fu outpost a big conflagration, caused by the

enemy, gave more distress and trouble, the men being tired out owing to the continuous fighting. The musketry fire was also so heavy that Colonel Shiba sent for reinforcements. Three British Students' Mess, three Customs Volunteers, six marines, and ten Russians were sent. The Russian flagstaff was hit by a shell, and collapsed. The Chinese were keeping so well under cover, hiding behind the buildings on fire, that they could not be got at.

THE "OLD CROCK"

The French were also very hard pressed, a Chinese gun having been placed so near their Legation that the concussion of its firing actually broke panes of glass in the windows. As for the Austrians, they had the worst time of all. At noon their Commander was killed.

The old gun, found the previous day, and now duly patched up and securely bound with ropes to a mount, was tried. Much to everybody's surprise, the ball went through three walls. This was beyond everybody's expectation, and the gun was immediately dragged out of the main gate and the second shot fired out of it upon the enemy. Owing to the primitive way in which it had hurriedly been mounted, the

sighting of it was no easy matter, and the ball went some ten yards over the Imperial City wall. In the recoil it burst the cord fastenings, too, and shattered the mount, but these were small matters and easily repaired. Colonel Shiba, on hearing of the wonders of this new piece of artillery, sent for it, and fired two shots at the Chinese. One burst in a Chinese building, carrying down a standard. The second time it was fired with bits of broken iron, nails, and other such missiles, and report says that it went off "with good effect."

There were some people who looked upon the "old crock" (for that was the name given to the gun) as an additional danger rather than a protection to the Legations. Every time that it was fired the gunners gave a sigh of relief and surprise that the gun had not exploded.

The conflagration in the Fu was assuming distressing proportions; the fire could not be kept under owing to the Chinese volleys from their barricades, and the main buildings were fast burning. The Christians had to take refuge in the south buildings, where they were packed like sheep.

Ten more men rushed to the assistance of the Japanese, who were in a critical condition, the attack in the afternoon appearing to be mostly concentrated on the Japanese, French, and Austrian positions. The Fu was now almost untenable, and a permanent reinforcement of 6 marines, 2 Customs Volunteers, and 2 British Students' Mess had to be sent to assist Colonel Shiba and his brave Japanese in holding the place.

The fighting was heavy, even fierce, the whole day, and at 9.45 P.M. a severe attack, with an attempt to storm the Fu, was made, while a hot fusillade was kept on the Hanlin.

Nor were the Chinese satisfied with this incessant fighting. At 2.30 A.M. (July 9) they made a furious rush on the Fu,

and seemed determined to carry the position, but lacked courage to stand before the handful of brave defenders on the other side of the barricades. The "old crock," taken from its mount, was fired from the Student's library. It smashed the Chinese barricade, close by the Carriage Park, and also most of the glass of the library windows, besides shaking the house so that it caused a big crack in the wall of the Mess-room.

The besieged not only showed wonderful ingenuity in making artillery pieces and ammunition, but were now undertaking the manufacture of a search-light for signalling purposes.

The Fu was getting more and more hard-pressed every moment. Ten British marines were sent over to replace 5 Customs Volunteers and 5 Frenchmen.

Towards eleven the Austrian position became absolutely untenable, and the picket at the outpost had to retreat.

The "old crock" was made good use of against the Imperial City barricade overlooking the canal, and some of the shells were sent well home. The fire in the Fu was now spreading to the north-west and including all the houses along the canal.

The anxiety of the besieged was great, for if the Chinese had succeeded in capturing the Fu, the British Legation could not possibly have held out long. It was now being bombarded from the west and north, and if shelling from the east was further added, the chance of resisting so many attacks was meagre indeed.

At 4.45 came sudden absolute quiet. Presently three reluctant Chinese prisoners were dragged into the Legation. They had been seized while attempting to set the French Legation on fire. They were shot. A Chinese house was

set on fire by the British in the Mongol Market, because it afforded cover to the enemy near the south-west defence.

A Christian messenger in disguise was sent out of the defences to collect information, and on his return the following notice was posted on the bell tower :

"A messenger who went into the Chinese city to-day reports that :

" 1. There are no Chinese soldiers to be seen in the streets of the city.

" 2. Ha-ta gate has been closed for many days.

" He (the messenger) left the city by the Tung Pien gate, and, going north-east, entered the Ch'i Hua-men. At the Tung-Pien gate Yung-lu's soldiers were in charge. In the neighbourhood of the Ch'ia Hua-men and the Ha-ta gate, in which he saw men of Tung-Fu Hsiang's troops, near Tung-Ssu-Pai-lou, the streets have their every-day appearance, shops opened and hustling in the streets. *Pekin Gazette* issued daily. Dowager Empress in Palace here. Nothing known of approach of foreign troops. Chinese soldiers much afraid of the foreigners."

The messenger proved his words by buying several things on street stalls, and in the shops, where trade was evidently carried on as usual.

"Nothing known of approach of foreign troops." These words came as a thunderbolt. Everybody repeated them in his own mind, and tried not to believe them ; but one and all felt disheartened and sad.

In the evening the French Legation was still hard pressed, and the Italian gun had to be sent there ; then, later, at 10.45, there was a heavy attack and fusillade on the Hanlin, while the big gun to the north of the Impe-

rial City dropped shrapnel into the Legations during the night.

At 11.15 P.M., young Chamot, of the hotel, made a plucky sortie and a most determined attempt, with several foreigners, to capture the troublesome Chinese gun firing upon them, but the Chinese were too clever, and had horses ready to convey the gun away on their approach.

CHAPTER XXI

Speculation on the Pe-tang—Comparative peace—The capture of twenty Chinese—Chinese advancing steadily—Secretary of the Japanese Legation—Messenger fired upon—Newly-made Chinese barricades smashed—A cannonade on the Fu—A Boxer—The Pe-tang holding out—Business going on as usual—A solid mount for the "Old Crock"—Tug of war—A new American barricade—A most ungallant shot—A terrific explosion—Extraordinary courage of the French Marines—The Austrian quick-firing gun.

All was quiet on the 10th, except for a shot every now and then from the big gun firing on the Hanlin, and shells, apparently aimed at the Pe-tang mission, whizzing high over the Legations.

Everybody wondered how the Catholics were faring. No communication whatever had been received from or sent to them since the beginning of the siege. It was reported that they still held out.

Another messenger was sent at noon to the relieving force, but little hope was entertained that he could ever reach his destination. Many of these messengers had been sent, but had never come back.

Even in the Fu all was comparatively peaceful, barring an occasional volley from the Chinese. Marines and coolies had considerably strengthened the defences during the night.

At 9.40 and 10.55 P.M. there was heavy firing, but only for a few minutes.

Twenty Chinese were captured in the French Legation, eighteen of whom were bayoneted or shot. Two were kept for examination and to extract information. They stated that the Relief Force had been stopped at Hu-Hsi-wu by 29,000 Chinese. They were shot at once.

The 11th was also a dull day, with a temperature of 102°, and there was not much fighting of any consequence, except in the unhappy Fu. The Chinese had gradually advanced their position. Their breastworks and those of the Japanese were within a few yards of each other. They even made occasional breaches in the Japanese barricade, when a hand-to-hand fight would ensue. The Chinese were invariably repulsed. On their side the Japanese had two killed and two wounded, and one British marine and two civilians wounded, Mr. Narabara, the Secretary of Legation, being one of the latter.

Another messenger was sent out at 9.30 A.M., and at 12 the following notice was posted on the Bell Tower :

"Attempted to send messenger out of 'sluice gate' this morning. Chinese sentinels fired on him immediately on his exit. The messenger ran back in without being wounded, however."

In the evening, at 9.25, Captain Poole, with three marines, Russell and Bristow, covered by fire from the Italian gun, broke up the newly-made Chinese barricade and cleared the Hanlin up to the main gate, where a flag had been placed behind the barricade.

Two rockets were sent up in the Hanlin.

During the night (July 12) the Chinese built a new barricade in the Carriage Park, near the Hanlin wall, and

placed sandbags and a standard on the wall between the Carriage Park and the College.

Late in the afternoon four big guns began a cannonade on the Fu, accompanied by a sharp musketry fire, the enemy coming right up to the defence line of the Japanese. Another house in the Fu, occupied by twenty-one converts, was set ablaze by the Chinese.

A Boxer was caught just outside the French Legation. One flag and some stuff was taken, and he was examined in the British and American Legations. He professed to know little, and repeated mostly what he had heard from other Chinese in the Legations since he had been captured. He said he was paid two tiao for each body that he carried from outside the French Legation to the Ch'i Hua gate, and the soldiers who paid him for this work were Yung-lu's.

Tientsin, he said, had been burnt on the arrival of foreign troops on June 16, while Taku had been taken by 100 men-of-war. All the trade in Pekin was now carried on in the north city, and absolutely none in the south. Boxers and soldiers were constantly fighting over the division of loot. The soldiers wanted to convert it into money at once, after which they deserted in great numbers to their homes. Tung-Fu-Hsiang was still in the city, but affairs were completely in the hands of Prince Tuan and Yung-lu. Prince Ching had nothing whatever to do with the trouble. The prisoner said that the Boxer headquarters were in Prince Tuan's palace. The Pe-tang Catholics had been attacked and bombarded, but were still holding out. The Chinese, he stated, had many big guns of foreign make, which they did not dare to use in the city, as they were too powerful and shot a great deal too far. An edict had been published,

allowing the use of small cannon against the Legations ; also, shot cannon, of a pattern 150 years old.*

The "old crock" was now solidly mounted in the Students' library. It had been used with no effect from the north stables, and afterwards in the Hanlin on the wall, the top of which was protected by sandbags. It was not powerful enough to cause damage, and only irritated the Chinese. Sharp firing from the Hanlin followed the action of the Americans and Germans, who climbed the wall and seized a Chinese flag. An Imperial soldier, pluckier than the rest, clung to the end of the staff, and a comical tug-of-war went on for some minutes. Fire was opened on the foreigners, who were compelled to let go, and the Chinaman triumphantly carried away the standard he had saved.

* Note on Bell Tower. "A Chinese prisoner taken by French marines yesterday stated Emperor and Empress Dowager still in Palace. Prince Tuan, Yung-lu, and Tung are in control of public affairs, Prince Ching taking no part with them. Many Boxers yet in the city. Chief patron Prince Tuan. In his Fu they are registered, fed and paid. Boxers ridiculed by soldiers because they dare not go under fire at the front, in spite of their pretensions to be bullet-proof. Tung-Fu-Hsiang's troops facing us on wall and along our lines south. Yung-lu's men behind French Legation. Several are killed and wounded every day. Prisoner declares he was one of several coolies hired (at 2 tiao per body) to carry off and bury their dead. There are about 3000 of Tung-Fu-Hsiang's men in the city. Empress Dowager has forbidden use of guns of large calibre against us because of harm they might do to her loyal people and their houses. Direct attack having failed, and our rifles being better than theirs, decided to starve us out. Two weeks ago came news foreign troops. (100 warships had captured Taku forts.) Occupied Tung (E) Taku (opposite the Tong-ku railway station). Tientsin city in a panic. Imperial edicts issued as usual. Business going on north, market supplies coming in. Four chief banks (Sen-ta-Heng) are closed. Soldiers believe we have several of their men here. Prisoner thought we had certainly 2000."

The cunning Chinese had loopholed the barricade overlooking the canal, and constantly fired from it at our men, and as they had now found the accurate range for their artillery, they knocked the roofs of the buildings and the barricades about considerably.

Firing on the Fu was still heavy, and the Chinese attempted to storm the French Legation, but the French marines made a plucky sortie, drove the enemy back, and captured one of their flags. The French casualties were four wounded.

A few minutes later, 6.35, a sharp fusillade followed from the Carriage Park and on the west defence, but it only lasted a few minutes, and was followed by absolute silence. An hour afterwards there was heavy firing on the Fu for some minutes, then again perfect quiet.

By July 13 the Americans had completed a new sandbag barricade in the Carriage Park, and in the Fu two had to be surrendered to the enemy by the Italians and the Japanese. Four cannon, which had been shelling them steadily, had smashed them, and it was impossible to hold them. The Italians, who occupied a higher post in the defence, had one man killed, his head being completely blown off by a shell, and two wounded. Of the Japanese guard of twenty-four men, only fourteen were now able to fight. The others had been killed or seriously wounded.

The Chinese made two holes in the Carriage Park wall, and a shot entered the Japanese quarters. This particular shot—a most ungallant one—went right through the bedroom of a lady in the Legation, passed directly over her body while she was in bed, and cleared out again on the other side without hurting her.

At six there was very sharp firing in the Fu, and marines were despatched to support the Japanese. Another sharp

and short fusillade followed, while the big gun fired frequently from the east. This attack was only a feint to cover the more important and fiercer assault on the French and German Legations. The firing was very heavy to the east, and the wild yells of thousands of soldiers could be heard plainly.

At 6.45 a terrific explosion occurred ; flame and a huge column of black smoke shot up into the air. The enemy had laid a mine under the wall of the French Legation, and had succeeded in breaking through the ruined wall, entering the French compound, and setting a building on fire. M. Morisse's house was partly destroyed, and in repelling the attack two French were killed. The French marines behaved with extraordinary courage, and stuck to their barricades against overwhelming odds. The German Legation was also attacked, and the marines made a bayonet charge in the street below the wall to drive away the enemy, who had actually ventured out into the open. The Germans killed some twenty Chinese and captured many rifles and several hundred rounds of ammunition.

At 7.15 the firing became very heavy again, and increased to such a point at 7.30 that the Austrian quick-firing gun was taken to the north stables, but was not used, as it could not be mounted at the proper angle. There was a sharp, short attack from the west, but gradually the fire slackened, and from 10.30 there were only occasional shots from a big gun to the west. The Chinese losses on that day were reckoned at about 100.

CHAPTER XXII

The alarming Chinese bugle—Japanese position strengthened —Considerate Chinese cannon-balls—A lucky coincidence— An abortive reconnaissance—The position on the Tartar Wall —Shelling the Fu—The return of a messenger—His experiences —The reply to an invitation—Chinese apprehension—A generous offer received with suspicion—Chinese affection inadequate—A Russian sortie—Warren mortally wounded.

THE alarming Chinese bugle was heard quite close at hand, to the south-west, at 2.30 A.M. on the 14th, and a fire burst out in the German Legation stables, where the Chinese had broken through and planted a flag. The latter was captured, and the Chinese were driven back by the German guard.

An attempt was made to blow up a wall near the Chinese barricade at the Fu, but the enemy opened a smart fusillade and the party had to retire.

The Japanese position was greatly strengthened during the night. At 5.45 A.M. the rifle-firing practically ceased for the whole day, but the big gun from the north continued its work of destruction. Although ungallant, if you like, Chinese cannon balls showed much consideration towards besieged foreign ladies. On that day a shot entered a Students' room where Mrs. and Miss Bredon were sitting, and although the shot was big and the room small it did not injure the two ladies in the slightest degree.

The "old crock" did good work. It was first made to play from the Students' library on the Chinese barricade in the Carriage Park, and knocked away a portion of it; then it was sent over to the French Legation (at three o'clock), where the Russian shells, which by a lucky coincidence just fitted it, hit the top of the Chinese barricade time after time, and burst, scattering the Celestials about.

Colonel Shiba reported that the Chinese were being driven slightly back from their position in the Fu, but grave fears were entertained that the French Legation was in a precarious condition. M. Pichon, the French Minister, is said to have burnt all his diplomatic papers on that day, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Chinese. The fierce attack on the French was not renewed, but firing on the Fu continued.

WALLS FOR COVER ON THE TARTAR WALL
CHINESE POSITION

An abortive reconnaissance was made by a British party in the Hanlin.

Fortunately the evening and night were quiet, and people were able to get some sleep.

July 15th.—The Chinese were heard by those on guard, working hard with their picks and spades in the Carriage Park, evidently digging trenches, or possibly attempting to lay a mine. In the Fu a British marine was dangerously wounded.

Not a single shot was fired at the Americans during the

night, and they took advantage of this to strengthen their position on the Tartar wall.

At 9 A.M. the Chinese again began to shell the Fu with their big gun, and the Italian gun, together with a Nordenfeldt, was mounted over one of Sir Claude's houses, and fire opened with both on the Chinese loopholes in the north-west wall of the Fu. Part of this barricade was thus knocked down, and the gun temporarily silenced. Fifteen additional men were sent to the help of Shiba, besides those that were there already.

The east Hanlin was badly damaged by a round shot from the Chinese barricade.

A messenger who had been sent out returned on the 14th, and on the 15th the following account of his experiences appeared on the Bell Tower board :—

"A messenger sent out on July 10th by Mr. Tewkesbury with a letter for troops returned yesterday. He is gate-keeper at Nan-Tang, and a Roman Catholic. He says he was arrested outside Ha-ta men and taken to the Fu-su (temple) and his letter taken from him and he himself beaten with eighty blows. He was taken later to Tung-lu's head-quarters in the Imperial City. Here he found a man, by name Yu, who formerly knew him as gatekeeper. He was then given a letter purporting to be written by Prince Ching and others and addressed to the British Minister, that men would wait at the water-gate to-night for an answer.

[A translation of this letter annexed.]

"A reply has been sent to-day declining, on the part of the foreign Representatives, the invitation to proceed to the Tsung-li-Yamên, and pointing out that no attacks have been made by our troops who are only defending the lives and property of foreigners against the attacks of Chinese Govern-

ment troops. The reply concluded with a statement that if the Chinese Government wished to negotiate they should send a responsible official with a white flag.

"(Letter to Sir Claude MacDonald.)

"In the last ten days the soldiers and militia have been fighting, and there has been no communication between us, to our great anxiety. Some time ago, we hung up a board expressing our intentions, but no answer has been received, and, contrary to expectation, the Government soldiers made renewed attacks, causing alarm and suspicion amongst soldiers and people. Yesterday, the troops captured a convert, Chin-Ssu-hsi, and learnt from him that all the foreign Ministers were all well, which caused us very great satisfaction. But it is the unexpected that happens. The reinforcements of foreign troops were long ago stopped and turned back by Boxers, and if, in accordance to previous agreement, we were to guard your Excellencies out of the city, there are so many Boxers on the Tientsin-Taku road that we should be very apprehensive of misadventure. We now request your Excellencies to first take your families and the various members of your staffs and leave your Legation detachments. We should select trustworthy officers to give close and strict protection, and you should temporarily reside in the Tsung-li-Yamên pending future arrangement for your return home, in order to preserve friendly relations intact from beginning to end. But at the time of leaving the Legations there must on no account be taken any single armed foreign soldiers, in order to prevent doubt open on the part of the troops and people, leading to untoward incidents. If your Excellency is willing to show confidence, we beg you to communicate with all the foreign Ministers in Pekin, to-morrow at noon being the limit of time, and to let the original messenger deliver your

reply, in order that we may settle in advance the day for leaving the Legation.

"This is the single way of preserving relations that we have been able to devise in face of innumerable difficulties. If no reply is received by the time fixed even our affection will not enable us to help you."

Compliments,

Prince Ching and others

(6th moon, 8th day), July 14, 1900.

(Notice signed) C. MACDONALD.

Five more men had to be sent to the Fu, where very sharp firing, followed by the Chinese bugle signals, was heard to the north-east. The gun overlooking the canal fired also, and volleys came from the Mongol Market. At 3.30 P.M., the Russians made a successful expedition and pulled down some houses outside their post. Heavy firing was heard in the direction of Pe-tang.

At 6.30, Mr. Henry Warren, a young Student interpreter, only just returned from England, was mortally wounded by a shell. At 9.30 he was dead.

Later in the evening, a British Nordenfeldt gun had its wheel smashed by a Chinese shot.

CHAPTER XXIII

Morrison and Captain Stronts wounded—Fire balloons—The discovery of an enemy's gun—Funeral of Stronts and Warren—A much-beaten messenger—A secret cypher message—Fighting on the Tartar Wall—Chinese regrets—Comparative truce—A counter-mine—A message from Tung lu—The Chinese lay down their arms—Besieged and besiegers on friendly terms—Mr. Pelliot's adventures—An old bugler and his faith in foreign doctors—News of the Allies—Tung-fu-Hsiang and his Mahommedan troops—Peaceful intentions—Bad eggs and vegetables for sale—Ammunition purchased from the enemy.

JULY 16. Rain began at 5.30 A.M. and lasted till the afternoon. Captain Strouts, Dr. Morrison, and Colonel Shiba were in the Fu, crossing an exposed position, when they were fired upon by the enemy. Colonel Shiba was unhurt, Dr. Morrison was wounded in the thigh, and poor Captain Strouts received a mortal wound through the abdomen, and died shortly after.

In the British Legation some fire balloons were being prepared for signalling purposes, and a new and more solid gun-carriage had been constructed for the "old crock."

On the Imperial City wall a young Student, Mr. Hewlett, discovered a gun, which, however, pointed towards the north-west and not on the Legations. Heavy firing was heard in

the direction of Pe-tang, on which the gun discovered by Hewlett was undoubtedly also trained.

The big gun was still pounding away at the Fu, and there were irregular volleys at the Japanese, but in comparison with previous days the fighting had slackened to no slight extent.

At six the funeral of Strouts and Warren took place. The loss of Strouts, who had been in command since the death of

CEMETERY IN THE BRITISH LEGATION FOR THOSE FALLEN DURING THE SIEGE

Halliday, was deeply felt by all. His energy, coolness, and courage had been the admiration of everybody, and every one had unbounded confidence in him. Poor Warren's death, too, in the prime of life, came as a blow to his many friends. All the Ministers and officers were present at the mournful ceremony, and the two bodies were being laid side by side in the Legation cemetery when three shells dropped consecutively over the assembled crowd. At the same time the messenger to the Chinese returned, flying a white flag. He had come in for a good share of blows again, and conveyed another letter to Sir Claude MacDonald from the

Yamên, in which it was pointed out that no guns had fired all day from the Imperial City, and that attempts were also being made to obtain a "cease fire" order in the Fu. He also conveyed a secret, undated, and unsigned cypher message to Mr. Conger from the United States Government, which read :

"Communicate tidings to bearer."

The note said "firing had been practically nil all day, except in the Fu, where the sniping had been of no consequence."

This was not true, as shells had been fired on the Carriage Park and the Hanlin at 11.35 by the north-east guns.

On the Tartar wall, too, there had been some fighting, one American being killed and one British marine wounded, while in the Fu, British had to be sent to support the Japanese, who, out of their twenty-four men, had eight killed and thirteen wounded !

The Tsung-li-Yamên regretted that the foreign Ministers would not come to the Yamên, and declared that they would now try to raise sufficient regular troops to restore peace and order. This, however, they professed, could not be accomplished unless the foreign guards absolutely refrained from opening fire on the Chinese soldiers.

With this a comparative truce began, which lasted a few days.

(July 17.) The firing never ceased altogether. The big gun to the east was heard at intervals, and occasional shots were constantly being fired at our men by snipers.

As a precaution, a countermine, a deep ditch, was dug behind the Hanlin, and another at the back of the Students' kitchen and library, where noises had been noticed which led

to the suspicion that the Chinese were boring a mine. This belief was further strengthened by Boxer and soldier prisoners, who, when pressed, confessed that the Chinese were in reality undermining the Hanlin.

Two soldiers came with a card and a message from Tung-lu. They said that their master was endeavouring to stop the firing on the Legations ; and, in fact, in the afternoon at six o'clock the fighting stopped absolutely. One of the messengers was sent back to fetch an officer, and to say that the guards would only open fire in self-defence. If the Chinese kept at a distance and did not assume a threatening attitude they would not be fired upon.

Near the Fu, the Chinese soldiers laid down their arms, and came to chat pleasantly with the Japanese and British at the barricade. They believed that hostilities were over, and asked the Japanese to let them come over the barricade. Colonel Shiba refused this, except in the case of one or two who were let in and closely cross-examined.

Captain Perry and others went round to all the barricades to converse with Chinese officers, who were now most friendly.

A Frenchman called Pelliot went right across to a Chinese barricade in Legation Street, where he was invited to have some tea by a Chinese officer. The soldiers offered him a hand to get over their breastworks, and, once pulled inside, he was dragged to the Yamên, where he underwent a close examination from Chinese officers. They were particularly keen to know how much food and ammunition the besieged possessed, and all about their fortifications, and the number of killed and wounded.

The capture of this volunteer caused great anxiety among

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those present, and he was given up for lost, but, to everybody's surprise, the Chinese brought him back under escort later, and handed him back, unhurt, to his friends.

The Chinese opposite the Russians in Legation Street had been busy strengthening their position, and their barricade was now getting so high that it became necessary to send for the "old gun" to lower it.

Among the many wonderful things that Sir Robert Hart had instituted in Pekin in time of peace was a most excellent band, but in this time of war many of his musicians had gone over to the enemy.

Sir Robert's old bugler came in, professing to be annoyed at one of his officers who had struck him and cut off one of his ears—a most irreparable loss to a musician. He had great faith in foreign devils, doctors especially, although he had been fighting them; and while his missing ear was patched up the news was extracted from him that General Nieh, in supreme command at Tientsin, had met with a disastrous defeat, been disgraced, and had committed suicide. The foreign troops, according to this informant, had won a big victory between Taku and Tientsin, and had occupied, looted, and burnt Tientsin native city.

General Tung-Fu-Hsiang and his Mahommedan troops, with a great number of Boxers, had gone out to stop the advance of the foreigners in Pekin, and to recapture Tientsin city.

In the Fu, the Chinese seemed anxious to show peaceful intentions. They removed their war-banners and put up a white flag. At nearly all their barricades could be seen hundreds of heads cautiously peeping over, while some of the braver and more commercially inclined approached the

foreign breastworks and offered for sale bad eggs, vegetables, chickens, and quantities of ammunition.

The whole night was very quiet, although firing was heard some distance off to the south-west, west and north-west. Large bodies of Chinese left the city, carrying away luggage and loot. There was terrific bugling all round the Chinese defences.

CHAPTER XXIV

Six messengers from Sun—An American wretch—In the "Red Temple"—The first message from the outer world—Unbounded joy—Military orders — Loop-holes — Detailed for orderly duty—A regular trade—Notice boards—Five Yamên underlings—Baron von Ketteler's body—An insulting ruse—Signal rockets—Strengthening the Legation defences—Angry Boxers — A strange request — A vegetable market — Spies sent into the city—The *Pekin Gazette*—Pe-tang holding out—The despatch of messengers—Misplaced melons—The enemy reinforced—Rumours.

JULY 18. The Chinese were seen in great numbers on the tops of houses to the west and near the Mongol Market, but they seemed peaceful, and conversed pleasantly together.

Six messengers had come from Sun the previous day, saying that the Legation guards had invariably assumed the offensive, making sorties and attacks on the Boxers, causing suspicion and alarm, and even now, during the truce, some wretch (an American) had been firing from the wall. How could the Chinese avoid wishing to make reprisals ?

The Chinese position, well sandbagged, in the Carriage Park, was not more than ten yards, and in places six yards, away from the British breastworks. The soldiers in the "red temple" were smiling and chatting, but the guards had strict orders not to converse with them.

All over the roofs of the outlying houses in the Hanlin stood pigtailed spectators watching the besieged, and expressing astonishment, admiration, and merriment at the damage done to foreign buildings by their own guns.

More interesting than this was the fact that, for the first time since the beginning of the siege, a message from the outer world arrived on this day. A messenger sent to General Fukushima had managed to return to the Japanese Legation with despatches, and as soon as the news was deciphered the following notice was posted on the Bell Tower :

"A messenger has been received by Japanese Minister stating a mixed force of 2400 Japanese, 4000 Russians, 1500 French, 300 Germans, are to leave Tientsin on or about July 20, for the relief of Pekin. Tientsin was not captured by enemy. 2000 British, 1500 Americans."

The joy produced by these few words was unbounded. Fresh hopes filled the hearts of all, and a smile brightened the careworn faces of men, women, and children.

These military orders were posted at the same time :

"Sir Claude MacDonald, Commandant-in-Chief.

"Captain Poole, adjutant, to forces.

"Wray, captain of whole marine force.

"Section officers and section of defences :

"Captain Wray, west wall from Students' library to south stables and First Secretary's house, including gate of south wall.

"Captain Poole, west stables, Hanlin, Students' quarters, and library.

"Captain Percy Smith, east wall, including both gates up to north stables.

"Loopholes should never be left open except when being

used for looking or firing through. A brick placed at the narrowest part is quite sufficient to prevent any one from firing through and hitting people passing.

"From to-day inclusive, two officers will be detailed daily for orderly duty in Legation, viz., one military and one supernumerary. They will visit all the posts of Legation, two by day and two by night, singly, one officer always being in some

IN THE LEGATION DEFENCES. CAPTAIN POOLE TO THE EXTREME RIGHT OF PHOTOGRAPH

central part, viz., T'ing-chi, south of men's house. Military reports should be brought to them, their time of duty extending from daybreak to daybreak."

Near the barricades to the east a regular trade was opened with the Chinese in vegetables and eggs. Presently strict orders came from Sir Claude that nothing should be purchased from the Chinese except by the Provisions Committee.

Four large notice-boards in Chinese were hung up by the

guards outside all their posts on the defences, saying that if the Chinese kept on raising their barricades or building fresh ones, the foreigners would be compelled to fire on them.

An underling of the Yamên, with five others, came within the line of defence in the afternoon (4.15 P.M.), and these six were invited to sit outside the barricade in front of the big Legation gate. They informed the Ministers that the body of the murdered Baron von Ketteler was properly preserved in a coffin, and would be returned to the Legation. That of the Japanese Chancellor could not be recovered. They had now come to propose the opening of a regular market, as they believed the Legations must be hard up for food.

Sir Claude MacDonald, seeing that this was only a ruse to find out whether the besieged had still sufficient provisions or not, refused to discuss the matter with them, as they were much below his level in life, and not in a position to discuss matters of importance with him. To send persons of their rank was as much an insult as would be the sending of a student to discuss with Li-Hung-Chang or Prince Ching.

In the evening there was a beautiful thunderstorm, with flashes of lightning. The Chinese sent up two signal rockets, one with three golden balls ; otherwise the night was spent peacefully, except for the act of an American, who, being the worse for drink, shot from the Tartar wall, and was in consequence flung into a cell by his own officer.

July 19 was employed in strengthening the Legation defences all round. The work, under the supervision of Mr. Gamewell, was carried on zealously. The barricades had been raised, more sandbags had been placed wherever needed, and screening walls erected to protect the going and coming to and from the outposts. Some secret despatches arrived early in the morning.

The Boxers, angered at the suspense of hostilities, seized one man who had sold eggs to the Japanese, and cut his head off. They in their turn were set upon by the soldiers. The Tsung-li-Yamên, seizing the opportunity of the mishap of the previous night, demanded that the Americans and Germans should evacuate their barricades on the Tartar wall — a request which naturally remained uncomplied with.

A Chinese official came, under a flag of truce, to near the redoubt, and arrangements were made to open a vegetable market at the barricades. In fact, on July 20, from 8 till 10 A.M., and from 3 to 5 P.M., business was brisk in eggs, water-melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrows, and various other vegetables. All these were bought up at high prices by the besieged, and dispensed later, on the Legation lawn, to the ladies and children who most needed them.

While selling greens on one side, the Chinese went on building strong earthworks on the Imperial City wall overlooking the Hanlin. Here and there stones were thrown at the besieged by Boxers and Imperials.

July 21. Spies were sent into the city to collect information, and it seemed that the Boxers were still in great force within the city wall, and had been appointed by the Dowager-Empress as volunteer defenders of the Empire. A copy of the official *Pekin Gazette* was obtained, with the extraordinary edicts published during the month of June. One of the edicts said that the Christian converts would all be forgiven if they renounced their religion and made common cause with the Boxers to extirpate the foreigners.

There seemed little chance of this, for the converts behaved throughout with extraordinary courage and resignation. The Pe-tang Catholic Cathedral was still holding out bravely.

Unlike the Legations, the Catholics had not enjoyed a truce, the attack upon them having been fierce and unceasing from first to last.

The heat was suffocating the whole day. Three disguised messengers were surreptitiously let out of the defences with despatches for Tientsin.

Probably the most amusing incident of the siege occurred on July 22, when her Majesty the Empress sent a hundred melons, some cucumbers, and egg-plant, as a present to the Chinese soldiers at the barricades. The servants who brought them misunderstood the order, and handed over the whole lot to the foreign soldiers, also at their barricades. The vegetables were hauled in with due haste, as soon as the guards got over their first astonishment at the handsome gift; but no doubt the person most astonished of all was the messenger, on his return to the Empress-Dowager. It is not improbable that the misplaced melons cost him his life.

Absolutely nothing of importance happened on the 23rd or the 24th. Much fuss was observed at the Chinese barricades, and was interpreted by some as preparations to withdraw on the approach of the Relief Expedition, by others as symptoms of a renewed attack upon the Legations. The latter hypothesis seemed the more probable.

There were a few shots fired from the Hanlin and Carriage Park, and one Christian coolie working on a barricade was killed.

The Chinese soldiers stated that their officers had threatened death to any man selling anything to foreigners. A spy reported that the enemy had been greatly reinforced round the Legations, and their defences doubly strengthened during the truce.

In the British Legation, orders were given for extra guards to be posted and to keep a strict watch.

There was a rumour that on July 18 the relief troops had defeated the Chinese at Yangtsun, and that 150 wounded of Tung-Fu-Hsiang's men had been conveyed into Pekin. The General himself was said to have returned.

In the evening another messenger was sent.

CHAPTER XXV

A sharp fusillade—The escapade of a Swedish missionary—News cheap at the price—Vivid accounts—The Empress preparing for flight—A present to Sir Robert Hart—The spy's visit awaited—A vague Consular letter—Trusting in Providence and in all the available artillery—Mutual anxiety—An unrepentant lunatic—A wonderful little boy—The transmission of foreign messages—Plausible stories—For the *bonne bouche*—A fresh budget of amazing news.

FIGHTING began again on the morning of the 25th, when there was a sharp fusillade on the Fu, on the Hanlin, and the south stables. During the night the Chinese fired from Hanlin and the Carriage Park.

Among the refugees in the Legation was a Swedish missionary, Mr. N——, who did not seem responsible for his actions. He had behaved so strangely that it became necessary to have him watched. He had constructed a shed with mats in the Legation garden, the opening of which was screened by a large Swedish flag. Angered at being kept under restraint, he escaped to the Chinese, where he expected to receive better treatment than at the hands of the Legation.

Since the beginning of the truce, a Chinese soldier had offered Colonel Shiba to act as spy for a consideration. It was agreed that 10 taels a day should be paid him in cash, and a final reward of 500 taels if he brought reliable news.

The first day he related that the Relief force was now on its way to Pekin, and the news was considered so cheap at the price that the money was handed to him at once, for fear that he should contradict himself. The following morning he brought a vivid account of the defeat of the Chinese at Pei-tsang, and the third day declared that another brilliant victory had been scored by the Allies over General Chang's troops at Hu-Hsi-wu.

Down went the ten taels each time, until (in his reports) he actually brought the relief force to Tungchow, fourteen miles from Pekin. He related that 4800 men, commanded by Tung-Fu-Hsiang, had been sent to that point to prevent the further advance of the Allies, and, although more reluctantly than before, ten taels were again paid. The rumour appeared confirmed by the fact that the Chinese were leaving the Fu, towards the east, and had placed a gun on the city wall near the East gate.

On the 27th the would-be spy reported that the Empress Dowager had 6500 soldiers ready in the Palace and was preparing for flight.

A special present of ice, melons, and cucumbers was sent to Sir Robert Hart by the Tsung-li-Yamên, with a request that, as he had served China so long, he would act as a go-between for the Chinese and the foreign Representatives. But as things stood, Sir Robert Hart, whose possessions (except his diary) had all been burnt, and whose life work had been destroyed, did not feel inclined to come to the rescue of the Yamên's officials.

The allied troops were now expected in Pekin every moment, and the Chinese spy's visit was awaited with great impatience to know what was happening.

On the morning of the 28th, the spy came with a mournful

THE CARRIAGE PARK

face to announce that the Allies had been badly defeated and driven back to Hu-Hsi-wu.

That same day a messenger returned with the news that the Relief force had not left Tientsin, and would not leave till the beginning of August!

The news came with (but not in) a letter from the British Consul in Tientsin—a letter so vague and incoherent that it well deserved the dignified but scornful footnote appended to it by Sir Claude MacDonald, when a copy was posted on the Bell Tower.

Here are both letter and note:

"TIENTSIN, *July 22.*

"Your letter July 4. There are now 24,000 troops landed and 19,000 here. General Gaselee expected Taku to-morrow. Russian troops are at Pei-tsang. Tientsin city is under foreign government, and Boxer power is exploded. There are plenty of troops on the way if you can keep yourselves in food. Almost all ladies have left Tientsin.

"(Signed) W. R. CARLES."

"The letter of July 4 (to which above was an answer) gave details of the siege up to that date, number of killed and wounded, and that the Chinese troops had fired into the Legation quarters continuously since June 20, and that we were hard pressed.

"CLAUDE MACDONALD.

"July 25, 1900."

Mr. Carles' letter irritated the besieged beyond measure, but probably not more than any other letter Mr. Carles might have written. Official red-tape might be out of place sometimes, the besieged thought, but common sense, never.

The besieged, greatly disappointed at the meagreness of the information received after weeks of trials, and at such

enormous risk to the messenger, had nothing left them but to trust again in Providence, not to speak of the Nordenfeldts, the Italian gun, and the "old crock."

The Chinese were again firing heavily all day, and towards the Pe-tang Cathedral the cannonading and musketry fire, which had never ceased during the truce of the Legations, seemed now fiercer than ever. In the Legations great anxiety was felt for the Catholics in the Pe-tang, while in the Pe-tang, when, during the truce, the firing ceased on the Legations, Bishop Favier and all his people believed that the Legations had fallen and everybody been massacred. Curious as it may appear, the Pe-tang Catholics were greatly relieved when they heard the firing begin again on the Legations. They knew that the worst had not happened, and themselves strove with renewed vigour to resist the ferocious attacks of Boxers and Imperials.

One of the unsuccessful messengers sent out on the 19th had fallen into the hands of Yun-lu's soldiers, and was sent back with a message to Sir Claude MacDonald. He gave news of the escaped N——, who had been captured by the Chinese, his clothes in rags, and dragged to the Yamên. The message said that the foreigner was held a prisoner by Tung-lu, although the Boxers were keen to have his head paraded—without his body—in the streets of Pekin. As no steps were taken by the Ministers to claim Mr. N——'s head and body, either separately or together, the Yamên returned him the next day, tightly bound and covered with marks of ropes round his legs and arms. He was still alive, and not a bit repentant for his escapade. Having come within an ace of decapitation by the enemy, he now came pretty near being sentenced to be shot by his acquaintances —one can hardly call them friends—who accused him of

giving information to the Chinese about the Legation defences, quantity of provisions, &c. His wretched condition, starving and filthily dirty, elicited pity, and he was kept under strict watch.

Of the messengers sent out by the Legations, the most remarkable, and the only successful one, during the hardest time of the siege, was a little boy, about fifteen or sixteen years old, not a convert, but an assiduous attendant at Sunday school in the American Mission. Having been cast out by his friends, he had sought refuge in the Legations. He had been let down the Tartar wall at night by the marines on the night of July 4–5, and, disguised as a beggar, cleverly made his way to Tientsin. He was captured, and made to work by the Chinese soldiers as a coolie for eight days, but succeeded in escaping. He reached Tientsin on July 21, delivered the message to Mr. Carles, and left again for Pekin on the 22nd, arriving at the Legation on the 28th.

The importance of what the besieged owe to this plucky lad cannot be over-estimated, as, had it not been for the receipt of Sir Claude's letter in Tientsin, relief would not have started, in all probability, till September instead of August.

He received 500 dollars for his work.

The Yamên informed the Ministers that they could now transmit messages to their respective Governments, if not in cypher, and if approved by the Chinese Government.

The firing was heavy between five and six in the afternoon on the 28th, and when the sun rose the next morning the guards to the north discovered that the Chinese had completed a big barricade from the house north-west of the Fu to and across the North Bridge. This commanded the South Bridge and the whole of the canal, while it afforded protection to persons going along the northern road and bridge.

The Italian gun was immediately taken to the north stable to demolish it, but without success.

The shameless Chinese soldier-spy, notwithstanding that his visits to the Japanese were attended by considerable risk—a good many of his comrades had been beheaded for bringing food or talking to foreigners at the barricades—continued to supply his plausible stories at 10 taels apiece. They seemed so well founded that many people believed them to be inspired by superior officers.

HEAD SEVERED — HUNG BY THE PIGTAIL

On the 30th he had plenty to tell: 20,000 Russians were approaching from Kalgan, the Allies had occupied Shan-hai-kwan, and last, but not least the Relief force had been again defeated at Matao, and was retreating on Anping.

As a *bonne bouche*, which the spy never failed to give the besieged, he told them that on the 27th Yang-tsun had been absolutely destroyed by foreign troops, who were now again steadily advancing.

These rumours were vague, but they were the only news; and although people professed to be sceptical, everybody believed them at heart. Anyhow, it gave pleasure to believe them.

Unfortunately, on the 30th, Colonel Shiba's informant said that he had been ordered to proceed to Tungchow with a big gun, removed from the Ch'ien gate. In fact, two flags which were on the gate were taken down.

At 7 A.M. a Chinese standard was flown on the wall barricade to draw fire.

The spy, to everybody's delight, returned with a fresh budget of amazing news. Yuan-shi-k'ai's foreign-drilled troops had joined the Germans in Shantung, and were marching on Pekin. They were near Nan-Hai-tzu, where they would camp for the night, on the way to Tungchow. They had been seen at 7 P.M. the previous day.

CHAPTER XXVI

On August 1—Sniping—General Fukushima's letter—Heavy firing—Fresh vigour—Five American despatches—Nothing like a sense of humour—Chinese breastworks—The Ministers' projected departure—Yuan and Hsu decapitated—Rifles and ammunition purchased from the enemy—Starving Christians—Horseflesh and tinned vegetables—Chinese discarding their uniforms—An evasive answer.

On August 1 the position on the Tartar wall had two strong barricades towards the Ch'ien gate. The Russian advanced post was only thirty-five yards from the Chinese breastworks, which were over twenty feet in height, and behind which waved in the wind five large flags. Towards the Ha-ta gate the Chinese were sixty yards away from the Germans. They had two flags near the German Legation, and the Boxers were screened by a barricade and by loopholed walls of houses across the canal.

Colonel Shiba's spy reported that the troops had again been driven back, this time from Chang-chia-wan, which they had captured the previous day. They had fallen back on Anping, and the besieged believed that this must be only the advance guard falling back in order to keep in touch with the main body, which was believed to be still at Hu-hsi-wu.

The Chinese were very quiet to the east of the Fu, as

they had suffered heavily from the French marines' fire, but in the Mongol Market, to the west, they were sniping and firing volleys whenever any one peeped over the barricades. They fired on the north-east Hanlin, where they had built a new barricade opposite the British east defence. In fact, all over the Hanlin there was great activity in building barricades.

A messenger employed by the Japanese arrived with a most sensible and reassuring letter, dated July 26, from General Fukushima, in which it was stated that the Relief Expedition had not yet started, being delayed by difficulty of transport, but that in two or three days, when the preparations were completed, an advance would be made. It gave news of the trouble in Manchuria and the disquieting rumours from the Yangtze-Kiang, as well as of the anxiety of the whole world about the besieged. The landing of the Fifth Division was being effected.

"Will write again," so the letter ended, "as soon as estimated date of arrival at Pekin is fixed."

The messenger — by name Chang — who brought this joyous news refused to receive any reward for his valuable services, and, furthermore, offered to convey another despatch to Tientsin. He said he had done this for the good of the Empire and its people, and to show that even in China there were honourable and courageous men.

In the evening Sir Robert Hart received a telegram through the Chinese, but it could not be fully deciphered (or at least made public).

It was reported to be an inquiry to know whether the Chinese really protected the Legations and supplied them with food.

There was heavy firing at night.

August 2. Things were looking brighter, although firing was heavier than ever, but the good news of the previous day had cheered everybody up. Fresh vigour seemed to take possession of the guards, and, as a precaution, the houses west of the south stables adjoining the Mongol Market were annexed, and a guard placed in them to prevent mines being bored by the Chinese from that side. A fresh surprise and pleasure was in store for the besieged.

Another messenger returned with five tiny little despatches on tissue paper, written in American diplomatic cipher. The messages were for the United States Minister, were quaint and interesting, and well displayed the character of each writer.

The first was from good-hearted Mr. Ragsdale, United States Consul, who, like a good American, did not forget the footnote of politics, even on so pressing an occasion :

"Tientsin, July 28.

"From United States Consul Ragsdale,

"Had lost all hope of ever seeing you again. Prospect now brighter. We had thirty days' shelling here; nine days' siege. Thought that bad enough. Scarcely a house escaped damage. Excitement at home is intense, of course. Our prayers and hope are for your safety and speedy rescue. Advance of troops to-morrow probable.

"McKinley and Roosevelt nominated. Also Bryan (democrat). Vice-President unknown."

The second—a simple and matter-of-fact message—from Colonel Mallory :

"Tientsin, July 30.

"From F. S. Mallory, Lieutenant-Colonel,

"41st Infantry, United States.

"A relief column of 10,000 is on the point of starting

for Pekin. More to follow. God grant they may be in time."

The third, from Major-General A. R. Chaffee, United States army :

"Tientsin, July 30. Arrived here this morning," equalled if it did not surpass in value the previous efforts at letter-writing of Mr. Carles. However, the other two messages were more than satisfactory, and the joy of the besieged was indescribable at the certainty that within a few days they would be free again.

Even the scamp of a Chinese soldier, who had been daily supplying the Japanese with false information at ten taels each time, was forgiven, for it was philosophically argued that ten taels a day was not much to pay, after all, for having one's spirits kept up, even by fictitious stories ! Moreover, his descriptions of the movements of the relief army were so full of incident and local colour that, whether true or not, they were pronounced well worth the money that had been paid for them.

There is nothing like a sense of humour to help one through difficulties and dangers.

August 3. There was heavy firing to the north-east Hanlin, where the Chinese breastworks were only forty yards from the British, and to the east, where they were only fifteen yards from the north stables position. The Chinese had succeeded in building several more barricades. The house of the Secretary of the German Legation was a complete wreck, and in the Hotel de Pékin, almost opposite, the top storey had been destroyed by Chinese shells.

Sir Claude MacDonald received a cable (through the Yamên) from Lord Salisbury asking for the number of dead and wounded.

Several edicts were issued by the Chinese, appointing Yung-lu to escort foreign Ministers and their families to Tientsin. The Ministers were approached with respect to fixing a suitable date for their departure, one of the edicts stating that the Tsung-li-Yamên were protecting foreigners in Pekin, and were willing to send and receive cablegrams for them to and from their respective Governments. After much interchange of communications it was agreed that the Ministers should even be permitted to send "cypher despatches" if peaceable!

Two Yamên Ministers, Yuan and Hsu, were in the meanwhile reported to have been executed for expressing their ideas on the situation too freely.

Strange as it may seem, a number of Chinese came to the Japanese, German, and American barricades, to sell rifles and ammunition, of which they seemed to have abundance. Naturally, all that could be taken in was purchased.

Things were going pretty well with the besieged with the exception of the native Christians in the Fu, who had come to the end of their provisions, and were practically starving.

Foreigners seemed quite happy on their diet of horseflesh and rice, which was occasionally supplemented by tinned vegetables. About July 20 the best rice had all been eaten, and only the worse remained, which nevertheless, though dirty and old, was quite nourishing. The Food Supply Committee had obtained permission from the Commissariat on July 27 to retain a fortnight's provisions for the guards, and to hand over the remainder for the use of the civilians.

There was comparative peace throughout the day on the 4th, but with a heavy rain came a fearful fusillade from the Chinese, mostly on the picket in the Mongol Market. A

Customs Volunteer was mortally wounded, and died the following day, and two Russians received serious injuries.

From the French Legation came the news that Chinese soldiers were observed discarding their uniforms, and at the Japanese barricade, between the volleys, the Chinese came to chat pleasantly and ask when the foreigners were leaving for Tientsin. This was probably because the Tsung-li-Yamên had again proposed the departure of the Ministers for Tientsin under the protection of Imperial soldiers.

The Ministers did not see their way to acquiescing in the Chinese demand, but since to refuse flatly might cause extra friction, they adopted the Celestial's method of temporising. They informed the Yamên that they were not at liberty to leave without orders from their Governments, and hoped the Yamên would communicate to the respective Governments their intentions towards the Ministers.

This, it was considered, would take no less than ten days, by which time they hoped the Relief force would certainly be in Pekin.

CHAPTER XXVII

Savage cries—The boom of cannon—A census—An auct on sale—Thirty-four thousand dollars in the Fu—A competition—Pathetic scene—An Imperial Decree—To bar the advance of foreign troops—War songs and recruiting—Another Chinese barricade—An urgent note—Feeding on dogs—An apology to the German Legation—No news of the relief force—"Keep up your spirits!"—A letter from General Fukushima.

THIS evasive answer seems to have irritated the Chinese. The following morning (August 5) the savage cries of "*Sha! Sha!*" resounded everywhere, and a violent attack was made on the British Legation and the Fu. It was duly repulsed.

On August 6 matters were no better, and even as early as 2 A.M. there was hot fusillading, confined, however, chiefly to the Mongol Market and the Russian barricade in Legation Street. In the Hanlin, too, there was a good deal of firing, and the town again seemed much perturbed, for the yells of "*Sha! Sha!*" were continuous all round the Legation defences.

The boom of cannon and musketry fire was heard all day in the direction of Pe-tang.

The Yamên send word that they were willing to inform the Powers of their intention to convey foreign Ministers to Tientsin, and moreover requested an explanation of—instead

of giving an apology for—the heavy fighting of the previous day. As usual, they put forward petty, trivial arguments to support their case.

A census was published (on August 7) of the people in the British Legation on August 1, 1900.

Soldiers, British and others			73
General Hospital, wounded			40
			113
Legation Residents (foreign)	Men		191
	Women		147
	Children		76
			414
„ „ (Chinese)	Men		180
	Women		107
	Children		69
			356
	Total		883

A volley and a big gun were heard to the south and south-west.

At one o'clock, partly to distract and amuse the people, an auction sale of goods confiscated in Chinese houses was held in the British Legation. There were rejoicings at the rumour that 34,000 dollars had been found in the Fu, and that the 4000 which fell to the share of the British Legation were to be devoted to the striking of a memorial siege medal.

A competition for designs was immediately started, to give occupation to the minds of the besieged, and every one artistically inclined set to work—bottoms of glasses

being in great request to produce the circle of the medal; within which, but often beyond the range of the artist's skill, laurel-leaves, guns, spears, Legation buildings, and the Pekin wall were represented more or less successfully. The best drawings were to be put up on the boards of the Bell Tower for general approval.

One or two were quite good, but nothing great could be expected from unhappy people, undergoing such anxiety, and with their rations cut down to half. Only half a pound per head of pony or mule flesh could now be spared, and there was no milk nor food suitable for the children, who were suffering greatly. A number of them had already died, and others were languishing pitifully, and seemed going rapidly on their way to death.

THE GRAVEYARD IN THE RUSSIAN LEGATION

The Chinese Christians were a heartrending sight; weak, worn, and dying of hunger. Every day several of them succumbed from want of food.

A pathetic scene was enacted in the Japanese Legation, where the Japanese dead had been buried. An impressive religious ceremony took place near the graves of the fallen, then a few flowers, stuck in empty beer and soda-water bottles, were placed over each grave — a meagre yet heartfelt tribute from their more fortunate comrades.

In the evening, at 11.30, another attack occurred, with a heavy fusillade all round the Mongol Market, the Carriage Park, the Hanlin, and the Fu.

Towards the morning (August 8) the fire slackened, and there was only sniping.

An Imperial decree was issued and a copy posted on the Bell Tower, announcing that Li Hung Chang had received full power from the Emperor to make peace proposals by telegraph with the Officers (now in China) of all the foreign Powers.

Colonel Shiba obtained information that the Chinese troops in Pekin, with the exception of five battalions of Yung-lu's soldiers, had been despatched or were going in great haste to bar the advance of foreign troops on Pekin. The messenger stated that 50,000 foreign troops had already landed at Taku.

The Chinese had reoccupied their position north of the Fu in great force, and their flags were again waving over their barricades.

Since the seizure of an outpost position in the Mongol Market, the Chinese had constantly kept up a hot fire on it, until (at 7 P.M.) the Nordenfeldt gun was brought to play upon them, silencing them, and setting their barricades on fire.

There was heavy fighting on the night of the 8th-9th August, but no casualties on the side of the foreigners. The Chinese were observed in great numbers near the Fu, where they appeared to be recruiting. They were singing war-songs.

The stench from dead bodies of Chinese men and horses outside the Legation defences was well-nigh intolerable. In the great heat of the day the corpses decomposed in a few hours after death, and the smell was revolting. The Chinese

very seldom took the trouble to remove their dead when too near the foreign barricades.

On August 10 there were again tremendous fusillades four times during the night on all the Legations, the Fu and the Hanlin. The Chinese had constructed another barricade. On August 8 the British Minister asked the Yamên for food for the converts in the Fu, who were starving, but the note, though urgent, was not even answered. Nine dogs were killed to prevent the poor wretches perishing from starvation.

The Yamên sent an apology to the German Legation for two shots fired at them during the night. They declared this to have been the work of disorderly Boxers, whose leaders had already been duly punished for the attack. No apology, however, was sent to the British Minister for the much more serious attack on the British Legation, in which a number of Boxers were killed.

Chang's and Sun's standards were now moved to the "Hsiang hung."

There had been no news from the Relief force, and everybody was wondering whether it would ever arrive. Many of the besieged had become very sceptical, when two messengers managed to find their way into the Legation defences. One bore a note, short but to the point, from Lieutenant-General Gaselee, dated Tsai-Tsung, August 8. It said that a strong force of Allies was marching on Pekin, having twice defeated the enemy.

"Keep up your spirits," ended the note; and, indeed, the buoyant words gave the besieged fresh spirits to keep up.

The other messenger brought the following letter from General Fukushima to Colonel Shiba:

"Camp at Chang-Ching, two kilometres north of Nan-tsai-tsang, 8th August, 1900.

WITHIN THE LEGATION DEFENCES

"Japanese and American troops defeated the enemy on the 5th inst. near Pei-tsang, and occupied Yangtsun on the 6th. The Allied forces, consisting of American, British, and Russian, left Yangtsun this morning, and while marching north I received your letter at 8 A.M. at a village called Nan-tsai-tsang. It is very gratifying to learn from your letter that the foreign community at Pekin are holding on, and, believe me, it is the earnest and unanimous desire of the Lieutenant-General and all of us to arrive at Pekin as soon as possible and deliver you from your perilous position. Unless some unforeseen event takes place, the Allied forces will be at Hu-h'si-Wu on the 9th, at Matao on the 10th, Chang-chio-wan on the 11th, Tungchow on the 12th, and probable date of arrival at Pekin 13th or 14th.

"FUKUSHIMA."

The joy of the besieged knew no bounds, for this was really the first time they had heard that relief was actually coming. In fact, there were some who could hardly accept the idea that the long-wished-for allied forces were now so close at hand.

Little attention was paid to the large crowds of Chinese soldiers who kept coming and going in and out of the Ch'ien gate, and less still to the heavy fusillade (at 9.30 P.M.) kept up for some minutes upon the barricades behind the British Legation.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A petition to the Tsung-li-Yamên—The pride of women—The opening of a market—Urging soldiers to storm the foreign barricades—The humorous side of war—Rushing into Pekin—A flag of truce expected—An amusing incident—The French Captain La Brnce—An expected call—Outposts abandoned—Frequent firing in the Fu—Thundering sound of artillery—A celebrated Chinese General killed—Thunderstorms and fusillading—A brilliant scene—Storming the defences—The guards holding their own.

AUGUST 11. A petition was sent to the Tsung-li-Yamên asking that the Ministers in Pekin should enjoy at least similar privileges to those of the Chinese Ministers in foreign capitals, chief among these privileges being that of obtaining fresh food.

Curiously enough—and it speaks volumes for the pluck of the women—the weaker sex were absolutely opposed to the making of any such demand on their behalf. They would have preferred dying of starvation to lowering themselves to ask favours of the enemy. On the other hand, the men could not bear to see their women and children suffering, and it was mainly for their sakes that this favour was asked.

The Yamên sent an offer to open a market near the British Legation for the daily wants of the besieged. Incongruous as all this may seem, while these negotiations were being carried

on in all seriousness, there was a fearful fusillade going on in the Mongol Market, where the outpost of the enemy was only ten yards away from the Legation defences.

The Chinese officers rushed about, urging the soldiers and Boxers to storm the foreign barricades and kill all foreign devils, but, fortunately for the devils, the Chinese lacked one quality necessary to the accomplishment of this—courage.

The Italians and Japanese had some exciting fighting in the Fu, the Italians behaving with extraordinary pluck.

August 12. Early in the morning a few shots were fired on the Legations, but constant and heavy firing on the Pe-tang Catholics had been heard all night. Between 6 and 8 A.M. the firing in the same direction was terrific.

War is not without its humorous side. The Chinese had put up a large umbrella over a barricade, and the besieged riddled it with bullets until it was taken down and replaced by a large red cloth. On their side the Chinese were aiming pretty straight at the loopholes in the foreign barricades, and did much mischief.

During the night one German was killed in the Legation garden, and an Austrian, a Russian, and one Frenchman were seriously wounded. The Frenchman and the Russian died shortly after in the hospital.

At 10.30 A.M. a big gun to the south-east, apparently on the Ha-ta gate, began shelling the Legations, and from the American position on the wall large bodies of Imperial soldiers were observed rushing into Pekin by the Ch'ien gate. The news spread that the Chinese had been defeated at Chang-chio-wan, and that Yung-lu had committed suicide.

The Union Jack, which had been hoisted on the north stable, and the white ensign flying on the Hanlin, were taken down, as a flag of truce was expected; but instead of this

there were frequent volleys (at 1.30 P.M.) from the wall and in the Mongol Market. Later (at 3.45) there was a severe attack on the Fu, and masses of Chinese soldiers coming from the east were seen rushing across the North Bridge.

An amusing incident happened in the Mongol Market, when a Chinese barricade suddenly collapsed. The Nordenfeldt was immediately trained on the Chinese, now fully exposed to its fire, and from every loophole the guards emptied their magazines, inflicting damage on the Chinese to the extent of one officer and twenty-seven men killed.

The fighting was getting heavier in the Mongol Market. The Nordenfeldt was working hard all the afternoon and night, at a range of 400 yards. The Austrian gun, too, was mounted on the south stable, from which point the Chinese position in the Mongol Market was commanded. At 4 o'clock, 5.30 and 7.30 P.M., the fusillade was terrific, and was probably the heaviest the Legations had ever sustained since the beginning of the siege. The Chinese big gun was kept going from 11 A.M. until late at night.

The French Captain La Bruce was killed while looking over a barricade.

August 13. Since the news had come of relief at hand, the days and hours seemed to pass more slowly than ever for the besieged. Some excitement was caused by the announcement that the President and Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamên would call in person on the foreign Ministers, to open peace negotiations. Instead of their visit, at the appointed hour a most insolent message was received about the men killed in the Mongol Market, who were represented to be coolies and not soldiers.

The Chinese were reported to have abandoned their outposts at the Ma-chia-p'u and Nan-hai-tzu. The east city

gate had been blocked, for it was found that the foreign troops would attack Pekin from that side, and a great number of soldiers were massed on the Tartar wall, but all was comparatively quiet in the morning. At noon and at 4 P.M. firing was frequent in the Fu, the Japanese and Italians taking wild delight in smashing up with the "old crock" gun the new Chinese barricades in course of erection.

At 4.15 the thundering sound of heavy artillery was heard to the east. Another messenger came from the Yamên, bringing confidential despatches to the Ministers from their various governments, and one to Sir Robert Hart to inform him that all his telegrams had safely got to Shanghai. A message was also delivered complaining of foul play on the part of the Legation guards in shooting a famous Chinese General and twenty-seven men killed in the Mongol Market on August 5, during the furious attack of the Chinese on the Legation defences. This was given as the principal reason that made it impossible (not to speak of "safety") for the Yamên Ministers to pay the foreign Ministers a friendly visit. The deceased General, it appeared, was a celebrated warrior from Shansi, who had sworn that he could and would wipe out all foreigners within five days, and had in return been done away with in less than five minutes by a well-aimed bullet.

The foreign Ministers admonished the Yamên that if any woman or child were hurt by the Chinese when the troops arrived, the Yamên Ministers would be held responsible and dealt with as criminals.

One of the peculiarities of the siege was that whenever there was a thunderstorm the Chinese opened a general fusillade on the Legations. Whether this was to disprove the universal belief that the Celestials never fight in drenching

rain, whether it was through fear of a sortie, or in order to intensify the already numerous trials of the besieged, was not ascertained; but even that evening—which probably would be the last of the siege—when at 6.45 thunder roared and lightning flashes increased the strangeness of the predicament, another determined attack began on the Legations. The "round shot" gun and a 1-pounder gun were mounted on the Imperial City barricade overlooking the canal, and fired constantly—and pretty straight—all through the night on the British Legation. One shot entered Sir Claude's room.

Apart from the danger, the scene was brilliant; the thousands of flashes broke all round, from the Tartar wall, the Fu, the Mongol Market, the Hanlin, and from Heaven above; and the roar of artillery, the rattle of muskets, and the fearful din of bullets hitting the walls and roofs of the buildings, caused a deafening commotion of the wildest description.

At 10 P.M. the Chinese attempted to storm the defences, but, as usual, lacked sufficient determination, or they would have easily carried the positions. The besieged, on the contrary, fought with double their usual ardour and bravery—if their bravery could at any time have been doubled. They knew and felt that, after all they had gone through, a few hours more would see them safe. They had heard the sound of foreign guns to the south-east in the morning, and this time their ears could not have deceived them. The bombardment was severe all through the night, but the guards held their own, and inflicted great damage on the enemy.

CHAPTER XXIX

A general alarm—A signal answered—Desperate efforts to make the Legations capitulate—Heroic fighting—Chinese troops pouring in confusion out of the Tartar Wall—Foreign guns near—An Italian proverb exemplified—Disheartened firing—The yells of a disorderly crowd—Terrific fusillade—On the Kwang-chuan Tower—The Russian troops into Pekin.

August 14. A general alarm was rung at 3.15 A.M. The besieged were getting hard pressed, and every one was ordered to stand by. The guards at the outposts were doubled, and everybody who had a gun was ready to fight to the bitter end.

To the east were heard two volleys from Maxims and a big gun. It was undoubtedly the Relief column, fighting its way.

A rocket signal sent up by the Japanese was answered, and at sunrise the flags of all the Legations were hoisted amid cheers of those present. It seemed pretty certain that they would now wave triumphant.

During the night the besieged had gone through anxious moments. With the guns of the relieving column sounding close by, the Chinese made desperate efforts to make the Legations capitulate. Several times the Chinese nearly broke through the barricades. Had they been any other soldiers but Chinese, the Legations would have been bound to fall.

In such overwhelming numbers, and with the excellent weapons they possessed, it can only be reckoned a miracle of Providence that they did not succeed in razing the Legations to the ground, after massacring all the foreigners. But no; fierce as this last attack was, the besieged fought so heroically that at 7.30 P.M. the Imperials practically ceased firing, left their barricades in great numbers, and went towards the east. Sniping was kept up in the most annoying way.

At 8.30 A.M. the Austrian gun was mounted on the north stable to cover the Imperial City gun commanding the canal, as it was expected that an entry of the Allies would probably be effected by the water-gate of the canal.

At 9.45 great excitement was caused by the report that the Allies, who were not expected for at least a day yet, were shelling the Ha-ta gate, and the Americans on the wall observed Chinese troops pouring in confusion out of the Ch'ien gate.

The big foreign guns seemed to be very near now, and the firing to the east was very hot and continuous.

There is an Italian proverb: "A fox may lose its coat but never its habits," and this was exemplified in the British Legation when it became absolutely certain that the Relief column had reached the wall of Pekin. The men had not slept for over forty-eight hours, and were consequently tired and worn by the attacks of the two previous nights; but the first thing they thought of when they saw foreign shells bursting on the east gates of the city was of betting on the hour in which the Allies would enter the Legations!

At 11.15 firing to the east was still very heavy, and seemed to be spreading to the north along the Tartar wall. Volleys and sniping—in a disheartened sort of way—were kept up in

the Mongol Market and the south-west defence, and even in the Hanlin there was firing on the Legation barricades.

At 11.30 there was general shouting on the road due north of the Hanlin—not the usual "*Sha! sha!*" directed upon the Legations, but the confused yells of a disorderly crowd in a panic. Something was evidently happening. Had the Allies already entered Pekin? No, there was still heavy firing of artillery outside the Tartar wall away to the east, and apparently on the Tung-che and Chao-yang gates.

From 2 A.M. onwards, a terrific fusillade was heard on the Kwang-chuan tower, situated where the Tartar wall meets the wall of the Chinese city, and later the reports of big guns came from the same direction. The fighting must have been very heavy, and as hours passed and the fire did not cease, the besieged began to feel anxious for those who had come to their relief. In fact, a messenger brought the tidings that Russian troops had during the night broken through the Tung-pien gate, where they had suffered heavily and were unable to advance. This was tantalising—one of those tantalising moments that invariably precede great happiness and make people enjoy it all the more when it does come.

At this critical moment we will, for a while, leave the besieged and see what was really happening to the Allies of the relieving column.

CHAPTER XXX

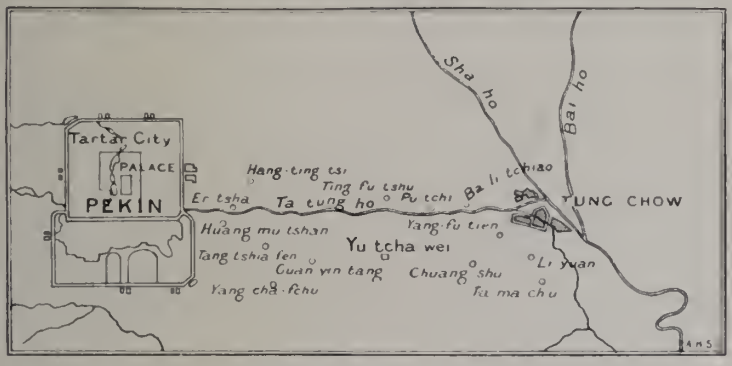
Three ways to Pekin—Order of the attack on Pekin—A well-deserved but never-obtained rest—Terrific firing in the direction of Pekin—A Russian reconnoitring expedition—General Vassielevsky—A bold stroke—At the bridge guard-house—An aperture cut into the gate—Two fearless men—Mr. Munthe, a Norwegian scout—A scene of wild excitement—Pushing the artillery through—Retiring Chinese—A murderous fire—Eighteen horses down—A gallant rescue of guns—Appalling loss of life—Russian concentration on the wall—Three Chinese flags captured by Munthe and a few volunteers—An exposed position—A splendid example of valour—Vassielevsky mortally wounded—Mahommedan soldiers approaching—Reinforcements arrive—An American flag hoisted on the wall—Plucky American soldiers—A halt necessary—An unopposed march.

THERE are several ways from Tung-chow to Pekin. One can go by the ancient paved road, by the so-called "new road," or by canal. It was decided at a meeting of the Generals that the Allies should attack the city in the following order :—The Japanese at the extreme right, along the paved road ; the Russians in the centre, on the north bank of the canal ; while the Americans and British marched to the south of the canal.

It was understood that the troops would encamp for a day some three miles from Pekin, in order to give our soldiers a rest, for through heat, dust, thirst, and sickness, the men

were in a pitiable condition. Hundreds had already fallen out of the ranks, sunstroke, dysentery, and typhoid fever playing havoc among them.

During the whole afternoon of August 13, we of the Relief Expedition heard terrific firing in the direction of Pekin. It was so continuous that it resembled thunder. The sky was gloomy, and many thought that the noise was only an approaching storm. This, however, did not seem to be the impression prevailing in the Russian camp, where a final



FROM TUNG-CHOW TO PEKIN

and determined attack on the Legations was suspected and feared. Russian scouts, guided by Yanchevetsky, had already pushed on to within two hundred yards of the wall, and were not fired on until close to the city gate. They were pursued by a few soldiers, and brought back the news that, up as far as the wall itself, no resistance would be encountered.

Acting upon this information, in the evening of Monday, the 13th, one battalion of infantry and half a battery, under the command of Major-General Vassielevsky, set out on a further reconnoitring expedition towards Pekin. The object of this was to prepare the way for the attacking force, which

was to follow the next morning. The night was very dark, and at eleven o'clock it rained so heavily that the Russians were able to extend their reconnoitring much further than originally intended. They actually reached the Tung-Pien Men (gate) of Pekin without being discovered. Finding the enemy unprepared, General Vassielevsky decided not to lose his chance of making a bold stroke.

Along the wall there is a moat with water, which can be crossed by a small bridge. Vassielevsky ordered his men to creep silently over the bridge and make an attempt to force the gate. The Chinese soldiers on the bridge guard-house awakened, sprang out and gave the alarm. There were some thirty of them, and all came to an untimely end. Those who were not shot were bayoneted. The Chinese on the wall immediately opened a heavy fusillade on the Russians, but the night being pitch dark at the time they did comparatively little damage. Two guns were brought up close to the gates, and firing at once commenced to break them open. This particular gate was strengthened with heavy iron sheeting. After some twenty shots had been fired an aperture had been cut large enough for a man to squeeze through. The Chinese, who suspected this, continually fired in the direction of the gate. Two fearless men, General Vassielevsky and Mr. Munthe (a Norwegian acting as guide on the staff of the Russian General), rushed in—the first two men of the Allies to enter the Chinese city of Pekin—and ordered the soldiers to follow. Once inside they were under a terrific fire in the small walled court which is found between the outer gate and the inner. The Russian infantry quietly crept in through the small aperture, and answered as best they could the rifle fire poured upon them from the wall. The fusillade at close range on both sides was terrific. It was a regular

pandemonium. The savage yells of the Chinese from above, the flashes of musketry playing along the edge of the wall, the deafening din of their gingals and of the Russian rifles, drowned the moaning of those unfortunates who fell, wounded and dying, in scores. It was a scene of the wildest excitement.

The side gates having been forced open, the artillery (three guns) were pushed through and carried along the cluster of houses inside the wall. The infantry came in with them, and, in fact, walked ahead of the guns. The Chinese had by this time retired little by little from the lower wall of the Chinese city to the adjoining higher wall of the Tartar city, from which they kept up a heavy fire on the Russians. But not for long. Some twenty minutes later the firing ceased.

MR. MUNTHE

It was now decided to take the inner road close to the wall towards the Ha-ta-men (gate), more especially as the Chinese guides and captured prisoners declared the outer walls to be only weakly defended by the Chinese. The main force, they stated, was guarding the inner wall of the Tartar city.

The Russian infantry, escorting the three guns, started on this road, and had no sooner passed to the vicinity of the higher wall with a tower on the corner, than a murderous fire was opened against the advancing force from all along the wall. In a few minutes ten out of eighteen horses of the batteries were down ; the officer leading the advance guard was

severely wounded, and the majority of his men fell dead. It was impossible to advance under such a fire. All the horses of one battery had been shot, and fears were for a moment entertained that the gun must be abandoned. So it would have been but for the bravery of the infantrymen who rushed to the assistance of the gun and succeeded,

POSITION ON THE WALL CAPTURED BY RUSSIANS

amidst the general enthusiasm, in rescuing it. The loss of life which attended this deed of heroism was appalling.

The Russians, unable to proceed, concentrated on the top of the wall at the gate. The Chinese continued to fire, but as it was still dark and raining heavily, the damage done was not so great as might otherwise have been the case. General Vassielevsky decided to hold the position until reinforcements arrived.

At daybreak, when objects became distinctly visible, the firing of the Chinese became perceptibly better and more confident. They still occupied the higher wall, on which they were well under cover, and were therefore able to inflict great damage on the Russians.

To the south of the gate occupied by the Russians, the top of the wall was studded with mat-sheds, which had been used as tents by the Chinese soldiers. Three Chinese flags were still seen flying on the wall. As it was of the utmost importance to ascertain whether the position was still occupied by the enemy, a few volunteers, led by the brave Mr. Munthe and a sergeant, rushed the position under very heavy firing, only to find one soldier, who was, there and then, duly despatched. The flags were captured and the party returned to the gate.

The firing from the Tartar wall was now becoming more and more violent, and the Russian position was furthermore shelled with remarkable accuracy from the city. All the Russians could do was to keep quiet, since it was impossible for them to return the fire from the exposed position they held. General Vassielevsky was all the time in the most exposed place on the wall, a splendid example of valour to his men, as well as a first-class target to the Chinese riflemen. In fact, a Mannlicher bullet struck him in the right of the chest and he fell, apparently mortally wounded. He behaved with much fortitude, and ordered his men to continue the defence, while Munthe, and, later, Yanchevetsky, offered him what assistance they could. It was impossible to carry the General down from the perilous place in which he lay, and in two attempts that were made two Cossacks who carried the stretcher were mortally wounded one after the other. It was not till ten o'clock in the morning that Russian reinforce-

ments could be seen approaching, but instead of advancing immediately, and unaware of the position occupied by their advance guard, they stopped to bombard the high tower on the south-east corner of the Tartar wall. From this tower, still occupied by the Chinese, a stout resistance and continuous fusillade were kept up. Along the same wall (the Chinese city wall), occupied by the Russians, and to the south of them, a large force of Mahommedan soldiers was seen approaching, waving their flags and standards, and easily distinguishable from the other Chinese troops by their white clothes and pointed blue caps. They advanced courageously towards the Russians in such masses that the latter found themselves in a very precarious position, but succeeded in holding their own, and by firing volley after volley into them kept at bay the swarm of fanatics. At eleven o'clock reinforcements began to arrive, and soon after, an American flag was seen waving from the wall itself, in the position where Munthe and his brave companions had at sunrise captured the three Chinese flags. Later still, a number of plucky American soldiers managed to scale the wall and reach the Russian position. They were about twenty in number, under Captain Crozier, and their deed was a wonderful bit of work, doing much credit to the American boys.

More reinforcements arrived. In fact, the whole American main force advanced through the gates burst open by Russian artillery. The Americans had been informed that the gate had been captured by the Russians.

The Russians called a halt to attend to their dead and wounded. They had twenty-six killed and one hundred and two mortally wounded, besides a large number of light casualties. An hour later, towards noon, white flags were

POSITION ON THE PEKIN WALL CAPTURED BY RUSSIANS

seen hoisted all along the Tartar wall, and firing practically ceased, except from the south-east corner tower, which persistently continued firing all day, notwithstanding that it was in return heavily shelled by the Russian and later by the American artillery.

The troops, unopposed, marched along the Tartar wall as far as the Ha-ta gate, and others as far as the "sluice" (water-gate), through which, as we shall see, an entrance had already been made by the British at about two o'clock P.M.

CHAPTER XXXI

The brunt of the fighting—Japanese attack on the Chi ho Gate—The advance guard driven back—Enemy beaten off—Four hundred yards from the Gate—The Gate rushed—Plentiful shells—Japanese artillery—The concussion of gun reports and the camera—A stout resistance—Heavy losses—In a hurry-scurry fashion—The British advance—No opposition—General Gaselee and the 7th Rajputs—A pre-arranged signal—The Wall clear of the enemy—A passage forced through the Sluice—The Legations relieved—The only foreign lady wounded—Excitement of the defenders—Unconfirmed rumour.

WHILE this was taking place, the real brunt of the fighting was borne by the Japanese, who had come up by the paved road leading from Tung-chow to the Chi-ho gate (east gate) of the Tartar city.

On the evening of the 13th they had encamped some three miles from the east gate of Pekin. Their advance guard was a quarter of a mile in front of the main force. I selected as my own camping-ground an open space between the advance guard and the main column. Colonel Mallory, attached to the Japanese force on behalf of the American Government, and Mr. Bass, correspondent of the *Herald*, were with me. During the night the rain was torrential, and we had to cover ourselves with Colonel Mallory's poncho, when shots were heard in close proximity, and presently a very smart fusillade

JAPANESE STORMING THE GATE OF PEKIN UNDER VERY HEAVY FIRE

was opened from in front and behind us. Bullets were hissing over our heads. It was pitch dark, and we did not know exactly what was happening. Great excitement seemed to prevail in the Japanese camp—judging, at least, by the noise made—and in the meantime the shooting in front could not have been more than forty or fifty yards from us. I was very much exhausted, as I had had no food the previous day. I fell asleep again. At sunrise we discovered

UNDER HEAVY FIRE—RUSHING FOR COVER

that the Chinese had boldly attacked the Japanese advance guard, which had to fall back on the main body, hence the exciting skirmish. The enemy were eventually beaten off.

We marched briskly on Pekin, meeting with no resistance until we got within 400 yards of the gate, which we reached at about eight in the morning of the 14th. A rush was made on the gate by the infantry, and a scene of the wildest enthusiasm arose, of which I took the accompanying photographs. Unfortunately, we were met by a fearful fusillade

from the gate and wall, and a sudden shower of shells burst among us. We still advanced for some distance, seeking shelter along the roadside until the firing abated, and it was interesting to watch a number of volunteers drawn from the ranks rush into the middle of the road, empty their magazines at 100 yards into the soldiers on the gate, and withdraw

JAPANESE SHARPSHOOTERS, FULLY EXPOSED TO THE FIRE OF THE ENEMY, EMPTYING THEIR MAGAZINES AT THE CHINESE ON THE GATE AT 100 YARDS

before the Chinese had time to return the fire. Chinese shells were flying plentifully all the time, but now did comparatively little damage, as we were well under cover.

Directly over my head, one shell burst in a wall, but beyond showering fragments of bricks and mud upon me did me no harm. Other shells exploded in the immediate neighbourhood, and wounded two soldiers. Four pieces of Japanese field artillery arrived and were placed in position, shelling the east gate at a range of 800 yards. The firing

JAPANESE SHELLING THE EAST GATE OF PEKIN

(Photograph showing effects of concussion on the camera)

was extremely accurate, and every shell went home; but although the bombardment was kept up the whole of the day, the gate did not seem to suffer much. The Chinese were holding their own well. One of the photographs here given represents a single field gun going off; the other, the four field pieces firing on the gate. As I was only four

JAPANESE ARTILLERY SHELLING THE EAST GATE OF PEKIN (ONE GUN BEING FIRED)

yards off, the concussion when the guns were fired caused the camera to shake violently each time I took a picture, hence its definition is not quite so sharp as it might be. I found it almost impossible to take sharply defined pictures of firing guns when near.

Four more guns were sent to bombard the Tung-chih gate (north-east), where the wall was broken down and reported scaleable. The Chinese made quite a stout resistance on this side of the city. Probably they only expected to be

attacked from the east side, and had accordingly made preparations, so that although British, Russians, and Americans had already been inside the Chinese and Tartar city walls since the afternoon, the Japanese did not succeed in blowing up the gates till nine o'clock in the evening. Their losses during the day were 200 killed and wounded.

The British, in the meantime, had been steadily marching on from Tung-chow, in a hurry-scurry fashion, racing with the other nations to Pekin. They found the country clear of the enemy, and entered the wall of the Chinese city of Pekin by the Shan-huo gate, or east gate. They met with no opposition whatever, the heavy gates being opened with the help of the Chinese from inside. An immediate although hardly careful advance was made towards the south Tartar gate, but luck, which ever protects Britons, was with them again this time, and except from the narrowness of the streets, no difficulty whatever hindered their progress. Scouting parties were despatched in every direction to look for Chinese soldiers, but none were found; so General Gaselee, with his staff and half a company of the 7th Rajiputs, made a reconnaissance through a lane leading towards the wall, about half-way between the Ch'ien gate and the Ha-ta. They discovered that the portion of the wall near the Legation was held by foreigners, and three flags—the Russian, the British, and the American — were flying together on it, the British in the centre. This was a prearranged signal, communicated to General Gaselee at Tung-chow, by which he was to understand that the Legations were still holding out. The hearts of that group of brave men bounded with joy, and they cheered to make their approach known. Signals were made to them to come up by "the sluice," an arched outlet through the wall, which

led directly to the Legations. Hardly a shot was fired at them, except by a few snipers inside the mud houses along the road. When near the wall, signals were made by the besieged that the wall was clear of Chinese and was in possession of the Legation guards. Taking advantage of this, a company of the 7th Rajiput Infantry rushed to the place

THE "SLUICE," OR WATER GATE, BY WHICH THE BRITISH ENTERED PEKIN, AS SEEN FROM INSIDE THE TARTAR WALL SOON AFTER THE LEGATIONS WERE RELIEVED

and forced a passage through the wall by the water-way, now dry, usually known as "the sluice." Helped to no slight extent by besieged Chinese Christians and a couple of Europeans from inside, they cut an opening in the rotten wooden gate with its iron bars, as can be seen by the illustration taken soon after their entry. Some forty Rajiputs, followed later by a handful of British, then made their entry, cheered by the crowd of Christian converts who had come

to meet them, and were soon after greeted by the frantic hurrahs of the white men, women, and children, awaiting them with open arms at the gate of the Legation, only a few yards further up on the left side of the canal.

The Legation was triumphantly entered. A sad note was sounded in this joyous moment. A lady, who had rushed out to meet the soldiers, fell severely wounded by a Chinese bullet. Strange that the only foreign lady wounded in Pekin throughout the whole affair should meet with her hurt after the Legations were relieved!

Considerable excitement prevailed when the Rajiputs, waving their rifles, rushed into the British Legation. Men, women, and children, bewildered with joy, surrounded them and attempted to shake hands with them. An unconfirmed rumour says that the bronzed faces of the Hindoos were even kissed. The enthusiasm reached its highest point when General Gaselee and the 24th Punjab Infantry came in, and then the 1st Sikhs and the Bengal Lancers. The 9th and 14th American Infantry, who had come unopposed along the Tartar wall by the Ha-ta-men (gate), were received with hearty cheers by Chinese and foreigners lining the canal. All who arrived that afternoon and next day received some sort or other of welcome, especially from the ladies, who were not too proud to give vent to their feelings towards those who had saved their lives.

CHAPTER XXXII

Sharp sniping from the Mongol Market—The Legation guards relieved—The arrival of the Americans—Captain Bland and his Maxim gun—Absurd accusations—A probable explanation—The customs of foreigners in Pekin—The attire of the Relief Expedition—The neat appearance of the besieged—No nonsense—Abused anxious relations—The women a piteous sight—Their fortitude—The business capabilities of the American missionaries—A welcome loaf of bread—Resolutions.

SHARP sniping from the Mongol Market continued until the Sikhs rushed the Chinese barricades and dispersed the enemy. One of the Sikhs was unfortunately wounded while the Chinese were being swept off the North Bridge.

The 7th Rajiputs at once relieved the Legation guards at all their posts, and when the Americans arrived, the Tartar wall was cleared of the enemy as far as the Ch'ien gate, of which they took possession.

Captain Bland, with his Maxim gun mounted on the second storey of the Ch'ien gate pagoda, fired on the Chinese throng in the Imperial City, and in a short time the Chinese had been cleared off the Tartar wall for a considerable distance both east and west of the gate.

A great many accusations have been brought against the besieged in the Legations, and no end of ridiculous statements circulated regarding them. For instance, to say nothing of

the detailed description given by certain daily papers of the massacre of men and women in Pekin, and the touching obituary notices which appeared, we are now told that the besieged, after all, never suffered much, were never really hard pressed, and had at all times plenty of ammunition and ample food, besides more drink than was good for them. Indeed, the prevalent idea in Europe and America seems to be that champagne was flowing from morning till night in every corner, while games of cards, tennis, and

AMERICANS ENTERING PEKIN

cricket were freely indulged in to pass away the time between volley and volley at the Chinese.

To contradict every statement of this kind, one by one, would, I fear, take more space than can here be afforded; nor are many of the statements worth contradicting, since they contradict one another. But it is only fair to speak up for men and women who, with few exceptions, behaved heroically. The danger, we have already seen, was constant and very great, the privations all through the siege considerable, and if a general massacre did not come to pass, Providence rather than human foresight was to be thanked.

It is absolute folly to suppose that the defenders indulged in constant orgies, when, in fact, all their efforts combined were hardly sufficient to keep the Chinese out of the defences. As for tennis and cricket, the report must surely have originated from the statement that "round balls" fell on the Legation lawn. These were not cricket or tennis balls, but cannon balls from the "old round shot" Chinese gun upon the Imperial City barricade. Before reaching the lawn these missiles had on several occasions gone through one or more solid walls.

THE SLUICE AS SEEN FROM OUTSIDE THE WALL, UNDER THE BRIDGE, SOON AFTER THE LEGATIONS WERE RELIEVED.

Of drink the besieged had plenty, but never too much. It is the custom of foreigners in Pekin to get in all their stores to last them till the following spring in the spring and summer. Naturally, as there was no reason to prevent this, the men were given intoxicants in moderation, partly to make up for the insufficiency of food, and also to keep up their spirits in circumstances which everybody will agree were rather depressing.

Considering that the besieged included altogether about a thousand foreigners, and that the cases of actual drunkenness during the two months of the siege could easily be counted on the fingers of one hand, they cannot in fairness be accused of intemperance or insobriety.

On entering the British Legation, we of the Relief Expedition —who were in dirty rags, unwashed and unshaven, as, since leaving Tientsin on our forced march, we had not once taken our clothes off our backs or our boots off our feet—were particularly struck by the clean, neat appearance of some of the besieged. To us they looked as if they had just come out of a bandbox. They had speckless linen on; some of the non-fighting men wore starched shirts, with extra-high glazed collars, fancy flannel suits, and vari-coloured ties.

We dirty creatures thought these particular fellows silly and objectionable; they put on such patronising airs that it made one almost feel sorry we had relieved them. They kept us at arm's length because we were not as smartly dressed as they, and kept looking at our attire in a way which suggested that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for coming to relieve them without putting on our best clothes!

Fortunately these men were few; the jolly guards with their bronzed faces, the businesslike Students and Customs Volunteers, behaved like men and gentlemen, and it was a pleasure to meet them.

These Students and Customs fellows had no nonsense about them, and they, with the guards, were the men who had a right to be really proud, for they had done excellent work. One cannot speak too highly of them.

On passing through Shanghai I had been entrusted with an urgent verbal message for one of the "fancy flannel" fellows, whose face was nearly as red as his tie, and whose relations at home seemed in desperate concern over his welfare. Out of pity and politeness I duly conveyed the message, only to hear, in a drawling voice, sundry abuse

showered on his anxious relations, after which, without even saying "Thank you," he turned on his heel and departed. To depart was, I thought, indeed the best thing a man of his sort could ever do.

Piteous beyond words was the sight of the women and children. They were, one and all, charming in manner,

JAPANESE ENTERING PEKIN BY THE EAST GATE

and pathetically reserved. They seemed hardly yet to realise that they had come out of a great calamity.

They looked clean, it is true, but their poor little faces were so pale and worn, and their eyes so sunken and discoloured, their lips and ears so colourless, that it made one feel quite sad to look at them and think what they had gone through. And, mind you, one should add, "gone through silently," without the excitement of fighting that the men constantly had—a form of endurance which requires much greater pluck and determination than that of the fighting man. The

women, old and young, were all extraordinarily brave and helpful in every way. To their pluck and coolness it is due that no serious panic ever took place within the Legation defences. When the women behaved with such fortitude, what could the men do but be brave?

It is curious how marked on such occasions are the characteristics of different classes of people. Perhaps the nervous strain of a great excitement brings them out more strongly than normal conditions do.

The business capabilities of the American missionaries, which burst upon us as a surprise, were active even at this time, when everbody was jubilant over relief having at last arrived, and most people could think of nothing else. Hardly a day and a half had elapsed. I was on the Legation lawn with four correspondents, all feeding from a solitary box (smallest size) of sardines, when two or three black figures, who had been spying us and confabulating, approached. One held a loaf of bread in his hand, another had some papers. Our combined attention was directed to the loaf.

"You haven't any bread?" said the bread man in a kindly voice.

"We haven't had any for several weeks," we replied in a chorus.

To our joy he handed us the loaf.

"Say here," interrupted the man of the papers, "these are resolutions adopted by Americans." And after he had repeated these words—with long intervals between—at least half a dozen times, and not until every trace of the bread and sardines had disappeared, we began to pay attention to the type-written notes he gave us.

They ran:

COPY OF RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY AMERICANS, August 16, 1900, at a meeting held in the British Legation.

N.B.—This copy is for the use of all correspondents.

Resolved :

That in claiming indemnity from the Chinese Government, we consider that adequate allowance be made :

1. For loss of time caused by the Boxer disturbances.
2. For all travelling expenses, including those to and from foreign lands, necessitated by missionaries being peremptorily ordered to leave China.
3. For future rise of prices in building materials and labour.
4. For rent of premises until new ones can be built.
5. For literary work destroyed.

Clauses 2, 3 and 4, though rather hasty, seemed natural enough, but we could not repress our astonishment at the claim for loss of time and literary work destroyed. Had the Chinese any humour, it would not be unreasonable to expect a counterclaim for time wasted by their subjects over the efforts of missionaries to convert them ! As for literary work destroyed, it is safer not to discuss the question, as I am still too grateful for my share of the loaf of bread.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The capital swarming with foreign troops—The Imperial and Forbidden Cities yet unconquered—Tung-fu-Hsiang's troops in the Imperial precincts—The most fanatical of fanatics—To the relief of Pe-tang—A French gun and the admiring ladies—The American attack on the Imperial City—Victims of foreign bullets—Reilly's battery—The Imperial gateways—Colonel Daggett—The plucky Lieutenant Murphy—A rectangular courtyard—A big order—Deploying in a captured court—A murderous fire—Captain Martin's courage.

THE Legation was safe, Pekin was relieved, the Chinese and Tartar cities swarmed with foreign troops, but within the walls of the Tartar city remained the Imperial City yet unconquered, and still farther on, within the latter, last, but not least, remained the Forbidden City.

Within the Imperial precincts the fanatical troops of Tung-fu-Hsiang had barricaded themselves, their General, shortly before the fall of Pekin, having wisely taken ten days' leave, which he had not been anxious to curtail. He had not been seen or heard of since. The soldiers of this Mahommedan General were picked men, the bravest of the brave, the most fanatical of fanatics; and that is why the defence of the Emperor's city had been entrusted to them.

On August 15, the day after the Legations had been relieved, a Japanese and French force had gone to relieve the Pe-tang

mission, to the north-west of the Forbidden City, and within the Imperial City. About 150 yards to the east of the Ch'ien-men (gate), the French had mounted a gun upon the Tartar wall, from which they fired shell after shell at what they believed to be a position occupied by the Boxers and Imperial soldiers. The French officer in command was surrounded by a number of admiring ladies—refugees from the

CORPSES OF IMPERIAL SOLDIERS

Legation—who stopped their ears as each shot was fired, and opened their mouths wide with admiration and yelled with joy when the shells were seen to explode a mile or so off. Spy-glasses were passed round by the courteous officers, and the whole affair was pretty enough, until a messenger came to the French officer requesting him to stop firing, as his shells were dropping fast among the Allies attempting to relieve the mission! No blame for carelessness, however, attaches to the French officer on this account; the same had occurred

to officers of other nations on other occasions. Nothing is easier in warfare, when many columns are in action.

That was in the forenoon, but earlier in the morning something more tragic had happened.

The Americans made the attack on the Imperial City from the south, a succession of gates having to be gone through before the Forbidden City could be reached. All these gates, of massive wood, were studded profusely with huge round nails and strengthening metal bars. They were barred and heavily bolted.

Between the Ch'ien-men (gate) of the Tartar wall and the first south gate of the Imperial City was a large court surrounded by a high marble balustrade, and into this run a street from the east and one from the west. This large court was strewn with corpses of Imperial soldiers lying in pools of blood. There were some thirty or forty at least, with their swords and Mannlichers by their side, as they had fallen, victims to foreign bullets from the now conquered Tartar wall.

It was towards 6.30 A.M. that the Americans took up their position on the Ch'ien gate, near what was known as Myers' position, and mounted the guns of Reilly's battery on the platform, on which also stood, tumbling down and yet majestic, the ancient, heavy, red wooden structure with turned-up roofs that surmounted the gate. Captain Reilly, probably believing that the Chinese would not make a stout resistance, was calmly shelling the Forbidden City from his high point of vantage, while the 9th and 14th Infantry and the marines arrived through the Ch'ien-men (gate) and took up a position with the other soldiers in the first courtyard, directly outside the first gate of the Imperial precincts. A number of Russian marines were present.

To each of the Imperial gateways there were three doors, and they were so strong that it was not possible to force them open. A quantity of timber and beams from adjoining buildings was brought up in order to make battering rams, but it was found that a few well-aimed shells in the centre of the middle gate loosened its bolt, and allowed enough room for a man to squeeze through. The bolts were drawn, and with Colonel Daggett, of the 14th, and his staff at their head, a platoon of M company, 14th Infantry, under the plucky young Lieutenant Murphy, who so distinguished himself at the battle of Yangtsun, went in on a reconnaissance. They found themselves in a rectangular courtyard, about 500 yards long and approximately 150 wide, paved with flat slabs of stone in the centre, and with rank high grass growing everywhere. There were long, low buildings at the sides, in shocking repair and apparently uninhabited, while at the end of the court another gate, higher and more handsome than the first, faced them.

It was understood that Colonel Daggett had been ordered by the American General to capture the Imperial City. The American General had sent, through his Aide, the following message : " Colonel Daggett, there is the Imperial City ; take it ! "

Colonel Daggett asked for nothing better, nor did his officers and men, the smartest set of soldiers belonging to the American force in China. Major Quinton and Captain Martin were directing their men with skill and care.

When once the first gate was opened, the platoon under Lieutenant Murphy deployed and carefully progressed up the long court, and had advanced only about 100 yards into it when a murderous fire was opened upon them from the top of the further gate, and from the walls of the

courtyard. There must have been masses of soldiers collected to the north to defend the gate. The American detachment was in a difficult predicament, as they could neither retrace their steps nor advance. The commands of their officers could not be understood owing to the terrific noise of the fusillade kept up on both sides. The men threw themselves down flat on the ground, and although the long grass did not afford them any actual protection, it somewhat screened them from the sight of the Chinese. Having quickly reloaded their magazines, they now opened an incessant fire towards the top of the wall, so as to prevent the Chinese looking over the parapet and firing down upon them. This had a salutary effect, and as long as it could be kept up all was well. Unfortunately the hundred rounds carried by each man were exhausted in a few minutes, and had it not been for Major Quinton and Captain Martin—the latter going in himself with two more companies—the first contingent of men would have fared even worse than it did.

THE CHEN-OU-MEN

As it was they had many killed and wounded. The wounds were mostly caused by the heavy bullets of modern gingals, and were fearful gashes.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A great misfortune—Captain Reilly's body—A touching scene—Thorite shells used on the second gate—Sharp-shooters—Supports—Erratic fire of the Chinese—The studded doorway—The effect of shells—Scaling ladders—Smartness of the American soldiers—Waving the Stars and Stripes on the gate—Chinese tents and flags—Further advance.

WHILE all this was going on inside the first court, the greatest misfortune which befell the Americans in the China war was occurring on the Ch'ien gate, where the artillery was at work. Captain Reilly, one of the finest officers in the American army, had been mortally shot through the head while directing the fire of his guns. His jaw was smashed, and he lay breathing his last in a pool of blood.

This was at 9 A.M. The Chinese fire was terrific at the time, and the enemy now advanced from the west by the road leading into the first balustraded square. A detachment of the third battalion 9th Infantry was quickly sent by the commanding officer, Captain Anderson, to bar their way, and a similar detachment barred the entrance on the opposite side of the square. The Chinese, closed in between walls, suffered considerably from the American rifles, and were mowed down by the score. Many, however, escaped, dodging round among the ruined and burning houses.

Captain Reilly's body was carried into the bare hall in the

upper part of the gate, while his gunners, with tears in their eyes at the loss of their beloved officer, continued the shelling of the Chinese position on the wall and second gate of the Imperial City. The death of this brave officer was universally regretted, not only by the Americans, but by all the Allies, who held him in great respect and honour.

Two of the guns of Reilly's battery were now brought

CAPTAIN REILLY'S FUNERAL

down into the conquered courtyard, and used with thorite shells to open the second gate of the city. The range was of course short and easy, but even allowing for this the fire was exceedingly accurate. Shell after shell from the American guns exploded in the centre of the next doorway to the north of us. Squads of sharpshooters from Burnside's company were sent up to the wall and the first captured gate, and from these high places kept up a hot fusillade on the enemy, who dared not show themselves, and kept well under cover of the parapet of the wall. The two further companies that had

REILLY'S BATTERY IN ACTION

gone in to the assistance of Murphy and his plucky men were the second half of M company, with Captain Martin, and L company, with Lieutenant McClure.

The Chinese fire eventually became more erratic, and the two American guns were brought into the courtyard closer to the second gate. The heavy studded ancient doorway creaked and quivered, and splinters flew in every direction as

AMERICAN SOLDIERS TRYING TO FORCE OPEN ONE OF THE GATES OF THE IMPERIAL CITY

each thorite shell hit the gate full. The report of the explosion echoed round the court, and its deafening noise seemed quite out of keeping with the sombre tranquillity of one's surroundings.

And yet, somehow or other, it was astounding how many shells it took to inflict an appreciable amount of damage on these ancient, rotten gates. Case after case of shells was brought up, the nose of each shell properly screwed up and

fastened, inserted in the gun, and discharged. The noise was great, the gate shook, but there it remained as solid as before. It was tantalising; one's idea of the terrific modern explosives would lead one to imagine that one or two shells at the most ought to be sufficient to blow up any gate. But they are not. In fact, it is astonishing how comparatively small is the damage done by shell fire even to human life; the effect of shells is only terrific when they explode below you; when they burst a few yards above your head they are almost harmless.

SCALING THE WALL.

A number of Japanese coolies had been sent by the British with the bamboo scaling-ladders brought up from Tientsin. These ladders, unfortunately, were not long enough, and even when two of them had been somewhat insecurely fastened one on the top of the other there yet remained several yards between their top and the summit of the wall. At the sides of the court, directly under the wall, were two guardhouses. On the roof of one of these (the one on the right-hand side) the wavering ladder was hoisted by the enterprising Japanese, among the hurrahs of the soldiers, and in less than no time, and with some trepidation on the part of the onlookers, several "boys" went up the unsteady ascent as fast as monkeys. They carried with them the Stars and

Stripes, and when the first plucky devil sat astride on the parapet and waved the colours, we underneath cheered ourselves hoarse. It was a most touching scene. With some relief—for his sake—we heard from him that there was not a single "Chino" left on the gates, except some dead ones!

"Bang!" went the American gun blazing away once more at the gate, while through the fissures in the side gates snipers were hard at work, picking off the Chinese soldiers seen running about in the yet unoccupied second yard. A company of infantry had managed to get up on the gateway, and finding the coast clear descended on the other side and opened the gate.

There was a pause. No more firing was heard. One or two officers and a couple of civilians went into the next courtyard, not unlike the preceding one, only broader and not so long. There were several circular tents pitched on either side, with flags of the rampant tiger flying on long bamboos. We looked round, and as not a soul could be perceived anywhere, retraced our steps under the tunnel-like doorway formed by the thick wall.

The officer reported to his superiors, and the order was given for a further advance to the next gate.

A company of infantry marched gaily in, and had reached about the middle of the court when a most terrific fire was poured upon them by the enemy.

Before the Americans could answer at all a number of them lay dead or mortally wounded. Some managed to get under cover, others were quickly driven back through the long passage-way. Others ran to the buildings at the side of the courtyard, where they were in comparative safety.

Then followed a scene of confusion, as the wounded lay helpless under the terrific fire of the gingals; to go to their

assistance was suicidal. Stretchers were handed by the Americans to a number of Chinese prisoners, and with rifles pointed at their temples they were ordered in to pick up the wounded. The alternative being thus offered them of being shot by chance or for certain, they preferred the former. They went tremblingly and circumspectly through the passage-way, where they were still under cover, and then, making a desperate dash for a wounded man, hastily shoved him on the stretcher, while bullets pelted round them in a most

FIRST COURTYARD IN THE SOUTH IMPERIAL CITY CAPTURED BY AMERICANS

alarming way. Their repressed fright did not take absolute possession of them until they had accomplished a deed of bravery which, in England, at least, receives the highest reward—the V.C. Once they were with their rescued soldiers under comparative cover, they ran, and ran through the long tunnel with faces distorted and ghastly from terror, and trembling to an extent that gave one a shock. It took two men to carry each stretcher. The first couple sent in brought out a poor young fellow, his leg almost completely severed above his knee by an expanding gingal bullet. The leg was dang-

ling outside the stretcher in a piteous manner, while blood flowed in profusion. The two Chinese, with eyes out of their sockets from dread, had already brought him in safety as far as the court, when the American gun—which had hastily been brought up—fired a shell upon the next gate. The unexpected loud report of the gun—which was no more than a couple of yards away—was too much for them. With a jerk they dropped the stretcher with the unfortunate wounded man on it, and bolted for dear life. I have never seen men run faster.

More men had now climbed upon the gate and were blazing away at the top of the next gate to the north, so that other detachments were now able to enter the courtyard and keep up a smart fusillade upon the Chinese in their lofty position. As soon as they could not look over the parapet to take proper aim, their fire became wild and ill-directed. Eventually they sneaked farther away from under their cover.

The Americans now entered the courtyard and searched the houses all round, in which, under piles of clothes and food, Mannlicher, Mauser, Winchester, and other rifles were discovered, with masses of ammunition. A few prisoners, who had hidden in the rooms and who showed contemptible cowardice, were taken. They pretended to be very ill, and evidently expected to be put to death there and then. No harm was done them, and they were treated with more consideration than they deserved. The Americans on this occasion were extremely humane with their prisoners. One who refused to move was kicked, but not where it could hurt him. He pretended to be very ill and dying, and the kick seemed magically to restore him to his normal health and strength.

There were many brave deeds performed at the taking of this gate. Two privates of the 14th Infantry, E company, by name Kaufman and G. Loyd, the latter of the Ambulance, attempted to carry a litter to a wounded man lying not far within the courtyard. Just as the suffering man was being lifted upon the stretcher, poor Kaufman was mortally wounded, and fell on the top of the comrade whom he had tried to save. He died shortly after.

CHAPTER XXXV

Before the third gate—Demoralised Chinese—Sharp-shooters—When victory was near—"Cease firing"—The Russian and American Generals—In a difficulty—Magnificent American fighting—A query—The Forbidden City remained untrodden.

At about midday the Americans were getting excited over the brilliant victory that presently stared them in the face. They had accomplished—and with no small loss, as we have seen—all the most difficult part of their perilous task, and were now before the third gate of the Imperial City, the last obstacle before the first gate of the Forbidden City could be attacked. The Chinese, as far as one could judge by peeping through the fissures in the gate, were absolutely demoralised. One saw them running to and fro in a courtyard, with high marble balustrades of quite imposing character. They were shot down by the American sharpshooters as they ran from one end of the court to the other, trying to find cover behind marble columns or pillars. General Chaffee and his staff had put in an appearance, and when first entering the courtyard already in possession had been fired upon by the Chinese and made a hurried exit.

The actual strength of the Chinese inside the Forbidden City was not known, but it was presumed that they must be

in great force, or they would not attempt such a determined defence.

When Colonel Daggett received from his General the order to attack the Imperial City he was entirely unprepared, having no maps, no knowledge of what the city would be like, no scaling-ladders, nor did he possess any information that might help him to succeed in his undertaking. He and his officers had therefore performed wonders in getting on so far. Their nearly complete victory was the more creditable because warfare carried on in a haphazard manner usually leads to disaster, even when the enemy is comparatively insignificant in strength—a general truth which we have, alas! seen exemplified to our cost in the South African war.

It is said that General Chaffee's idea in capturing the Imperial Palaces was to obtain a suitable camping-ground for his men, a most extraordinary departure on his part, since on the trying march up to Pekin, when the selection of a suitable camping-ground would have saved his men much suffering and disease, he had never made an attempt of the kind. It was further stated that, while making a move in the direction of the Palaces, the Americans had been fired upon, and that it therefore became necessary to take possession of the place by force. Whether this is the case or not matters little; but the next step, which astounded all present and irritated all the American officers and men who had taken part in the engagement, was a matter of more importance. The third and last gate had been fired upon, and guns brought close to the centre doorway, which would have burst open after another shot or two, and the Americans would have had the glory of being the first to capture the Forbidden City—a small reward for the loss of Reilly and of

the fifteen killed and wounded whom the Americans had lost in the attack. And now, when victory was so near and so easy, these men heard from General Chaffee the cruel, the almost heart-breaking order to "cease firing," and at this culminating point the withdrawal of the troops was ordered, whereby the enemy would be allowed to reoccupy that last gate, which had been evacuated and was now practically in the hands of Daggett and his men.

It seems that the Russian General had sent one of his Aides

COURTYARD IN THE IMPERIAL CITY CAPTURED BY AMERICANS

to General Chaffee with a message, and that the latter received the messenger in a manner and with words not usually employed by gentlemen in dealing with gentlemen. In these operations against the Palace the Russians were to be reserve and supports.

On receiving such an extraordinary and uncalled-for reply from the American General, the Russian immediately withdrew his men. Thereupon General Chaffee found himself faced by a difficulty in making the final attack, and, lacking

support, did not think himself justified in making the attempt. Moreover, it is stated that a message had been sent him from the Legations to "stop firing at the Imperial City, as it might offend the Chinese."

The fact remains that a day which with a little more grit on the part of their General might have been notable in the history of American fighting—a day which will always shine gloriously in the remembrance of those who saw how the brave American line officers and soldiers fought and how they nearly reaped a magnificent victory—was spoilt within an ace of its crowning point by the lack of manners of one man. Such men as Captain Martin, Colonel Daggett, Major Quinton, and Lieutenants Murphy and Burnside, were officers whom any nation would be proud to possess, and men like poor Reilly deserve to live for ever in history. As for the soldiers of the 14th and 9th, they could not have behaved more admirably. They were a marvel of pluck and ability. Why, then, sacrifice such men and officers for nothing?

To the average-minded person there seems to be no excuse for General Chaffee's behaviour. Did he act against the mutual understanding of the Allies in attacking the Palace? Or did he, having for a whole day driven the Chinese from position after position, show weakness in not reaping the victory which, after their losses, was due to his valiant men?

I shall never forget the disgust of the "boys" at their unexpected withdrawal. At first, they could hardly believe the signal. Then, when they did, there was a pretty melody of such oaths as only American boys can devise. Some, it is true, remained sad and silent, possibly because they could not find words strong enough to express their

disappointment. It was hard on these magnificent men, who had fought like tigers, to be compelled to march away (barring the swearing) like so many lambs!

Thus, though the Imperial City had been entered, the Forbidden City was still as forbidden as ever, and was yet untrodden by foot of foreign devil. In fact, before reaching the Forbidden City one gate—the third—of even the Imperial City yet remained uncaptured.

CHAPTER XXXVI

The relief of the Pe-tang—The most marvellous page in the history of the war—The "old" and the "new" Pe-tang—Astronomical observations and the Emperor's death—The heir to the Throne—The Sisters of Charity—A Roman Catholic Cathedral—Monseigneur De la Place—His successor—The Pe-tang towers—A transfer of property—Catholics handsomely treated by the Chinese—Laying the foundation stone of the new Pe-tang.

On the same day, August 15, the Pe-tang was relieved.

The most marvellous page, without exception, in the history of the recent war was the heroic defence by a handful of brave men of the Catholic Cathedral and Mission in the "new Pe-tang." The "new" Pe-tang is so called to distinguish it from the "old," a few hundred yards to the south of its present site, which was abandoned by request of the present Emperor.

Here is a short historical sketch, furnished me by Bishop Favier, of the new Pe-tang and its evolution. But first a few words on the old Pe-tang.

As we shall see, the "old" Pe-tang had been built in the Imperial City and in close proximity to the grounds now occupied by the Emperor's Palaces. In the year 1874 the Tsung-li-Yamên made representations to the French Legation asking for the demolition of the two lateral towers of

the Cathedral. In that year two French naval officers were despatched to Pekin to make astronomical observations on the transit of Venus, which took place on the night of December 7, and they selected as a suitable spot for their work one of the high towers of the Pe-tang. This was misunderstood by the superstitious Chinese, and it was regarded as an evil omen that would bring about the death

BISHOP FAVIER IN THE PE-TANG

of the Emperor, who was already very ill. The Emperor (Tung-che) died, at the age of twenty, in January 1875, while the Catholic Bishop had gone himself in due haste to Paris to see whether the towers of his church could be saved from destruction by diplomatic negotiations.

The Empress-Dowager and the young widow Empress informed the French Legation that, "as the Emperor was

dead, the negotiations regarding the Pe-tang would for the moment be suspended."

Shortly after the death of her husband the young Empress committed suicide—it is said by swallowing a quantity of gold-leaf.

Si-tae-heu, the Empress-Dowager, then remained Regent with absolute powers.

There was no direct heir to the Throne, and the selection of a new sovereign rested with the Empress-Dowager. Her choice fell upon the child of her sister, who had married the seventh prince—youngest brother of Prince Kung—and she herself remained Regent until he should attain his majority.

In the following years the missionary movement made gigantic strides in China. Churches, buildings, schools and hospitals were rebuilt on sites where they had been destroyed, and new and larger ones were put up elsewhere. In Pekin, a commodious hospital and dispensary neighbouring the Pe-tang, was opened by the Sisters of Charity, in addition to the asylum for orphans, not to speak of the free school of the Mission, where children of all creeds were educated, irrespective of their religious beliefs.

But a Roman Catholic Cathedral was wanting in the capital of China, and in 1884 Monseigneur De la Place at last had the satisfaction of seeing the Church of St. Joseph finished. Its construction, begun four years previously, had been somewhat delayed by the want of funds. It was a handsome building of stone and marble, with three domed towers, the highest of which, in the centre, was some sixty-five feet in height. This church was near the Tung-hoa gate, and was large enough to accommodate a congregation of two thousand people or more.

In May 1884 Monseigneur De la Place consecrated the

THE LOTUS POND AND IMPERIAL PALACES

church. He fell ill, and died a few days later, on May 24. Incidentally, it is as well to mention here, since we may refer to it later, that Monseigneur De la Place was the founder of the so-called "Chinese Congregation of St. Joseph," which devoted itself to the care of indigent children, and that he was the importer into China of the order of monks called the Trappists, those religious fanatics who swear on entering the brotherhood to remain silent for life. For the Trappists Monseigneur De la Place purchased some fertile but so far barren land in the mountainous district to the west of Pekin. The Congregation of St. Joseph has its headquarters in Pekin and a number of branch establishments all over the country.

The successor of Monseigneur De la Place was Monseigneur Tagliabue, a man of great ability, who had worked in China for thirty-three years. In 1885 the question of the Pe-tang tower was again brought forward. This time the reason seemed a more comprehensible one. The young Emperor had come of age. He was about to be married and to assume the reins of his Empire. The Empress-Dowager was, according to custom, expected to leave the Palace to make room for the new Empress. This she seemed willing to do were a suitable abode provided for her in the picturesque Nan-hae, adjoining the Palace. This meant that the fine buildings, the Lotus Ponds, and lovely white marble bridge would become her private property, and it was apparent that the Pe-tang, with the houses around it, wherein lived thousands of Chinese, were also needed for Imperial grounds and houses. By paying a due compensation, some £6 for each room, the houses were seized and demolished, the marble bridge was closed to the public, and fine palaces built on the edge of the Lotus Pond.

In the case of the Pe-tang the Chinese seemed ready to deal honourably, and even handsomely. They recognised that the land was a gift of the Emperor Kang-si to the Catholics, who had gone to much expense to put up the various buildings, and, moreover, that were they to move elsewhere it would appear as if they had been turned out of the Imperial City by order of the Emperor. The Christians, who had always (*sic*) been on friendly terms with the Empire, might thus be brought into disrepute in the eyes of the populace.

The Chinese Government, at the instigation of the Emperor's father, who seemed personally anxious that the Catholics should be fairly treated, instructed the Viceroy, Li-hung-chang, to carry out the proper negotiations for the transfer of property in a way that seemed altogether profitable to the Catholics. The Chinese offered to give in exchange for the Pe-tang the Si-che-ku, a piece of land larger than the Pe-tang, and also within the sacred walls of the Imperial City. They promised to pay for the reconstruction of every necessary building, and proposed to publish in the *Pekin Gazette* an edict to inform every person in China that the transaction was a mere friendly exchange, and not meant as a slight to the Catholics. In fact the façade of the new church would be decorated with the characters "Ta-che-kien," meaning "Built by order of the Emperor." Two Imperial yellow pavilions would be erected in front of the new Cathedral, as well as tablets of white marble to perpetuate the memory of the friendly exchange.

With some trouble M. Constans, the French Minister in China, was able to complete the necessary negotiations for the exchange, which met with the approval of the Pope and all parties interested. Much concern was shown by the

Chinese about the height of the new building, and eventually an agreement was entered into that no part of the church should reach a height greater than fifty feet. Nor were the bell towers to be higher than the church.

The new Pe-tang measures one thousand and eighty feet from north to south, and six hundred and seventy feet from east to west. The Chinese behaved gracefully in the transaction, and, to the astonishment of everybody, even removed an ancient pagoda which would have somewhat obstructed the view of the new Cathedral.

On May 30, 1887, the foundation-stone was solemnly laid in the presence of several foreign Representatives and Chinese officials, and in December of the same year the old Pe-tang was delivered into the hands of the Tsung-li-yamên.

The new Cathedral was completed twelve months later, its consecration taking place on Sunday, December 9, 1888.

All the foreign Ministers in Pekin were represented at the imposing ceremony. His Excellency Sun, Minister of the Yamên, sent by the Emperor, made his official entry into the Cathedral soon after the *Te Deum* had been sung. Lavish refreshments were supplied later in the day by the Catholics, who, it may be observed, know what is good and what is bad in the way of delicacies. Various friendly speeches were made by the Chinese, and responded to by the French. Heathens and Christians parted on friendly terms, and satisfied with their respective bargains.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A most impressive structure—Imperial pavilions—The Emperor's Tablet—Bishops Favier and Jarland—The buildings—The Pe-tang band—The Jen-se-tang and the Sisters of Charity.

And now to consider the Cathedral itself, a most impressive structure of white marble, approached by a wide avenue leading out of the main road in the Imperial City.

Resting solidly on a high terrace, with a massive white marble balustrade, the main entrance opened on three flights of steps guarded by two Chinese sea lions carved in marble and of considerable beauty. On the terrace, directly in front of the façade, stood on either side the two Imperial pavilions erected by special order of the Emperor. Purely Chinese in their construction and architecture, with brightly coloured yellow tiles and red lacquer pillars, they were a contrast to the Cathedral, which was Gothic in its lines. Yet the combination was pleasing rather than otherwise. In fact, the pavilions relieved the austere lines of the church, and the close contrast of the two architectures seemed to add attractiveness to both.

The Cathedral was entered by three doors, the two side ones surmounted by a cross, while the central one bore the precious inscription "Pien," with the characters "Tche-

kien-Tien-Tchu-Tang" ("Catholic church built by order of the Emperor, tenth year of the Emperor Kuang-su, of the great dynasty of the Tsings"). Four statues of artistic merit adorned the lower portion of the façade. A handsome circular window, encased in a marble frame, and two side windows, gave light to the church from the south. Probably the most interesting detail was the marble high relief in the upper centre of the façade. It represented the Good Shepherd and His flock. The interior of the Cathedral was in the purely Gothic style of the fourteenth century. The total length of the church inside was two hundred and sixty feet, while the width of the transept measured one hundred feet, that of the nave sixty-two feet, and the height sixty-eight feet.

The roof was supported on thirty-six pillars, standing on handsome marble bases, and surmounted by prettily-ornamented capitals.

The Cathedral was lighted by twenty-four windows of coloured glass, those of the transept representing such subjects as the Virgin, Christ in His glory, and portraits of Saints and the twelve Apostles. The glass was all imported from Paris. There were in the Cathedral ten altars—one of which was in the transept—all beautifully carved by Chinese workmen and delicately lacquered and gilt. They were in excellent taste and executed with artistic skill. A magnificent organ, the largest in China, the preacher's pulpit, and the choir seats, were all in keeping with the grandeur of this remarkable structure. Alas, all is now wreck and ruin!

Besides the Cathedral, the Pe-tang included a number of one-storied buildings with spacious porticoes and wide courtyards. In these buildings were the quarters of the two Bishops, Favier and Jarland, with large reception-rooms hand-

somely furnished. The walls were lined with sacred pictures, mostly by ancient Italian and French masters.

Then there were the schoolrooms, the workshops, the museum, full of interesting Chinese curiosities, the apartments of the Marist fathers, and those of the converts employed in the Mission, the sheds for the shelter of indigent wanderers, everything in the most perfect order, cleanliness, and tidiness.

BISHOP JARLAND

Last, but not least, were the vestibules and the refectory, with its polished tables to accommodate all the missionaries at meals, three sitting at each table, except the bishops, who had each a table at the furthest end of the room.

The Pe-tang could even boast of a band. Yes, indeed, a number of young Chinese men had been trained to play foreign music on foreign instruments as well as, if not better than, many a "foreign devil." True, they seemed to have a strong preference for wind instruments and drums, but their achievements in the musical line were remarkable.

Adjoining the Pe-tang was the Jen-se-tang, the asylum for orphans, boys and girls, supported by the Sisters of Charity. The cleanliness of the buildings, the pretty chapel, the cells, everything was spick and span, and did great credit to the Sisters.

But after the siege all was ruin, disorder and wreckage! The Cathedral was riddled with bullets, its valuable stained glass

windows smashed, the roof broken, those living houses that had not been wrecked by mines were damaged by shells or fire, or both. It was sad to think that the faithful labours of these brave men and women, who, after centuries of suffering, struggle and ill-treatment, were now beginning to reap the fruits of their pertinacious work, should meet with so fearful a disaster when success and reward were smiling before them.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The chief point of attack—A bloodthirsty mob—The only protection—The Lotus Pond—A short dream—Mowed down by a machine gun—The wrecked Cathedral—A venerable figure—A miracle.

A GREAT deal has been written about the remarkable defence of the Legations in Pekin during the recent war of China against the allied nations, but hardly a word, scarcely a mention, has been made of the greatest of the great heroes of the Pekin siege. I refer to the Christians of Pe-tang.

Pe-tang was probably the chief point of attack of the Boxers and Chinese Imperial troops on Europeans and Christian converts. Within the walls and barricades of Pe-tang three thousand men and women of the religion of Christ withstood from beginning to end the fierce attacks of the bloodthirsty mob outside, their only protection forty rifles, all counted, and about one hundred rounds of ammunition.

About a mile, as the crow flies, from the Legations, and, as we have seen, within the first wall of the sacred Imperial City, stands the Pe-tang, which name translated means the North Church.

Not until two days after the troops had entered Pekin was Pe-tang relieved.

Following the last wall of the Imperial City in a northerly

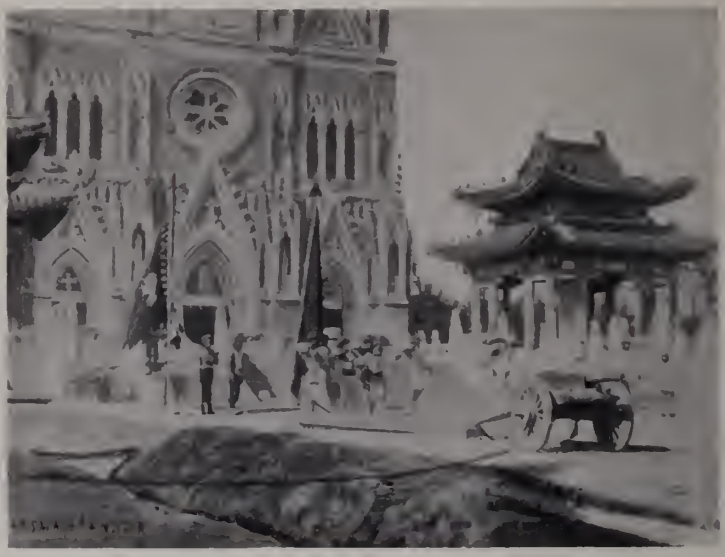
direction, and entering the Imperial City itself by the east gate, one found oneself inside the semi-sacred ground within the red or outer wall. Proceeding further north along the moat of the yellow or middle wall, one came to the world-renowned Coal Hill, on which three handsomely-tiled pagodas were erected. Here one turned sharp to the west, first following the moat until it went south, then continuing across the fairyland-like Lotus Pond by the white marble bridge, equalled by few in the world for beauty of line and elegance of design.

From the bridge, beyond the floating mass of lotus flowers, the gay yellow and blue roofs of the Empress's Palace, the summerhouses on the lake, and a gigantic mausoleum towering over all, shone bright in the sun. No one of an artistic temperament could look on this picturesque spot without admiration ; its beauty brought one straight into dreamland, and made one forget the barbarous wickedness of the heathen Chinese, not to speak of that of the foreign devils who go out to civilise them.

Yes, after the ghastly sights one had met at every turn—fire, death, blood, torture, suicide, plunder, decomposed corpses—it was refreshing to one's soul and body to breathe into one's wide-open lungs the fragrant air and the gentle breeze that had caressed the myriads of lotuses, emblems of purity and innocence, and had rippled those few patches of water which were not covered by the broad and gracefully waving circular leaves of the sacred water plants.

But the dream did not last long. Hardly had one gone a couple of hundred yards beyond the bridge or gate, when at the turn of the road a heap of some two hundred corpses was seen huddled in a corner against a wall, where they had been mowed down by the French machine gun. These were Boxers.

When the Relief Force advanced on Pe-tang they had taken refuge under the wall, a situation safe enough until the gate was blown up, but a regular death-trap when the foreign devils entered. Not one escaped. From this point the road was absolutely strewn with dead bodies, in places eight or ten men together were wedged into the side drain ditch in which they had tried to conceal themselves. The Pe-tang church



PE-TANG CATHEDRAL, SHOWING IMPERIAL KIOSK, A COUNTERMINE, A CAPTURED GUN AND FLAGS

of white marble stared one in the face on the north side of the road. What a wreck ! Hardly a foot square of its façade had not been hit by shell or bullet. The greater portion of the upper part had collapsed, and the handsome marble ornamentations of the doors and windows were badly damaged, while the coloured glass, on which much time, money, and ingenuity had been spent, was broken and shattered in a pitiable manner.

MOWED DOWN BY A MAXIM

At the principal gate had been erected a double barricade and a countermine, beyond which one was confronted by the wildest scene of excitement, the Fathers, their Christians, and French and Italian soldiers, running to and fro. They seemed mad with delight at being relieved. Some of them cried, some of them were too much exhausted even to cry, some laughed, some screamed. Some remained calm and stolid, looking on at the incoming troops as if at an everyday occurrence. The chief figure among this throng of people was that of an elderly, grey, long-haired and long-bearded man of medium height, on whose serene, pale face were engraved evident signs of great anxiety and suffering borne with more than extraordinary fortitude. He wore a light yellowish silk gown, reaching down to his feet, a gold crucifix and chain round his neck, and a ring with a large jewel on his right hand. He walked noiselessly among the people, revered by all, and with a pleasant word for all when addressed.

"Who is that?" I inquired of a French soldier.

"*Ça, parbleu, c'est Monseigneur Favier, l'evêque! C'est le héro du Pe-tang! Mais, vous savez, tous les autres ici, ils sont tous des héros!*" ("That, by jove! is Monseigneur Favier, the Bishop. He is the hero of Pe-tang!" "But," he added, with a smack of his lips, "they are all heroes in here.")

I agreed, and, remembering that I had met the Bishop on my previous visit to Pekin in 1891, I proceeded to congratulate him on the heroic defence of his Mission, and on his miraculous escape from a terrible massacre with his Christians.

"*Oui, vous avez raison; ça a été un miracle!*" ("Yes, you are right, it was a miracle.") "But come with me," he added,

shaking hands jovially, "and I will tell you the story of the whole siege."

I asked nothing better, and after a tour of inspection of all the wrecked buildings, mines, trenches, barricades and countermines, we sat in the Bishop's room, he relating to me in a simple, modest manner a plain, unvarnished, but most graphic account of the siege, that kept me spellbound for several hours.

CHAPTER XXXIX

"A pity we were not massacred"—Priests and not fighting men—Forty marines—Volunteers—The first fierce attack on the Mission—"*Sha, Sha*"—Led by Buddhist priests—The front gate stormed—Their leaders' colours—A stampede—Fires—Lieut. Paul Henry—"A good gun, not too big"—The gate blown up—The brave Father Giron—Sortie and capture of a gun—A Chinese shell—Daily attacks—Ten Krupp guns—Twenty-four days' continuous bombardment—Three days of comparative quiet.

"It is almost a pity," the Bishop sighed, "that we were not all massacred. We should have died martyrs, and it would have spared us the pain of seeing our work of nearly half a century destroyed. Look at our poor tumbling-down church, our buildings! It is heartrending, but we have energy, and we will begin again.

"As you know, the trouble began to be serious in the month of May (1900), and our Christians were threatened to such an extent that we decided to call them in, in order to protect them. Towards the end of May we sheltered 3000 refugees, half that number residents of Pekin itself, the other half from the surrounding country. You can imagine our anxiety, when so many lives were under our care, when we realised that we had no firearms of any kind, nor any other weapon of defence. None could be obtained, and we, being

priests and not fighting men, had no more idea of what was to be done than the man in the moon. But we kept cool and used our common sense. Happily, while we were busy arming ourselves with home-made spears, the guards of marines for the Legations arrived. Only thirty men, French marines, with Lieutenant Paul Henry in command, could at first be spared for the Pe-tang, but ten additional Italian marines, under a sub-lieutenant, were eventually conceded to us. These ten Italians were despatched to protect the home for orphans with its twenty foreign Sisters, which does not belong to our Mission, but to that of the Sainte Enfance. By making sorties at considerable risk—for we were already surrounded by Boxers—we managed to obtain a number of staves, to which we fixed the spears of our own manufacture, and under the guidance of the officers we raised and drilled a corps of Chinese spearmen among our Christians. Our men were at first so terrified of the Boxers that we had much difficulty in getting volunteers, even to the number of 100, but as soon as they overcame their fears and perceived the contemptible cowardice of the enemy, nearly every able-bodied man joined the corps, and we had as many as 500 men, useful, however, only in manning our walls and preventing Boxers from invading our premises. We were able, nevertheless, to make several sorties and capture some stores and several of our enemies' rifles, besides some ammunition and a lot of gunpowder.

"On or about June 12 we witnessed the first fierce attack of the Boxers on our Mission. They attempted to break in by our main gate. It was a fearful moment when we saw the horde of fanatics advance with their ferocious cries of '*Sha! Sha!*' ('Kill! kill!') They advanced in a solid mass, and carried

several standards of red and white cloth. Their yells were deafening, while the roar of gongs, drums and horns sounded like thunder. Our women and children were terrified, but our men bore themselves with great coolness and bravery. All were ready to fight to the last and die for their cause.

"When the Boxers, led by the Buddhist priests, were within a few yards of our gate, a scene of the wildest fanaticism took place. Diabolical incantations were made by their leaders, a number of men being quickly placed in a hypnotic trance. Joss-sticks and images were burnt, while prostrations and other exercises, accompanied by weird chanting, took place. When the mob had been worked into a state of uncontrollable excitement, a terrific rush was made by the Boxers for our front gate. On they came, believing themselves bullet-proof. They waved their swords, and stamped on the ground with their feet, yelling and gesticulating like madmen. They wore red turbans, sashes and garters over blue clothes. Their leaders wore yellow instead of red.* The Buddhist priests were urging them on, and they were now only twenty yards from our gate. Three or four volleys from the Lebel rifles of our marines left more than fifty dead on the ground. A great number of others were wounded. There was a stampede, but they sneaked back during the night and set fire to many houses around us. This was a very trying time. The flames threatened us on every side, and we had much difficulty in saving our buildings. Our men and women worked hard day and night. Luckily we had plenty of water, and by the grace of God we managed to save our buildings. For a few days all was quiet. To our dismay and intense surprise, one morning we perceived Chinese Imperial troops firing from the barricades on the

* The Buddhist colour.

Pe-tang. This necessitated fortifying our barricades. Our blankets, curtains, and clothes were hastily turned into thousands of sandbags, and we cut loopholes in our walls. Under the supervision of Lieutenant Paul Henry, our Christians did marvels in the way of cutting countermines and trenches and erecting barricades. Yet another surprise awaited us. The Chinese soldiers, seeing that we could well keep them at bay, trained a gun upon our gate at a distance of two hundred metres."

"What calibre gun was it, Monseigneur?"

"*Un bon canon; pas tros gros*" ("A good gun; not too big"), answered the Bishop; and he added apologetically, "You see, I am not a soldier. I know nothing about guns except that they gave us much trouble. But I will show you the gun later.

"The regular troops fired volley after volley at us with Mannlicher and Mauser rifles. Later, a murderous fusillade with gingals (the long breech-loading rifles) was kept up for several hours. At last a well-aimed shot from the Chinese gun blew up our weakened gate. A panic took possession of our women and children, but our brave Lieutenant Henry got his men together and opened a quick fire on the Chinese artillerymen, who ran to the left and right, actually abandoning their gun. The lieutenant, some soldiers, and a number of our Christians, led by our Fathers—Father Giron principally—bravely made a sortie and captured the gun, with some ammunition. The Chinese, under shelter of houses and behind walls, opened a hot fire on our party, killing one and wounding five. This gun, although not a very powerful one, was a great acquisition, and it gave us renewed confidence in our power of defence. Moreover, in several other sorties by our volunteers and marines, a search was made in the neigh-

bouring houses that had not been destroyed by fire, and a quantity of gunpowder and ammunition was seized and brought back to Pe-tang. The gun was of assistance to us during the siege, and as luck would have it we found among our Christians an old Chinese artilleryman who well knew how to work it. Alas, when we were feeling proud of his good practice, a Chinese shell cut the poor man in two!

FATHER GIRON'S VOLUNTEERS FIRING THEIR LAST VOLLEY ON THE BOXERS

"Next came a period of daily attacks, duly repulsed. We were bombarded from all sides, but held our own. On June 24, at half-past six o'clock in the morning, just as we were about to celebrate the 'Mass of the Sacred Heart,' a terrific roar of artillery shook Pe-tang. The Chinese had placed, 500 yards to the south-west, a battery of 10 Krupp guns of the latest pattern, some of which fired shell of 0.30 centimetres in diameter. They directed their fire on the façade of our

church, which they hit with great accuracy. We counted as many as 536 shells received on that day alone. Three hundred and fifty more shells were fired at us during the following two days, June 25 and 26. Another powerful battery was placed to the north, but our marines maintained such a hot fire at 700 yards that the Chinese were unable to man the guns. It was during those terrible three days that the church was reduced to the wrecked condition in which it is at present. The cross on its highest point was blown down by a shell on June 25, amidst the wild cries of delight '*He, ho, ho!*' of the Boxers and soldiers outside.

"The Mission of Pe-tang was continually bombarded for 24 days, during which time we were struck by over 2400 shells and cannon-balls. Whether the Chinese ran short of ammunition, or whether their artillery was suddenly called elsewhere, I could not say; but after those dreadful days of death, wreck and ruin, many more of which we could not have endured, we had two or three days of comparative quiet."

CHAPTER XI.

A primitive kind of missile—Diabolical rockets—A frightful explosion—Nerves shattered by fear—Chasing the Boxers—Hysterical women—Three more mines—The third explosion—The heroism of Paul Henry—Four ounces of food per day—Starving and weak defenders of the barricades—Reduced to "two-ounce" rations.

"ANOTHER kind of missile, primitive if you like, yet uglier than any other with which we had previously made acquaintance, was flung by hand, so near to us was the enemy entrenched. Not more than four or five yards divided the Chinese breastworks and ours. This missile was a '*pot à feu*,' a fire-pot, a kind of casserole filled with two or three pounds of gunpowder and inflammable stuff, and caused to explode by a long fuse. Over three hundred of these were flung into our compound, and we were unable to get near and put them out before they exploded, for the Chinese kept up a hot fire on us from all sides. This was a diabolical attempt to set our buildings on fire on every side and drive us out to be massacred. An innumerable quantity of small gunpowder balls with fuses were thrown over our works of defence for several days, and the continuous explosions shattered most of our windows to pieces, setting fire here and there to our premises. More terrible in their effects were the iron rockets thrown with great force by means of an ingenious contri-

vance. Their velocity was increased by the gradual combustion of powder in the lower portion of the rocket. The iron cylinder was about two feet long, with a sharp point screwed at the end, and a stick three yards long fixed at the lower extremity. These rockets shot through the air at a terrific pace, and pierced any wall or roof better than a cannon-ball. They, too, like the fire-pot, contained some

CHINESE CONTRIVANCE FOR THROWING ROCKETS, THREE OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN ON THE GROUND. A CAPTURED BOXER FLAG

inflammable matter which set ablaze the buildings they struck. We were obliged constantly to watch where these rockets fell, and we feared them more than any other missile thrown at us. Thanks to our vigilance, we were able to put out all conflagrations as soon as they began. It must have been tantalising to the Chinese to see all their means of destruction fail, for they now devised stronger and fiercer ways of annihilating us.

"On July 10, at ten o'clock in the morning, a frightful explosion shook us all off our feet. The Chinese had succeeded in blowing up a mine, which was happily not long enough to reach directly under any of our buildings. It, however, split the houses east of the asylum for orphans (the Jen-se-tang), killed one person and wounded several.

"With their nerves already shattered by fear and terrible privations, with shells and bullets flying and bursting constantly among and over us, our women and children fell into a panic at this new method of doing away with us by blowing us up. They tremblingly huddled together, weeping, moaning, and praying. It was pitiable to watch them. They imagined they heard noises underground in every direction, and continually expected their last hour. In fact, they were not far wrong, for three days later, to the west, a second mine, much better bored, and passing under the yellow wall of the Imperial City, burst with a terrific crash. We had foreseen this mine, and our workmen were hard at work cutting a countermine. Twenty-five out of thirty of our men were killed on the spot and twenty-eight seriously wounded. The Marist Father who was presiding over the works was killed.

"Another fierce attack of the Boxers was repulsed, and we chased them for some distance, but unhappily lost our French quartermaster, who was shot dead by a Chinese bullet. Although the dead and wounded in the Pe-tang and Jen-se-tang were many, this was only the second death among our European defenders.

"After the explosion of the mine, the asylum of Jen-se-tang was too insecure to live in, and we were obliged to convey our Sisters of Charity, with the women and children, to the eastern side of our compound, where they could

better be protected and defended. Many of the women had become hysterical, and their fear was so great that they believed they heard our enemies boring mines underfoot day and night. Every moment they dreaded other explosions. To pacify them and ourselves—for we all had a feeling that we might be blown up at any moment—we made several sorties. In fact, we discovered three more

THE EFFECT OF A CHINESE MINE

mines in course of construction. We removed the electric wires, destroyed the batteries attached to them, and rendered the mines useless. It is probable that dynamite was employed in these, and we considered ourselves lucky to have escaped destruction, when on July 22 a third and more terrific explosion than we had before experienced destroyed the entire east side of the Jen-se-tang. Eighty lives were lost, among them those of fifty-one children, little orphans. The Chinese soldiers kept up a hot fire on us

when we tried to disinter the wounded from the wreckage and ruins, and we lost all hope of saving any one.

"Of the ten Italian marines who defended the Jen-se-tang, four died on that fatal day, and their officer and one soldier were buried for over three-quarters of an hour. Hearing their voices underground, we unearthed them. They were slightly wounded, but, thanks to our Lord, still alive.

"On July 30 a further attack was made on the same side by the Boxers and Imperial troops combined. The French Commandant, Paul Henry, with a handful of marines, rushed to the assistance of the Italians, who had no more ammunition. He repulsed the Boxers over their barricade, from which he was now about to drive them, when a bullet struck him in the neck and another in the side. Yet he fought on with amazing courage until, feeling his strength giving way, he dragged himself back into the orphan asylum, where, receiving the holy blessing of the Sisters, he breathed his last.

Paul Henry was only twenty-three years of age. His tragic death brought desolation upon the Pe-tang and Jen-se-tang, our Christians weeping bitterly over the loss of our brave Commandant, and declaring that a hundred of them would gladly die together if his life could only be preserved.

Three French soldiers were severely wounded in the fight. Two had previously been killed, so that out of forty our defence was now reduced to twenty-three men, commanded by a corporal.

The long-expected relief did not arrive, and on August 1 we had provisions for only six days. We had to reduce our rations to one-half, that is to say, four ounces of food per day per person. This would have brought us to August 12, but on August 8, seeing that there was no immediate hope of

being freed from our anguish, we had further to reduce by half the already meagre daily allowance. Two ounces of food a day, that was all! And what food! The leaves, roots, and bark of trees, unripe fruit, and even flowers and grass, were devoured by our starving crowd. Our improvised spearmen, unable to carry their weapons any longer, lay half dead of hunger on our verandahs.

"When the Boxers came again several times to attack us, scarcely twenty-five of our spearmen out of five hundred were able to drag themselves to defend our barricades.

"The evening of August 14 we still had two days' rations at two ounces each."

CHAPTER XLI

A formidable cannonading—Guns drawing near—Hearts bounding with joy—"A Japanese officer and soldier rushed into the courtyard"—General Frey and the French troops—Captain Marty's company—Nervous prostration—Arrows with messages—Skinned alive—Gone to eternal rest—The physical and moral trials of the siege.

"On the 15th, at two o'clock in the morning, a formidable cannonading was heard to the east. We listened; we speculated. Could it be the relieving army coming? And as the guns thundered in the distance, a faint ray of hope shone in the three thousand hearts of the poor Christian souls besieged in the Pe-tang. The guns seemed to draw nearer, and the whole day of the 15th we felt certain that the allied troops had entered Pekin. Every moment we expected to see white soldiers arrive; but towards evening our hopes, raised suddenly very high, sank again deep—as deep as they could go. We almost gave ourselves up for lost, all the more as the bullets from the Chinese soldiers and Boxers pelted down on us much more plentifully than they had done before. Had we had the strength to think, the night would have been a long and terrible one, but we were too much exhausted. Few of us had even the strength to stand on our legs. The next morning, the 16th, towards six o'clock, we

heard the firing getting closer and closer. There were volleys and volleys fired in quick succession, in the direction of the Si-hwa-men (gate of the Yellow or Imperial town), by which the Pe-tang is approached from the east, and only 400 yards from the Mission. Surely we plainly distinguished that these were not Chinese rifles. Our hearts bounded with joy. In a superhuman nervous strain our strength seemed to return to us as by magic. Men ran hither and thither, regardless of bullets ; the women pressed the children to their hearts and prayed.

"The Japanese troops, unable to blow up the gate with their artillery, had climbed over the wall and had opened it. On they hastened to the Pe-tang. A Japanese officer and soldier rushed into the courtyard. In the meantime, the French troops, commanded by General Frey, arrived post-haste, and Captain Marty's company scaled the walls with ladders provided by the Mission, while the Japanese burst open the front gate, having bravely marched through a deadly fusillade from a Chinese barricade. The French marines made a successful flank movement, and the Chinese were defeated. Unfortunately, Captain Marty was wounded and four men killed. The Pe-tang was relieved !

"When our Christians saw the troops entering, some wept with joy ; others knelt down and prayed fervently, and crossed themselves. Many of them suddenly collapsed with nervous prostration. But the majority were too weak to realise that they had been saved !

"The Boxers, during our siege, constantly sent in arrows with letters to our Christians promising to spare the lives of all converts if they delivered up the two Bishops and other Europeans. Among 3000 of our Catholics, not one man" —and here the Bishop drew himself up with pride—"not one

man," he repeated, "wavered for an instant, nor showed any sign of treachery during such trying times. They one and all behaved like heroes, ready at any moment to sacrifice their own lives for the sake of others. Our attempts to communicate with the Legations and the outside world failed, and, alas! with disastrous results. Our first messenger, who volunteered to bring a message, was seized by the Boxers on leaving our compound. He was skinned alive. The skin and head were hung outside our main gate. During sixty days we neither sent nor received a single message, nor did we have a single day of truce, the hatred of the Boxers being shown in a fiercer way towards us than upon the Legations, probably because the cowardly crowd knew that we were weaker.

"During the siege the park of Pe-tang received over 400 bodies of men, killed under fire, women and children who died of hunger or in explosions of mines, shells or fire-rockets. Besides the brave Lieutenant Paul Henry, the quartermaster, the General Visitor of the Marists, the Father Superior of the same Brotherhood, a Father of the Mission, four French sailors, and an Italian, find eternal rest in our graveyard."

In concluding his account, the Bishop raised his arms towards heaven.

"*C'est un miracle du ciel!*" ("It is a miracle from heaven!") he exclaimed, "that we are to-day alive. Without a miracle, it would have been impossible to resist for sixty days the bombardment, the ferocious attacks of the Chinese, the starvation, and the moral trials of such a siege."

I bade Bishop Favier good-bye, and was happy to shake the hand of the greatest of all the heroes of the Pe-tang.

CHAPTER XLII

Camping grounds—The Board of Revenue—Ten conflagrations —Looting — Stories — Rape — Practical jokes — Blackmail— Legal loot—Auction sales.

IN the Chinese city the Temples of Heaven and Agriculture had been occupied, the first as a camping-ground for the British troops (Royal Artillery, Naval Brigade, Sikhs, Welsh Fusiliers, and Wei-hai-wei Regiment), the latter for the Americans (14th and 9th Infantry), and the whole of the Chinese city was in the hands of the British and American soldiers.

The Imperial City had been entered from the east by the Russians, and the Americans had broken in from the south.

The Board of Revenue was occupied by the Japanese, and the following day, August 15, the Board of War was also seized, as well as the Government silk stores.

No less than ten conflagrations were seen in the Imperial City, and the great Lama temple—the most infamous place in Pekin, where, even in times of peace, foreigners were always insulted and shockingly ill-treated by the Buddhist priests—was entered by looting parties, who scattered the valuable library said to be contained within its walls. This was a pity.

Looting commenced at once all over Pekin, although the capital of China did not suffer quite so much in this respect

as Tientsin city. Attempts were made to keep soldiers and civilians in order, and threats of "shooting looters at sight" were issued, but never carried out except in the case of Chinese.

Long lines of mules were to be seen all day long, carrying away loads of silver, grain, and silk from various Government and private stores to the quarters of the Allies. Missionaries, male and female, were frequently observed collecting curios in uninhabited houses, and soldiers helped themselves freely to anything they liked.

I have already described the looting of Tientsin at length, and this was but a mere repetition, only on a smaller scale. The best things had already been looted by the Boxers and Chinese soldiers themselves, who had broken into every house and committed fearful atrocities. In the Imperial City dozens of people were found hung and in a state of decomposition. These had either committed suicide or, more likely, had been murdered by Boxers for no greater crime than possessing foreign-made articles.

Many ridiculous stories have been spread in England and America of the Russian soldier. He is accused of having murdered women and children wholesale, after committing fearful acts of barbarity; and one hears it stated in all seriousness that hundreds of Chinese girls, of the best families, jumped into wells or leapt, at his approach, from a convenient city wall, to escape dishonour. The wells, according to these statements, must have been filled with them! Newly-born children, who had no dishonour to escape, were more appropriately carried by the Russians stuck upon their bayonets on the march, and stories of this kind were repeated so often that simple people at home began to take them all for gospel.

These stories of Russian atrocities are purely malicious and nonsensical inventions. No doubt the originator of these sensational accounts was not aware of the fact that the women and children had fled away long before the Allies arrived. We hardly ever saw a woman on our march to Pekin, or in Pekin itself.

I took particular pains to ascertain whether there was any truth whatever in these stories, and attempted to trace them to their source. Not only did I never see anything of the kind myself during the whole time that I was with the Allies, but I never found any one who could prove these alleged barbarities to be true. On one particular occasion I was referred to an American correspondent, of a poetical turn of mind, who was supposed to have witnessed many of these Russian crimes, and who, in the character of an eye-witness, gave great publicity to them. On cross-examination it turned out that, on landing at Tong-ku, several weeks after the fighting had ceased, he had seen an empty house on fire —set on fire by whom he did not know—and that was all the evidence he could give of the serious accusations he was bringing against the Russian troops of murdering women and babies!

Among all the allied troops, I only know of one solitary case of supposed rape, and that was the case of an American soldier who, several weeks after our entry into Pekin, was duly court-martialled for getting drunk, attempting rape upon a woman, and killing her child, who had come to her assistance. In all probability even this case was one of madness caused by sunstroke, and cannot be charged against the American soldiers in general, who usually behaved with generosity and kindness towards the few natives they came across.

The American boys were great practical jokers.

The west side of the Chinese city outside the Ch'ien gate was placed under their protection, and when the Chinese began to return to their homes, a few days after our entry, they implored the soldiers to write them notices to post on the front doors of their houses so as to keep out looters. A soldier wrote, in gigantic letters :— "U. S. A. Boys, plenty of whisky and tobacco in here."

CHINESE PRISONER BEING TAKEN OUT TO BE SHOT BY JAPANESE SOLDIERS

Every soldier that passed the door banged it open with a kick, and demanded a smoke and a drink, while the puzzled and concerned Chinaman inside pointed to the notice on the door, until it was explained that the writing on it was the principal reason of the many calls he received.

A great number of similar jokes were played, and many of the notices here, as in Tientsin, were extraordinarily worded. A disgraceful case of blackmailing occurred on the part of a man who called himself an Englishman, and who made several thousand dollars by selling small British flags and a certificate guaranteeing the life of the purchaser. When he could not obtain cash, he was satisfied with title-

deeds of Chinamen's property. He was eventually arrested, court-martialled, and condemned to be shot; but, much to everybody's surprise, the British authorities released him. He made a hasty journey to the coast with his ill-acquired wealth.

A Chinese prisoner of war—a well-known assassin—who was kept bound in the Legation for several days, waiting for judgment to be passed upon him, was in a similar manner allowed to escape during the night.

Nothing, probably, was more curious, when Pekin quieted down, than the sale by auction of the legal loot in the British Legation. Regular parties went out with carts and brought in what they could—silks, embroideries, furs, bronzes, jewellery, jade, china vases. These were then sold every afternoon at five o'clock on the Legation lawn, or in the first hall, and quite a considerable sum of money was realised by the sale of these articles. These auctions were well attended, mostly by British officers and missionaries, and by a few Americans.

CHAPTER XLIII

Natural resentment—General Chaffee—His men—No tents—Buddha's peaceful doctrine and modern explosives—An impudent priest—Books of torture—Baroness von Ketteler—The German Minister's body—Convoys of ladies leaving Pekin—The Hanlin, the Carriage Park, and the Mongol Market.

MUCH resentment was felt by the brave American officers and soldiers at the report that their own Minister had objected to give shelter under the Legation roof to the wounded of his nation who had fallen in relieving their countrymen. The Americans were at first encamped under the Tartar wall, where they baked in the broiling sun and suffered from lack of water. Then they were shifted to one of the courtyards of the Imperial City—a most unsuitable place—and then again, much to the soldiers' delight, into the Temple of Agriculture, the first sensible camp which the poor American boys had so far had in the China campaign. There was some shade from trees, green grass, and two magnificent wells of delicious water.

General Chaffee seemed unnecessarily harsh and inconsiderate towards his men. It was understood that he had refused permission to his officers and men to take possession of the many magnificent Chinese tents, abandoned in their flight by the Imperial soldiers, both in the Imperial precincts and under the Tartar wall. There they were—dozens of

them—enormous canvases, each well able to shelter twenty or thirty men, left to rot in the mud and become sleeping-places for pariah dogs, while his soldiers, ninety per cent. of whom or thereabouts were down with dysentery, fever, sunstroke, or other complaints, were suffering terribly from the drenching storms at night ; no clothes to change, no blankets, and no shelter of any kind. The cold season was approaching ; his men had no winter clothing, nor prospects of receiving any, and within a few days it would be getting very cold at night.

One might suppose that the first object of a General would be to take care of his men in time of comparative quiet, and to lose or disable as few as possible by disease.

Surely if General Chaffee's scruples allowed him to desecrate the Temple of Agriculture, and to let the Emperor's throne be used as a "barber's chair," it seemed difficult to understand why he did not take more pains to make his men comfortable when he had plenty of opportunities to do so.

No other General of the Allies behaved in a similar manner. The poor soldiers erected funny little shelters with umbrellas, rags, silks, and Chinese cloth or matting, and gradually collected furs, which they used as bedding. The camp, especially in the sunlight, had quite a picturesque appearance, but when heavy rain fell looked as miserable and wretched a place as one could gaze upon. The poor fellows, crouched under their Chinese finery, fast discolouring in the rain, were drenched to the skin. They practically slept in pools of water.

This unreasonable treatment, now that the fighting was over, and when the men had behaved so singularly well in

the field, was much felt by them, and discontent was rampant.

The officers, too, were not allowed tents, although, by means of subterfuges and stratagems, some were eventually procured.

Reconnaissances were made almost daily by the British and Americans outside the Chinese city, where Boxers were still giving some trouble. They were easily dispersed. It was interesting to notice that in all the Buddhist temples entered large quantities of war materials were found—a curious way of practising the pure and peaceful doctrine of Buddha.

With some Americans I went into a Buddhist temple outside the Chinese Gate, and, besides several thousand rounds of Mauser cartridges, there were a number of cases of explosive shells, and two gun-carriages. The guns had in all probability been buried.

The impudence of the priests was appalling. One, a young fellow, clean shaven, and still wearing his yellow Buddhist robes, came forward. He spoke a few words in English. Relying on our ignorance, he informed us in a loud voice that "he and all the other bonzes were good Christians," whereupon he proceeded to shake hands with us all. Personally, I preferred to shake him by the neck, for his lies and impertinence, and when I had shaken him enough, sent him sprawling into the middle of the courtyard.

In one of the rooms I found a pile of books of fiendish tortures to be inflicted, apparently on Christians. The variations are so minutely studied that it seems almost inconceivable that the human mind could devise such infamous treatment for fellow creatures of flesh and blood.

A reproduction in colours is here given of one of the plates, which is the least ghastly of the series.

These books were evidently in constant use, at least, judging by the finger-marks noticeable on them; and probably they had been used by monks to coach the Boxers in the art of torture to be meted out to foreigners and converts alike.

A PEKIN CART AND ITS WAYS

But let us find our way back into the British Legation.

One was attracted by the striking figure of a woman in black with a piteously sad face!

That was the widow of Baron von Ketteler, whose husband, we remember, was treacherously murdered by Chinese soldiers. She hoped to the last that the Baron was merely a prisoner and still alive, and her grief was almost overpowering. During the siege she was often observed sitting alone for hours on the Legation lawn, where bullets were pelting.

On August 17 Baron von Ketteler's body was found, well preserved in a coffin, near the Ha-ta gate. The Yamên Ministers—his assassins—probably alarmed at what they had done, had prevented the mutilation of the corpse, and had it carefully placed in a coffin. Information was given to the Ministers, after the siege was over, and a funeral of the remains took place on the 18th, at 9 A.M.

CHINESE
From a book found in

RTURES

Buddhist Temple.

The poor Baroness broke down altogether. Seldom in my experience have I seen a more touching case of nervous collapse.

There were many other ladies too, who, now that the strain was over, had become very ill. It was deemed advisable to despatch all women, children, and sick to the coast as soon as possible. A number of sedan chairs, carts, horses and mules, and Indian ambulances were got ready, and two long convoys, escorted by Bengal Lancers, were despatched by the new road to Tung-chow, from which place the refugees would be conveyed by river to Tientsin.

As the way was extremely muddy, and the carts laden with heavy luggage, many of them broke down or got turned over *en route*, but all eventually reached their destination.

The passengers were shipped on junks, and had a peaceful journey down to Tientsin and Taku, whence some were sent to Shanghai and others to Japan.

A prowl around the neighbourhood of the British Legation was quite interesting.

We have heard so much about the Hanlin, the Carriage Park, and the Mongol Market during the siege that a few words of explanation are needed for those readers who are not well acquainted with Pekin.

The Hanlin was the highest Chinese university in the Celestial Empire, and was situated, as we have seen, next to the British Legation to the north and to the east of the neighbouring Carriage Park. It was probably one of the most ancient schools of learning on the face of the globe, and its immense halls and side buildings (over twenty altogether) contained an invaluable library of unique works by the greatest men in China.

Yung-lu's "Encyclopædia," the most colossal undertaking

known in the literary line, was preserved here, as well as innumerable essays, manuscripts, and rare wooden blocks used in printing.

Only two buildings of the Hanlin remained standing when the Allies entered Pekin, the others having been destroyed by fire, mostly by the Chinese themselves, in order to injure the adjoining Legation.

The Carriage Park, west of the Hanlin, was a place of no particular importance, except that in it, inside large and appropriate buildings, were kept the sedan-chairs and palanquins of all kinds and descriptions, the carts and other vehicles, for use by the Court. Elaborate harness, official hats, silk robes and cushions, were herein stored away in profusion until our troops entered it and turned everything pell-mell out into the open. The illustration gives a fair idea of the artistic confusion in the Carriage Park grounds. The brilliantly coloured Chinese official chairs were mixed up with the green waterproof ambulance conveyances of the Brirish Indian troops, and heaps of precious silks and brocades made quite a comfortable bedding for the men with an additional blanket or two.

The Park was surrounded by a high red wall. The principal entrance was to the north, for the convenience of the Imperial Palace.

It is hardly necessary to describe the Mongol Market, as the name explains itself. It was here that in the autumn and winter the Mongol traders and their camels were quartered. The place is at present a mass of ruins.

THE WOMEN'S CONVOY

CHAPTER XLIV

The Temple of Agriculture and the Temple of Heaven—Their sites—The more important of the two—Yung-lo—The size of the Temple of Heaven—The enclosure—Three-fold paradise—The pagoda—The roofs—The interior—The ceiling—The columns—The tablet—The centipede and the angry gods—The South Temple—Tablets of deified ancestors—A beautiful staircase—Three functions—The concentric platforms—Their beauty.

We have seen how, on reaching Pekin, for want of other suitable camping-ground, the Americans had settled in the Temple of Agriculture and the British in no less sacred a spot than the Temple of Heaven.

Particular interest attached to both these enclosures, which were in excellent preservation, and probably a certain *cachet* was added by the fact that they had been inaccessible to Europeans for many years.

Both were situated south of and outside the Tartar Wall, but yet within the Ua-tch'eng or Chinese city, the Temple of Heaven to the east and the Temple of Agriculture to the west of the large paved road which crossed the Chinese city from the Ch'ien gate to the Yung-ting gate. Each was enclosed by a long red-plastered wall, within which rose a profusion of refreshing green trees.

The more important was probably the Temple of Heaven,

built by the Ming Emperor Yung-lo in the eighteenth year of his reign, and at that time used for the double worship of Heaven and Earth. Subsequently the Temple of Earth or Agriculture was built on the opposite side of the road, and

INTERIOR OF PRINCIPAL BUILDING IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

the T'ien Tan remained for the adoration of Heaven pure and simple. The elaborate ornamentations in the various buildings were attributed to the lavishness of the Emperor Kien-lung.

Few people realise that the Temple of Heaven was an enclosure measuring close upon six thousand yards round. It had straight walls to the south, east, and west, cutting each other at right angles; that on the south possessed three immense gateways, while each of the others had only one "three-gate" entrance. To the north the wall described an arc of a circle, and had no opening. Once entered, a long walk through a park took one to another enclosure, wherein was

found that most interesting structure, the Tsi-nien-tien, a three-roofed pagoda—each roof of magnificent greenish-blue tiles—a representation of the threefold Paradise. Certainly more heavenly roofs, more strikingly graceful in line and colour, would be hard to devise. The last roof was surmounted by a large gilt conoid, with a spherical top.

The body of the pagoda itself was circular, over seventy feet in diameter inside, supported on columns inserted in the wall, of delicate lattice-work, lacquered red and gold. Directly under the roof ran a deep blue-and-green frieze, on which the five-clawed Imperial dragon was repeatedly represented in its most fantastic contortions. Thousands of rafters, symmetrically laid one on the top of the other, and all converging towards the centre, supported the roofs, all elaborately and tastefully ornamented, and each row of tiles at the lower end was artistically set in a gold knob mount.

While dark blue was the predominant colour in the first storey of the temple, with painted dragons in pursuit of one another, the second storey was much brighter in colour; but here, too, dragons were plentiful in the twelve panels all round. The contrast of these brilliant but well-matched colours against the beautiful white marble balustrade which surrounded the temple was exquisite.

The structure was approached by three marble staircases, and at the sides of the court in front of it were red-lacquered buildings which, gorgeous in themselves, looked quite insignificant beside the magnificent structure between. At the three staircases were four great three-legged bronze vases or braziers, where offerings were burnt and sacrifices made of sheep, oxen, deer, and other animals welcome to Heaven. A furnace in masonry was also to be found.

Having salaamed to the Sikh who was on guard at the

temple and addressed him in Hindustani, he readily granted me permission to visit the interior.

There were four huge central columns, nearly double the circumference of the ten others in the outer circle, and they

TREBLE GATE IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

were decorated with graceful gold leaves, flowers, and fantastic ornamentations. At the bottom, as a frieze, the characteristic wave pattern appropriately finished the simple column resting on a plain, gently-sloping base, a low section of a cone.

About one-third of the interior of the temple was occupied by a high marble platform, reached by three staircases of five steps each, with a quaint blue-and-gold balustrade. This platform stood to the north, while two lower ones were to the east and west, outside the quadrangle formed by the four central columns.

Through the red-lacquered lattice-work of the panels a

charming pictorial effect was obtained, the brilliant blue roof of a further temple outside shining in the bright sun, and producing an effect not unlike what one imagined fairy-land to be.

The dome-like ceiling began at about one-third of the height of the whole structure, and closely resembled —although infinitely more minute in its details — the ornamentations of the exterior. Here, too, Imperial dragons, singly and in couples, coiled and uncoiled themselves in the most capricious and artistic fashion on each panel.

The red columns of the outer circle had green capitals, and met the ceiling at about half the height of the building, whereas the four decorated central ones had no capitals whatever, and reached to almost the greatest height of the dome. The upper part of these four columns blended away into a band of gold, four yards broad, which ran into the ceiling, where it became a massive circle in the upper part of the dome.

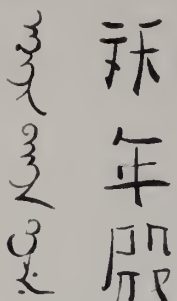
Above the band, which had rather a heavy appearance, extra capitals, like those of the columns, were placed, two in each interval between two columns, and above them projected from bottom to top a series of painted rafters laid one upon the other, growing gradually larger in size, and in perfect mathematical proportion, as they went higher. These rafters were blue and gold, alternated with red and green.

The upper dome was formed by a gold concave panelling, radiating from the centre, and in the centre itself lay, gracefully coiled in a hollow niche, China's dragon, with its claws outstretched, and watching with awe-inspiring eyes the worshippers in the temple below.

The tablet in blue and gold, with an inscription in

Manchu and Chinese, hung outside on the top storey of the temple.

There were twenty-eight marble steps to reach the temple. Each staircase had a centre panel, or three in all, two of which had sculptures of dragons. The wave pattern was represented on the other.



TABLET IN MANCHU AND CHINESE

Two bronze vases or burners stood at the foot of the main staircase.

Bishop Favier—as good an authority on the subject as one can find—told me that in 1889 this temple was destroyed by lightning, but had since been rebuilt. The Chinese aver that a centipede had been impudent enough to crawl to the highest point on the golden top of the temple, and that to revenge this insult the angry gods discharged a flash of lightning which not only dislodged the many-legged insect from its high position, but reduced the holy temple to ashes as well.

The south temple, still in the same enclosure, had only one storey. When I visited it it was in a state of dilapidation, a number of broken tables, small altars, and cabinets lying about inside. There was a central marble platform reached by a single staircase of nine steps, and on it a gilt three-panelled altar. The eight columns supporting the roof bore the leaf pattern, and a triple wave at the base. The dome was in terraces of green, blue, and red, the centre being occupied by the phœnix and a golden dragon. There were besides four more marble smaller platforms to the east and west, on which stood eight cabinets reached by wooden steps. These were presumably the receptacles of the eight tablets to the deified ancestors of the Emperors who have reigned since Chun-che (1643), the

PAGODA IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

first emperor of the Tsing dynasty. The carved doors of these cabinets had been smashed open, and at the time of my visit the ancestral tablets had disappeared, but there still

THE SOUTH TEMPLE AS SEEN FROM CIRCULAR PLATFORM

remained an enormous tablet on the northern side dedicated to the Heavenly Empire.

A treble gate with blue-tiled roof had to be gone through to enter this temple, and in the court on either side were two buildings of minor importance. On the white marble panel in the circular staircase of the steps were two magnificently carved Imperial dragons. The lower portion of the wall of this temple was brown instead of gilt, the woodwork extending to the floor; but on the south and west sides there were walls of solid stone.

The Emperor was in the habit of visiting the temple three times a year to offer his prayers to Heaven, and to account for the administration of his country. It is well known that the Emperor was regarded in China as the Son of Heaven, hence the origin of these ceremonies. The first function

took place at the beginning of the winter, when the Emperor accounted in full to Heaven for the way in which he had governed the country during the preceding twelve months. This was called the *Kiao t'ien* ceremony. Next came the

STONE GATEWAY IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

Teu-sin, during the first moon, in order humbly to receive the mission to govern the Empire for another year. Towards the end of the spring the Emperor paid his last yearly visit, the *Ta-in*, to obtain rain and pray for plentiful crops. Leaving the last building we go through the treble gate again to the south of it, and having crossed another stone gateway shall find ourselves in a quadrangular court enclosed in a red wall with a blue roof to it. We shall then proceed under another stone gateway—not unlike the familiar but three-fold *tori* of Japan, which leads into a circular enclosure within which were three concentric marble tiers, with beautifully carved balustrades. These three platforms, one above

the other, were reached by four staircases, one at each point of the compass, each flight having nine steps between one tier and the next. Nine is considered by the Chinese a mystic number. The upper platform was paved with flat slabs

THREE TIERED PLATFORM IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

of white marble radiating from a central circular slab and getting larger and larger in most perfect geometrical proportion until they reached the edge of the outer circle of the platform. Here stood a most artistic balustrade with pillars, quadrangular up to the height of the rest of the baluster and in circular sections in the part projecting above it. The marble panels between pillar and pillar were solid, and beautifully carved with dragons and horizontal lines in the lower portion, but perforated in the upper part, the centre of the aperture being adorned by a support of simple, graceful, and tasteful curves.

It was on this upper platform that the Emperor, supported (figuratively) by five of his ancestors, as well as (in reality) by the Imperial Princes and highest mandarins, offered his

fervent prayers on the three occasions described. The place was then lavishly decorated with banners and baldachins. There still remained, at the time of my visit, a number of stone stands and pedestals on which presumably these flags were fixed, and at the south entrance stood two large bronze vases or braziers. Two more vases were at the bottom of the north steps, on the second platform, but no pedestals for flags were to be seen except on the top tier and a few at each gate. All round the circular base of each platform and directly under every pillar of the balustrade, three feet apart, projected carved elephants' heads with coiled trunks ingeniously used as water-pipes to drain the rain-water from the several platforms.

As one roamed about in the beautiful grounds, with fine trees and green grass everywhere, one came near the western entrance to the Emperor's Hall of Fasting, and to the Emperor's private apartments in the rear of the building. This was now turned into the headquarters of the British army, and horses and mules grazed about in the sacred grounds, while hundreds of boxes and cases—and no small quantity of loot—lined the verandahs of the buildings. Most of the furniture had been destroyed and used as firewood.

CHAPTER XLV

The Temple of Agriculture—Its Chinese name—Its size—Its history—The buildings—Symbolic platform—The large hall—Offerings—The *Pe-tien*—Implements—The rear hall—The wells—The Emperor's patch of land—Ploughing the land—His assistants—The Imperial crops—The American camp—The throne as a barber's chair.

Opposite the Temple of Heaven, across the paved road, by a gently sloping incline, the Temple of Agriculture was entered. After the dust of Pekin, the dry aspect of the country all round, the dirt and evil smells of the streets, one felt, as one got within the red wall, like the traveller in the desert on discovering an oasis. Here, too, as in the Temple of Heaven, were fresh green grass and verdant trees, which were highly refreshing to one's eyes, nose, and lungs; and as one stood at the gate was a large stretch of green open ground lying in front to the south and south-west, while the western and

WELL IN THE TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE

northern portion was well wooded in clusters. The Chinese name for the Temple of Earth, or Agriculture, was Sien-nung-t'an, and the ceremonials performed here by the Emperor were quite as important as those of the Temple of Heaven. In size this enclosure was considerably smaller. The measurement round the outer wall was 3500 yards, and the shape of the enclosure similar to that of the other temple.

Built in the time of the Ming Emperor Kia-King, it was further embellished and restored by Kien-lung; but although the two larger halls and a small one were of considerable beauty, they did not compare from a pictorial point of view or in gracefulness with those of the Temple of Heaven. The other buildings, to the north-west of these, were even less important. This simplicity was purposely displayed by the Chinese, for this temple was dedicated to Earth, wherein all must be work and toil, to represent which, as can be seen in the illustration, the marble platform on which the Emperor worshipped and where sacrifices were offered was square and angular, instead of having those qualities of "smoothness and roundness" which symbolise Heaven to the Chinese mind.

This marble platform was one-tiered, and, owing to the ceremonies that were performed on it, went by the name of *Sien-nung-t'an*.

The large hall, directly north of the platform, was called Tai-sui-tien, and measured seventy feet in length. It was dedicated to the star *Mu-sin* (Jupiter), to which the Emperor offered sacrifices. The structure was being used by the Americans here quartered as the commissariat headquarters of the American troops, and the furniture, altars, and ornaments had been torn down and conveniently used for fuel.

The holy items were replaced by packages of cured pork, corned beef, tinned beans, tomatoes, large tins of "crackers," and other such more worldly articles. The marble altar, too, came in useful for tying up cavalry horses, and for the deposit of packing-cases which would not soil in the rain. At the entrance to the right was to be found the *Pe-tien*, where the Emperor began his adorations, and where the Imperial agricultural implements, yellow lacquered and beautifully

THE SIEN NUNG-T'AN PLATFORM AND TAI SUI-TIEN HALL
(TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE)

ornamented with gold dragons and silk tassels, were stored There were oxen kept here, and a plough, spade, pitchforks, harrows, brooms, baskets, wide hats, and a quantity of other minor implements and tools.

The rear hall, represented in the illustration, was also a very large one, and contained a kind of throne, altars, &c. It was now being used as a hospital, unfortunately well filled with patients, wounded and sick. Going through a regular labyrinth of partitioning walls one found oneself in a courtyard containing two wells of most delicious cool water. These inexhaustible wells were a great boon to the American soldiers.

The most interesting spot of all was, however, the patch of land—now all covered with high grass—which the Emperor cultivated every spring with his own hands as an example to the farmers of the Celestial Empire. The ceremony was a most interesting one, and dated from the time of the Yuens, when the Emperor was assisted in his work by the Tao-che. Under the Mings the Emperor was helped by the eunuchs, and till the last ceremony Imperial Princes and high officials gave a helping hand to his Imperial Majesty. Towards the middle of the spring—or, to be accurate, on the first day of the second part of the spring—the Emperor* went every year to the Temple of Agriculture with three princes, nine high dignitaries, and a large following, who had been duly prepared for the ceremony by undergoing a fast. After the first adorations they proceeded towards the Imperial field. The ox, the plough, and all the other implements were ready, and the Emperor began by tracing a furrow from east to west, four times forwards and four times backwards, or eight furrows in all. To the Emperor's right walked the President of the Yamên, with a whip; and to the left the first mandarin of the province, with the seeds, which were there and then sown by a third official who walked behind the Em-

THE REAR HALL IN THE TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE

* According to Bishop Favier.

peror. Each of the three Princes ploughed nine furrows, and the nine dignitaries eighteen each, after which a number of the oldest men among the labourers were called in to finish

MAJOR QUINTON (SITTING ON THE EMPEROR'S CHAIR) AND CAPT. MARTIN

the work. In the autumn the grain obtained by the Imperial work was carefully collected and preserved in separate store-houses, the *Cheng-tsang*, and was used only for offerings to the gods.

In one of the large side fields was the camp of the 9th and 14th U.S. Infantry—a most picturesque sight, with its mat sheds, Chinese umbrellas, and rags of all colours, sizes and shapes, used by the soldiers to get what protection they could against the inclement weather. One of the interesting features historically was the large chair, represented in the

illustration, on which sits the able Major Quinton, with the brave Captain Martin standing by his side. The chair was nothing less than the Emperor's throne. It had for some time been used by the soldiers as a "barber's chair," until the gallant Major came to its rescue and placed it for safe keeping outside his quarters. It was red lacquered, with handsome ornaments in gold.

CHAPTER XLVI

Horrible sights—Maternal love—A touching scene—The houses in the Imperial City—Articles of foreign manufacture—Six strangled—A tortured eunuch—Pigtails cut off—Cruelty.

NATURALLY, war being a cruel and barbarous practice in the first instance, one is bound to see a good many horrible sights at every turn, no matter in what country the fighting takes place.

One of the most touching sights which came under my observation was on the day Pekin was entered by the allied troops. I was riding, revolver in hand, through the streets of the east Tartar city, and, having mistaken my way, got into some narrow streets which the allied soldiers had not yet reached. There were crowds of frightened natives about, mostly men, whom, by their bearing, I recognised as soldiers, although they had discarded the coat of their uniforms. The sight alone of my revolver—as nasty-looking a weapon, calibre 44, as any one could carry—was enough to keep them well ahead of me, and I had no occasion to fire, although, in peeping over the low walls of houses, I perceived on two occasions men ready to do some sniping with Mannlicher rifles.

In getting near the Tartar wall, there lay in the middle of a narrow street the body of a young fellow, of good family,

judging by his well-chiselled face, his refined but now rigid hands, and his handsome silk coat, now soaked in blood. The poor boy had evidently rushed out of the house and had been killed by a shell, which had produced a ghastly wound. Leaning over his body, a blind and decrepit old woman, his mother, was feeling with her half-paralysed hands the face of her son, which she was caressing. She sobbed piteously, and entreated him to answer her. I could not help stopping to try and comfort her. Alas! the poor boy was cold and his heart beat no more.

On hearing the sound of my pony's steps and the voice of a foreigner near by, the poor woman made a gesture that she wished to be killed too, and in the strain she collapsed altogether on the body of her beloved son, where, being powerless to help her, I left her shedding bitter tears. It was a heartrending scene.

One came across a good many Chinese wounded near the Tartar wall, but for a mixture of beautiful and horrible sights there was no place to compare with the Imperial City.

I found my way through, and passed the Imperial wall by the west gate—held by British, and later jointly with Japanese guards. Like all other roads in Pekin, this, which led straight forward to the Forbidden City, was much higher in the centre than at the sides, and was not unlike a railway embankment. The houses along it were four or five feet below the level of the road. At the farthest end one came to the east gate of the Forbidden City, closed and guarded from outside by Japanese, but I followed the road leading north along the moat.

The houses in the Imperial City were not all beautiful, there being a number of shops and poor dwellings, as well

as houses of princes, mandarins, Court officials, and noblemen. Nearly all the principal houses had already been looted by Chinese soldiers and Boxers, but in some there still remained heaps of abandoned silks, beautiful brocades, and valuable *cloisonné*, enamels, and china vases, cups and plates. Saddles and harness, magnificently embossed, or inlaid in silver and gold, such as were used for their official carts on state functions, were also to be seen under the porch at the entrance of the larger residences.

Some of the houses had perfectly circular doors, leading into handsome courts prettily laid out with rare plants, but no special characteristic differentiated them from the better dwellings outside the Imperial wall.

Possibly one did not notice in these houses quite so many articles of foreign make, except clocks and music-boxes, as one did, for instance, in the better houses of Tientsin ; but it may be that, during the Boxer movement, those who possessed such things were not too anxious to retain them, for the ownership of foreign goods frequently meant the loss of the head of the person possessing them.

The sun was very hot. I was riding one day through the Imperial City, and stopped under the refreshing shade of a tree outside an imposing residence opposite the north-east corner, *Kiao-cheou*, of the Forbidden City wall ; unluckily, there seemed to be such a stench as I got off my pony, that I proceeded to investigate where it came from. I entered the gate, which had been battered down. In the second court, blackened by fire and wrecked, were the remains of one of the buildings, and in the centre of the court a charred body. Some broken swords and various other indications plainly showed that there had been hand-to-hand fighting on these premises.

In fact, I went on till I got into a narrow passage, at the end of which were six bodies hanging. The light was not propitious for a snapshot, as the bodies were in

STRANGLED

shadow, but I took one all the same, although, owing to the state of decomposition of the corpses, I did not give it a very long exposure.

There were three well-grown people (two men and a woman) and three children, one of whom does not appear in the photograph, as he hung behind the wall to the left. Undoubtedly these poor creatures, the whole family of some high official, had been strangled by Boxers; probably by order of the Empress Dowager herself. The little innocent mites, strung up in a horrible fashion, gave one quite a shock.

In another big official residence I discovered a eunuch who had been similarly treated, and of whom I give here a photograph. He bore the marks of torture round his legs where cords had cut into his flesh. He hung from a beam, and was swollen and green from decomposition. I had reason to be sorry for getting too near the door to take the photograph here reproduced.

TORTURED AND HUNG

In another house were several heads cut off and swinging to bamboos in the courtyard ; and in one house lay about a number of pigtails which had been severed from their rightful owners, the most dreaded but not the most painful punishment that can be inflicted on a Chinaman.

These sights were indeed bad enough, and well showed that the deeds of the Society of Righteous Harmony did not altogether correspond with its name.

The sufferings endured by the Chinese from their own countrymen during the war of 1900 were undoubtedly greater than those the Allies did or could ever inflict upon them.

Yet, mind you, touches of cruelty on the part of the conquering troops were not wanting.

One evening, on returning from Pe-tang, I remember

hearing moans on one side of the high road, and to my horror saw a live Chinaman suspended by his pigtail and by his arms twisted back. I entreated the guard to be merciful towards the wretch, but I was told that he had been caught looting, and that this was an appropriate punishment. Failing the light, I returned early the next morning to take a photograph of him, but he had been let off shortly before I arrived, by cutting off his pigtail close to the skull. The soldiers who had done it thought it was a great joke!

CHAPTER XLVII

Interesting sights—The modern university—Dr. Martin—Russian headquarters—Russian fairness—The Lama temple—Buddha or *Fo*—A much-travelled image—The living Buddha—A weird ceremony—The demons' dance—*Me-chan*, or Coal hill—Russian camp—The pagodas—The explosion of a powder magazine—A palace.

APART from all that was ghastly and revolting, there were also plenty of interesting sights within the Imperial wall. Take for instance, the up-to-date university, where western teachings were spread broadcast by imported foreign professors. Dr. Martin, an American gentleman of great ability, who had resided in China for over forty years, was principal of the university, and he was assisted by a cosmopolitan staff of professors of no mean reputation.

The up-to-date university, unlike the Han-lin, had room after room with the latest maps hanging from the walls, and where all kinds of instruments for experimental purposes in physics, geometry, and chemistry were stored in glass cases and on shelves. Barring the turned-up roofs of the buildings, there was really very little to distinguish it from a well-regulated school of the same type in any part of the world.

This building was preserved after the fall of Pekin and was taken possession of by the Russians who used it as the headquarters for General Linievitch and his staff.

The Russians were said (and I have it on good authority) to have behaved with great generosity towards some of the foreigners who had been employed in the university, and who, failing the support of their respective Ministers, had applied directly to the Russian General to try and obtain payment of the arrears of their salary owed them by the Chinese Government.

Although not their co-nationals, the Russians agreed that the request was just, and readily disbursed the money. This was by no means the first nor last occasion on which the Russian officers behaved towards British and American subjects in such a manner, showing themselves absolutely free from the nonsensical red tape which characterises our own military men and our officials in general in foreign countries.

To the north of the Catholic buildings stood the celebrated Lama Temple, which dated from the time of the Ming dynasty. As the Buddhist priests, the Lamas, were the principal instigators of the Boxer movement, and this was their principal temple, it may be of interest to the reader to have a few words on the subject. I paid a visit to the temple some years ago, and was struck by the beauty of the three monuments and the handsome marble pavement, as well as by the effrontery of the holy Lamas who showed one round. It was frequent, in fact usual, for every foreigner who visited the temple to have a fight with the Lamas before being able to come out again. There were several hundred Lamas in the temple, subsidised by the Emperor, and offerings from the devout were so plentiful that the institution was in a very flourishing condition. In the third monument, a kind of mausoleum named the Ta-pao-tien, was preserved the miraculous image of Buddha, or *Fo*. Although made of

wood, it was said to have journeyed alone from the distant west in order to dwell in this temple, the "Tchan-tan-ssu."

As a matter of fact, it was manufactured during the reign of Mu-uang, of the Tchu dynasty, and was subsequently gilt all over. It measured about five feet in height, and according to legend it was probably the most travelled bit of statuary in existence. The Emperor and the Court prostrated themselves at its feet and worshipped it. It was said to be no less than 2889 years old (in 1901), and at the tender age of 1280 years spent in the West it developed a roaming disposition which led it to visit Kui-tze-Ku, Kansu, Si-nang-fu, Kiang-nan, and Ngan-hui for periods varying from fourteen years which was the shortest, to 367 years, the longest.

HEXAGONAL PAGODA ON COAL HILL AND TWO 80-MM. FRENCH MOUNTAIN GUNS TRAINED ON THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

On its arrival in Pekin it paid a "flying visit," as it were, to the Imperial Palace, where it only remained fifty-four years, and for no other reason but that the Palace was burnt down, Fo's image shifted its quarters to the temple of

Kio-fung, where it took a rest for 128 years. At the beginning of Kang-si's reign, in 1666, the wooden Buddha found its way into the present Lama temple where it has remained ever since, in the company of a myriad of other minor idols.

In this Lama temple, as in the principal monastery of Lhassa, in Tibet, there l ved, besides, a human personification of Buddha, second in rank to the Dalai Lama of the Sacred City of Tibet, with whom he was in constant communication. He was called the *Huo-Fo*, or living Buddha.

The ceremonies and services were almost identical with those performed by the Tibetan Lamas, and the most striking to Western eyes was the "demons' dance," which took place every year in the first moon.

Dressed in his gaudy yellow robes, the living Buddha proceeded to the entrance of the principal temple, where he listened from a high throne to a double choir of Lamas and novices, who accompanied their chanting with the mellow sound of drums, cymbals, and flutes. Some of the drums were made with reversed sections of human skulls, and the place was lighted by a flame burning in butter contained in a cranium.

Impassive and serene the Huo-Fo was gazed upon by thousands of worshippers, who were knocked about and chased all over the premises by a band of Lamas wearing hideous masks. After a long service the living Buddha rose from his seat and strode towards the closed doors of the Ta-pao-tien. By some ingenious contrivance the doors opened automatically at his approach, while the ignorant crowd stared aghast. A glimpse was obtained of burning lights and with it a gust of odour of frizzling butter and the rancid perfume of consumed joss-sticks which came from inside the temple.

ME-CHAN OR COAL HILL SHOWING RUSSIAN CAMP

The living Buddha strode alone into the temple and the door closed behind him, while the demons outside seized this opportune moment to display the maximum of their devilry. Their yells were wild, and their ways indescribable. Eventually they congregated in the centre of the court, when, presumably owing to the prayers of the living Buddha, they suddenly vanished. This, too, was a trick which appealed to the gullible devotees, who emptied their satchels of all the available cash as an offering to Buddha's powers.

Directly north of the Forbidden City stood the pretty *Me-chan*, otherwise called Coal Hill. It was said to be really a mountain of coal, heaped there in the time of the Yuen to provide the Palace with fuel in case of a long siege. There were five pavilions on the crest of the hill, but only three are to be seen now. They were erected by that wonderful Emperor Kia-King. The hill was not more than 200 feet high, well wooded, and had a road from the north leading up to the pavilions. For many years foreigners had not been permitted to visit it or even go near it, but it was now used as a Russian camp, the Cossack ponies and a solitary and unhappy camel being tied to the trees at the foot of the hill. To the N.E. was still to be seen the acacia to which the Emperor Tchung-chen hung himself.

The Russian camp was very tidy, with numerous tents carefully laid out in rows, the kitchen carts steaming away gaily, and a regular pandemonium of music-boxes playing unitedly, but not in unison, every conceivable air of European operas and Celestial music.

The result was such a diabolical discord that it took a stronger man than myself to stand it. I climbed the hill.

The pagoda on the highest point was the largest and most

handsome. It was square, and had a gilt top to the yellow-and-green tiled uppermost roof of its three. There was a pretty blue frieze with red ornamentations under each roof, and on the bottom floor a quaint yellow and-green tiled balustrade.

The other two pavilions were one hexagonal and the

THE EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM COAL HILL.

other circular. They only had two tiers each, but with this exception they bore in their architectural lines a marked resemblance to the first structure. Inside these pagodas were large wooden figures of Buddha enclosed within lattice, red-lacquered walls.

From the verandah of the highest pagoda one obtained a beautiful bird's eye view over the Forbidden City and the lotus ponds, but probably not quite so complete as that which stretched before one from the Pe-ta monument, a little further west.

On three long and rickety bamboos, tied by sundry bits of string to the columns of this pagoda, the highest and most important point in Pekin, flew only three flags of the Allies, the Russian, the French, and the German. One would

have liked to see the British and the American flying by their side.

I was pleasantly talking to some French and Russian officers when two consecutive terrific explosions nearly

GUNS OF THE ALLIES TRAINED ON THE CHEN HOANG TIEN PALACE IN THE IMPERIAL CITY

shook us off our feet. A couple of hundred yards to the north-west of us a column of white smoke and *débris* was shot, and uncurled some three hundred feet into the air. A fire had spread to a powder magazine, which had blown up. Here is a snapshot of the explosion.

Looking down towards the hexagonal pagoda one saw two neat French 80 mm. mountain guns pointing towards the yet uncaptured Forbidden City.

Directly behind Coal Hill was the large palace of Chen-hoang-tien, where at the Emperor's death his coffin was deposited previous to being conveyed to the tombs of the dynasty.

In this palace there existed the revered image of the great Emperor Kang si.

To the north-west corner of the Forbidden City, some little way outside the wall and close to the Yu-ho-kiao marble bridge, was the Tcheng-kuan-tien, a large building with a circular wall, the windows of which were screened by red matting. In the centre of it, as can be seen by the photograph here given, stood a high, two-tiered pagoda. A huge and ancient green jade fish-bowl was said to have been in this building since the time of Kien-lung, and it was here that in 1893, sitting on a high and elaborate throne, the Emperor received in audience the representatives of foreign Powers in Pekin.

There was some thoughtful suggestiveness in the selection of this palace for their reception, as the place was merely used by the Emperor on such lugubrious occasions as, for instance, the putting on of his mourning clothes at the loss of dear relations. Had his Imperial Majesty, even at that time, a presentiment that in receiving these foreign visitors he had better begin by mourning the eventual loss of his beloved country ?

CHAPTER XLVIII

The Pe-ta—Approaches to the mausoleum—Interesting tiles—The shrine—The terrific "Pussa"—The mausoleum—The marble column—Long-distance signals—French wit—The Lotus Ponds—A beautiful sunset—The ever victorious Kin dynasty—Tchung-che.

ONE of the most impressive and interesting structures within the walls of the Imperial City is the "Pe-ta," a curious stone erection in the shape of a mausoleum with a high white tower surmounting it. It stands on a prettily wooded hill overlooking the sacred Lotus Ponds.

There is something very weird about the mausoleum as you see it from the foot of Coal Hill. From this side it is approached by a superb marble bridge of exquisite taste and proportion, at the end of which, in contrast to the green trees of the hill, sparkle the red and green and blue wooden gateways, roofed by richly varnished imperial tiles. Above stands the Pe-ta monument, imposing and majestic, probably the most majestic in Pekin.

To Western eyes its curious shape is at first but moderately attractive, but what strikes the observer particularly is how well the architect has succeeded in its lines in suggesting power, weight and strength, which after all is what he intended doing. The hill on which the monument stands is artificially made, and is thickly wooded with fine old trees.

The monument itself is some five hundred yards away to the north-west of the Forbidden City wall. It is approached by climbing long flights of stone steps, over which stand at intervals four gateways, similar in shape to the one already described, and roofed with blue, green, and yellow tiles. On reaching the summit of the long staircase one comes, in front of the mausoleum to the south, to a quadrangular shrine on a platform.

The outside walls of this handsome structure are decorated with small square blue tiles, very interesting in themselves, for within the centre of each is to be admired a white Buddha in relief, wearing a blue cap. He sits cross-legged, according to his fashion, gracefully holding in his hand a sphere. In daring constrast yet in most attractive combination with these walls are the brightly varnished yellow columns supporting the roof, while the magnificent bronze gates, beautifully cast and with fretwork panels, are indeed worthy of admiration.

Inside the shrine, the ceiling is probably the most elaborate part, with its weird, symbolic ornamentations and artistic pictures of flowers, dragons, demons, and representations of the adjoining mausoleum. Many of the ornaments do not strike one as being purely Chinese, nor in fact Asiatic, but, strangely enough, seem semi-Egyptian in character. It would be interesting to trace who was the artist of these decorations, although very likely the influence in art to be observed here may have been imported across Asia by Mahommedans.

The walls in the interior are bare. In the centre of the shrine, on a small marble pedestal, rests a huge bronze statue with no less than thirty-six outstretched arms and sixteen legs. The god treads on oxen and deer, and has a snake which he binds belt-like round his body. Five heads,

adorned with skulls, a blue one in the centre, a violet and a white one to the right, a white and a green to the left, rest on the shoulders of this strange deity ; and above them stand yet two more heads, one of a red beast, and highest of all the head of Buddha the Great, with the gem duly shining in his forehead. This statue represents the terrific Pussa.

The mausoleum itself, of brown stone, has a large window to the south, but no doors. It is said to contain a fine statue of Buddha, or Fo, the ever-radiant Sovereign of Heaven and the Saviour of men. According to history the mausoleum was erected to contain this precious statue, and is not, as it would at first appear to be, a tomb. The lower portion is a handsome quadrangular base on which rises a heavy section of a cone, the larger diameter being upwards, and the top convex. In the centre stands a curious white marble column, of great height, encircled by nine rings, and crowned by two concentric circles with bronze bells. Prominent on the mausoleum is a large tablet with Manchu inscription.

Directly north, behind the monument, are five high staves with small platforms on them, used for long-distance signalling by fire at night, and flags, or other such simple means, in the daytime. These staves are used also for decorative purposes, when the gaudy standards of the Imperial Palace are made to fly gaily in the wind, in full sight of the whole country around, the Pe-ta-chan being, after the Me-chan, the highest hill within a radius of twelve miles of the Forbidden City.

But on the day of my visit to the mausoleum the five-clawed dragon did not float on the Pe-ta-chan ; there was another flag—the blue, white and red ensign of France. There were no sunburnt, picturesque Celestial soldiers with their pigtails wound round the head and their impudent

demeanour, nor any fire watchman to receive and convey messages coming and going, from hill-top to hill-top, from one end of Asia to the other. No, all these things were done away with. There were, instead, a few French soldiers on guard, worn out by the tropical climate of Saigon, and half killed by their march to Pekin. They were polite, simple fellows, quite pathetic when you came to talk to them in their own native tongue of their own country. There they lay asleep, half a dozen of them, some garbed in silk crape Chinese coats and trousers, others half-naked owing to the terrific heat, while a corporal and four men were keeping guard. I asked them what they thought of Pekin. "Not much," but, bad as it was, they remarked it was "*cent fois mieux que Saigon*" ("a hundred times better than Saigon"), but naturally it did not compare with *la belle France*. They knew of no country that did. Guessing my nationality, and with delightful *naïveté*, one of them remarked: "*Mais votre pays aussi, l'Angleterre, serait aussi bien belle si elle etait où est la France.*"

"*Peut-être quelque jour elle y sera!*" said I, chaffingly, and we all laughed at our respective sarcasm. The men were jovial and very good-hearted—touchingly so. They had little food, and hardly any water to drink. Yet, thinking that I might be hungry after my climb up Pe-ta-chan, they laid before me their humble fare and begged and pressed me to accept some. These men were very intelligent, bright and quick, although to a casual observer they might appear dull and stupid, owing to their reserved, almost shy nature, which has led many American and English correspondents in the field to misjudge the French in Pekin. It must be remembered that, no matter how good a soldier may be, he must have occasional rest, especially when his service has been in

tropical countries. There were no foreign troops in China that had been away from their native land longer than the French, nor that had been in a worse climate, therefore an allowance should be made for their wretched condition. Men are men after all, no matter what is their nationality, and although abuse has been showered on the French by certain writers, it is only fair to say that, taking everything into consideration, they did as good work as was required of them.

The nature of the French soldiers tends evidently towards the artistic and beautiful. There was a magnificent sunset that evening, and the soldiers pointed to the lovely view down below of the Lotus Ponds spanned by the white marble bridges and balustrades. Away to the south the Empress's palaces, the kiosks, the summer pavilions, shone in all their brilliancy, while the rays of the dying sun added warmth and softness to the sparkling mass of vari-coloured tiles on the Imperial roofs to the south-east of Pe-ta. The intricate and untidy multitude of houses forming the city of Pekin was toned advantageously—from a picturesque point of view—by the reddish and yellow light of setting Phœbus, and by a cloak of dust which hung low over the town and added to its mysteriousness. Here and there in the distance one of the high gate towers rose majestic above the reddish sea of dust, and then far away to the north-west one could just distinguish a high pagoda. Near by, down below, was the abandoned Catholic church of the old Pe-tang, and a little further off the battered down marble cathedral, the new Pe-tang.

It is said that these artificial hills, the Me-chan (coal hill) and the Kiung-hao-tao (or Pe-ta), these lovely Lotus Ponds, these enchanting pleasure grounds, were the work of the

powerful and ever-victorious Kin dynasty, to which are attributed many of the most important constructions in Pekin. But the mausoleum itself was not erected until later, by order of the first Emperor of the Tsing dynasty, by name Tchung-che.

He was the son of Tien-tsung, and he came to the throne of China at the tender age of six, in the year 1643 or 1644. It will be recollected that the present Manchu dynasty supplanted the Ming reigning family in a curious fashion. It is such an extraordinary bit of history that it may be here briefly recorded, as it will serve to make many points in this book clear to those readers who are not well acquainted with China.

THE PE-TA MAUSOLEUM

CHAPTER XLIX

The Mings—Li-kung—A betrayed Emperor—Uh-san-kui and the Tartars—Tchung-che the first Emperor of the Tsing Dynasty—A-ma-nang—The sea-faring Chen-che-lung and his fleet of junks—Jun-lie elected Emperor—The siege and capture of Canton—Rebellions in the West—A mission to Mongolia—The origin of the Chinese pigtail—The revenge of an ungrateful Emperor.

THE Mings, apparently a weak, depraved family, had got into great difficulty in the province of Chili and in the Liaotung peninsula. In 1634, Tchang-chen, their last Emperor, found himself confronted with the doubly-threatening prospect of a Tartar invasion from the north and a general rebellion of his own subjects. At the head of the rebels was a disreputable ruffian, by name Li-kung, whose influence and power over the reckless mob was almost as great as his ambition, which knew no bounds. Committing fearful atrocities wherever he led his fanatical followers, he was in possession seven years later of Shen-si and Hu-nan; and in October 1642 he conquered the town of Kae-fung-fu, and massacred no less than 3000 men, women, and children. Soon after, Si-nang-fu fell into his hands, and he appointed himself Emperor.

Not satisfied with this, he successfully extended his opera-

tions to Shen-si, and by means of bribery, corruption, and treachery, he entered Pekin, in those days called Yen-kin.

The betrayed Emperor in despair attempted to kill his daughter, but not being skilful in the use of a sword he only succeeded in chopping off one of her hands. He then committed suicide by hanging himself from a tree on the Me-chan hill (coal hill).

A pathetic touch ended this tragedy. On the barren hills of Shantung a young boy of refined appearance, his crippled sister, and a faithful old servant were seen straggling in search of food and shelter. They were the heirs to the throne, his sister and a devoted friend having escaped from the carnage in the Palace when Li-kung took possession of it.

The only General who had remained faithful to the unfortunate Emperor was Uh-san-kui, who, having insufficient forces to meet such a formidable enemy, appealed to the Tartars, beseeching them to cross the boundary and come to his aid. This the Tartar king did at once with 80,000 men. The cowardly Li-kung fled to Shen-si, leaving the capital to itself. He was pursued. Part of the booty which he had carried away was seized, but he managed to escape across the Yellow River, and his assailants returned to Pekin. Uh-san-kui, having lost hope of restoring the Mings to the throne, was induced to pursue his enemy into the Shen-si province, and in the meanwhile some hundred thousand Tartars migrated to Pe-chili, establishing themselves firmly in Pekin. In this fashion the old Chinese capital became the capital of the Tartars.

The six-year-old Tartar boy, Tchung-che, having been elected Emperor in 1643, his uncle, A-ma-uang, a man of more than ordinary ability, good judgment and military

skill, became tutor and regent. His dealings were just and honourable with all alike. Tchung-che was the first Emperor of the Tsing dynasty, to this day the reigning dynasty of China.

But, nevertheless, in the south the descendants of the Mings were still powerful and troublesome. Some of them were elected Emperors in various provinces, and it took the Tartars the best part of fifteen years to conquer and pacify the whole Empire. The Tartars were lenient towards those ready to submit; but fire, plunder and death awaited those cities which were reluctant in bowing to the Manchu yoke.

The most troublesome of any of the enemies the Tsings had to face, was probably a seafaring man called Chen-che-lung, who had at his disposal an enormous fleet of several thousand well-armed junks. He was eventually seized by treachery and imprisoned. But there yet remained Jun-lie, the grandson of Uan-li, to disturb the peace of the new Empire. Elected Emperor by his followers, he had made Ku-je-lin-fu the capital of the province of Kuang-tung and Kwang-si, and had been able to inflict severe losses on the ever-victorious armies of the Manchus. He had gained several important victories. Three expeditions were then despatched from Pekin to capture Canton, strongly defended on land by a powerful army, and on the water by the fleet of junks now commanded by the revengeful son of Chen-che-lung. Three times, indeed, were the Tartars repulsed with heavy loss, until in December 1650 they captured the city after a siege of twelve months, and massacred old and young, men and women alike. The Emperor Jun-lie was seized and killed at Tchao-kin, whither he had escaped.

A rebellion broke out in the west in the provinces of

Shen-si and Shan-si. Two expeditions sent by A-ma-uang had been badly defeated, and the Chinese rebels were fast advancing on Pekin. The regent collected all his troops under eight banners, and under his own supreme command, and in the meantime sent to Mongolia a mission with precious gifts, asking for aid as well as for the hand of the Mongol princess as a wife to Tchung-che. All was readily accorded, and, thus reinforced, A-ma-uang besieged the rebel General in the town of Tae-tung-fu, where the rebels were defeated. Few were spared, and the rebel general, Kiang, himself was killed.

The principal cause of these rebellions can be traced to the edict issued by the Manchus on their accession to the throne of China, commanding all men in the Empire to assimilate themselves to the Manchus in dress and manner, and furthermore requiring every male Chinaman, as a sign of submission, to shave the hair of his temples and top of his head as well as to grow a long pigtail. To wear short hair not plaited is to this day an open sign of rebellion against the Manchu dynasty, and a crime punishable with death.

Although to the practical mind of Europeans this new hair-dressing fashion may seem of little importance, there were thousands of Chinese who preferred decapitation to submission. From the Manchu point of view this was an excellent way of distinguishing between disloyalty and loyalty to their race.

A-ma-uang, to whom the Manchu dynasty owed the gigantic development and power it then possessed, died in 1651. As so often happens to great men, the latter days of his life were poisoned by petty jealousies and intrigues of the people at Court. Even Tchung-che, for whom A-ma-uang had built the greatest Empire in the world, turned on him

in a cowardly manner. Too powerful and too great to be affected by his enemies while alive, a revenge was taken on him after his death. His body, resting peacefully in its grave after its long years of toil and faithful work for Tchung-che, was disinterred by order of the young Emperor and its head severed, the head that had made the Tsing dynasty what it is to-day.

CHAPTER L

Tchung-che's marriage—A barbarous custom—Buddhist priests—A tragic end—Kang-si and the four Regents—Adam Schall the missionary—A jealous Mahommedan astronomer—A terrible sentence—A lucky earthquake—The end of the Regents—Christianity banished—The dangers of compiling a calendar—Father Verbiest—The observatory—The Celestial Globe—The eight-foot radius sextant—Azimuth horizon—The dragon and "the coil cloud"—Celestial matters and earthly differences—Uh-san-kui and Verbiest's artillery.

A YEAR before his death, A-ma-uang had travelled to Mongolia in order to arrange a marriage between Tchung-che and the daughter of the Mongol king. Soon after his death, the marriage satisfactorily arranged by him for his nephew took place with great pomp in Pekin.

The reign of Tchung-che was sadly different from that of his Regent uncle. Sickly, and apparently of an ill-balanced mind, Tchung-che ran to excess in everything he attempted. In his first years he listened to the sound advice of Adam Schall, a missionary whom he had raised to a high rank, and things went fairly well, but he eventually fell into the hands of the Buddhist bonzes, even in those days the curse of Asia. He gave himself up to all kinds of their superstitions and orgies, and fell absolutely into the power of the astute monks. At the death of one of his concubines—whom he had illegally

raised to the rank of second wife—he seems to have collapsed under nervous strain and grief, and to do her honour resorted to the ancient but discarded barbarous Manchu custom of ordering a number of officials to sacrifice their lives over her grave, in order that they might serve her in the after life as they had done in this. The ceremony was attended by hundreds of Buddhist priests, who had come to Pekin from all parts of the country, and these ruffians succeeded in influencing the weak-minded Emperor to such an extent that he actually donned a Buddhist yellow gown, and, shaving his head like theirs, declared himself their humble disciple. He spent his days in praying and making prostrations, and well deserved the contempt of Chinese and Manchus alike. Death came to his rescue. Feeling his end approach, he one day put on once more the discarded Imperial robes, and, nodding his head to those around him while lying on his deathbed, expired. So ended the first actual Emperor of the Tsing dynasty. This was in the year 1662.

The eight-year-old prince Kang-si succeeded to the throne, and, being too young to reign, appointed four Regents. The first important innovation under his rule was drawn from the experience of his predecessor's reign, and was an enactment that no eunuch should in the future be elevated to an exalted rank or high official position, a rule which has held good to the present day.

Hard times were now in store for Adam Schall, the missionary friend of Tchung-che, whose high official position raised envy and jealousy on the part of other high dignitaries. Accusations were brought against him by the Mahommedan astronomer, Yan-kuan-sien, who was no doubt hurt deeply by the fact that Tchung-che had taken the famous Pekin observatory, with its valuable and magnificent instruments,

from the Mahommedans, who had held it for over three centuries, and had placed Schall in charge of it.

Adam Schall, by this time an old man and half paralysed, was thrown into prison with the Belgian Father Verbiest. He was condemned to die the death of a thousand cuts, but as luck would have it a violent earthquake and a fire, which destroyed a considerable part of the Imperial Palace, were taken by the superstitious Manchus as a warning from Heaven against causing further harm to the Roman Catholic fathers. It was deemed advisable, in order to reconcile the angry gods, to let Father Schall free again, but he died shortly afterwards, in the summer of 1666, at the age of seventy-five. A magnificent mausoleum was erected, by order of the Emperor, over the tomb of this European who had rendered such valuable services to the Tsing dynasty.

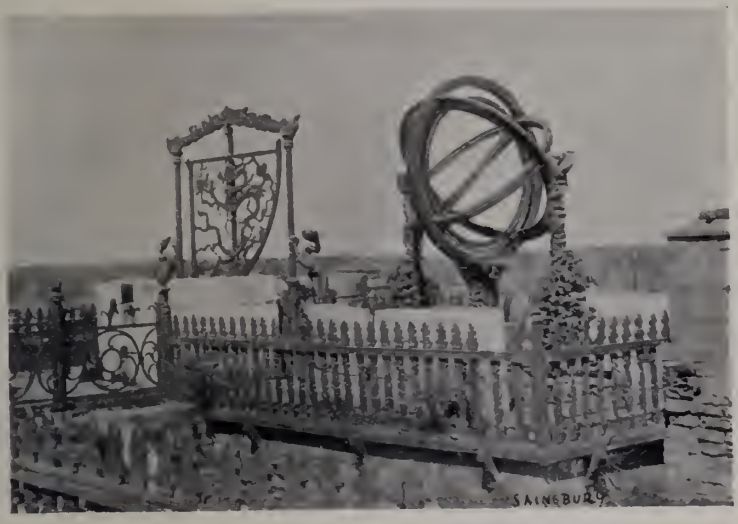
The Emperor Kang-si was a precocious youth; quick, intelligent, fearless.

When Sui, his leading Regent, died, in 1666, Kang-si had attained the age of 14. He publicly declared himself at the head of the Government, and suppressed the Regency. He carried matters even further. The second Regent, Sukuma, convicted of crime, was beheaded with his seven sons, so that all trace of the family should be erased from the earth. Other high officials fared in a similar manner. Christian missionaries were persecuted, and the Christian religion banished and forbidden all over the Empire.

The Mahommedan astronomer, who had supplanted Father Schall in the observatory, was instructed to compile a new calendar, but his ignorance of the planets and stars and the progress of the moon was such that he had a whole month in his calendar that could not be accounted for—a small matter which nearly cost him his head, a penalty that was

later mercifully commuted for lifelong exile to the barren lands of Manchuria.

Father Verbiest, who, with Schall, owed his release from prison to the earthquake in 1665, was a man well versed in music and mathematics. He gained the favour and respect



THE OBSERVATORY

of the new Emperor, and was not only instructed to furnish a plausible calendar and attend to other astronomical observations, but influenced the Emperor to the point of obtaining an edict prohibiting the persecution of Christians, although the Chinese were still forbidden to embrace the Christian religion.

To-day—two centuries and a quarter later—the marvellous work of this genius may still be admired in Pekin. In the Observatory, to the east on the Tartar city wall, the instruments constructed under the supervision of Verbiest are almost as well preserved as if they had been made yesterday. Of solid bronze and of colossal proportions, they are made with

mathematical precision and marvellous artistic taste—qualifications seldom found together. A visit to the Pekin Observatory is an event to be remembered for the rest of one's life, perhaps, because Pekin, where everything seems tumbling or tumbled down, is the last place where one would expect to find work so astounding and in such good preservation.

For instance, take the celestial globe, six feet in diameter, a mass of bronze weighing over 2000 pounds, with its perfect globe, and the stars and planets placed in their respective and accurate positions by means of metal circles of due proportion. It is so well balanced that the gentlest touch will make it revolve on its pivots and change its elevation at will. The horizontal circle is supported by four magnificent dragons, of great artistic merit, with arched backs and muscular claws, while the meridian circle is supported on conventional coil clouds. The *axis* of the globe is on pivots in this meridian, and it can be moved to the elevation required by means of a series of hidden wheels.

The photograph here given will give a more accurate idea of the various instruments than any description. They are one and all of great interest, among them being the eight-foot radius sextant, with the ingenious cog-wheel arrangement to facilitate its manipulation; the quarter circle of six feet radius, with its central five-clawed dragon, serving the double purpose of holding the instrument together and rendering it picturesque. This is erected in a frame of two elegant columns surrounded by a cross beam ornamented with clouds, while two artistic rampant dragons strengthen the base.

Then, next to it, on two massive and elaborate columns, is another large sphere enclosed within a graceful balustrade; and beyond is a magnificent azimuth horizon six feet in

diameter, and an equinoctial globe and zodiac globe of similar proportions.

The Imperial dragon plays an important part in the ornamentation of all these instruments, as well as the "coil cloud" so frequently found in Chinese sculpture and paintings. The instruments are mounted on solid bases of white marble.

Father Verbiest was a man of immense value to Kang-si. Not only was he employed to ascertain celestial matters by the use of astronomical instruments which he had constructed for that purpose, but also in designing and casting large guns with which earthly differences between the Emperor and General Uh-san-kui could be settled.

Uh-san-kui and his son were conspiring against the Tsing dynasty and the life of the Emperor. The conspiracy was discovered, and Uh-san-kui's son was beheaded in Pekin; but Uh-san-kui had become so powerful in Shensi, where he was Viceroy, and so popular, that he had no difficulty in drawing to his side the population of the Kui-tchu, Sze-tchuan, and Yunnan provinces. The pieces of artillery made by Father Verbiest, however, proved fatal to Uh-san-kui, who possessed none. He died, leaving one of his sons to continue the war. Reverse after reverse in his encounters with the Imperial forces drove his son to despair, and led him to commit suicide. The rebellion ended for want of a leader. Father Verbiest died on January 29, 1688, well rewarded by the grateful Emperor Kang-si for the valuable services rendered to the Empire.

CHAPTER LI

Trouble in Western Mongolia—The Kalkas—An Embassy to Siberia—The good influence of missionaries—Two formidable expeditions—Christianity again forbidden—Edict revoked—Gift of the old Pe-tang—The Pope, the worship of ancestors and other rites—Kang-si's good advice—An indiscreet Papal envoy—Missionaries punished—Kang-si's sarcasm—Father Pedrini a favourite—A fatal mistake—Surveys.

IN 1679 another rebellion was menacing in the South. The Mings were still in high favour in Canton. But the suicide, by Imperial order, of the Viceroy of Canton, and the decapitation of over a hundred high officials, put a stop to the reactionary movement.

More threatening was the news that came seven years later, 1686, from Western Mongolia, that the ruler of the Mongols was ambitious enough to wish to re-establish a great Mongol Empire. He had already carried out successful operations against the Kalkas, who were settled near the Karakoram mountains, and was now marching fast towards the east. Kang-si despatched his troops to help the Kalkas, when complications arose between the Russians and the Chinese. A fortress erected by the Russians near the Manchurian boundary was twice destroyed by the Chinese, and to avoid war it became necessary to send an Embassy to Siberia to make a satisfactory settlement with the Russians.

The Emperor's uncle was entrusted with the leadership of the mission, and the two Catholic fathers, Gerbillon and Pereyra, the successors of Verbiest in Pekin, were attached to the expedition in the double capacity of advisers and interpreters. It was mainly due to the judgment of these two Catholics that the Russian and the Chinese expeditions, both attended by large armies, concluded a peaceful treaty instead of resorting to violence. Kang-si, now relieved from the danger of a war with Russia, led an army personally against the Mongols. In two formidable expeditions, in the years 1696 and 1697 respectively, the Kan of the Mongols was driven back out of the country of the Kalkas and the Ortos. The Kan died, the war ended, and Kang-si returned triumphant to Pekin.

Notwithstanding the obligations which Kang-si and the Empire owed the Catholic fathers, a terrible persecution of Christians arose once more in the Chinese Empire. Missionaries and converts were subjected to barbarous tortures and death, while the practice of the Christian religion was strictly forbidden in every province of China.

The four Jesuit fathers who were then in Pekin made a fervent appeal to the Emperor. Sosan, the uncle of the Emperor, pointed out the great assistance given by the fathers on many occasions to the Empire, and Kang-si, who was at bottom fair and just, revoked the edict authorising the persecution of Christians. When the fathers cured him of some temporary complaint he even went further, and presented to the Jesuits a fine house, or rather a "compound," within the first walls of the Imperial City. This was on July 4, 1693. The Emperor added to this a gift of land and building materials, with which the fathers erected themselves a church of Corinthian and Ionic archi-

tecture, and transformed the native buildings and grounds into what became the old mission-houses of Pe-tang. The fathers took possession of the buildings on July 11, and ten years later, on December 9, 1703, the new cathedral was consecrated.

Not satisfied with the narrow escapes they had already experienced, the Jesuits, with unpardonable indiscretion and at the instigation of the Pope, began to interfere with the ancient Chinese worship of ancestors, the worship of Kun-fu-tse (Confucius), and the rites in connection with this worship. Moreover, the Jesuits quarrelled among themselves over matters of minor importance which they considered vital. Kang-si behaved with much sense and good nature towards these missionaries, and when an Envoy, in the person of Mgr. De Tournon, was sent to him by Pope Clement XI., received him kindly, and wisely told him that missionaries had better settle their petty differences among themselves and with their Pope, and not disturb the peace of his Empire. Unhappily, Mgr. De Tournon, following the instructions received from Rome, but in defiance of all principles of common sense and tact, published broadcast through Pekin the decree condemning the Chinese rites. Naturally enough, the Emperor, who had previously been favourably disposed towards the fathers, became irritated. Why should these "foreign devils" come to interfere with his ideas when he and his people in no way interfered with theirs?

The Papal Envoy himself was duly despatched whence he had come. Other Jesuit fathers fared not so well, and, laden with chains, came within an ace of being put to death. Missionaries received the option of accepting and approving the Chinese rites and never leaving the country, or of being banished from China for ever.

In the meantime, Mgr. De Tournon and the Pope were sufficiently ill-judging to continue issuing decrees that condemned the superstitious rites, and caused endless friction and discontent, which would have irritated a less powerful sovereign than sensible Kang-si. A new Papal Envoy was despatched to Pekin in 1720, and Kang-si wisely wrote on the Pope's constitution which he had presented, "How can you vile Europeans decide on so great a subject as our Chinese doctrine when you do not even know our language? It strikes me that there is much resemblance between your sect and the impious Bonzes and the Tao-che. It must then be forbidden to these Europeans to preach their doctrine in China." On the other hand, Pope Boniface XIV., in Rome, issued a "papal bull" requiring every missionary in China to swear to his bishop that he in no way admitted or tolerated the Chinese rites, this oath to be enforced under pain of the most severe punishment. Things were thus made uncomfortable for the missionaries, who were placed between two fires.

The Emperor Kang-si took a fancy to Father Pedrini, a man of great scientific and musical skill. It is only right to remark that Kang-si invariably bestowed admiration, respect and protection upon those fathers whose talent and sensible behaviour appealed to him. He showered upon these men every possible kindness, when they did not take advantage of his good nature. Pedrini was selected as tutor to Yung-chen, fourth son of the Emperor, whom he had created heir-apparent to the throne.

Pressed, no doubt, by the Pope, poor Pedrini addressed a petition to the Emperor requesting him to accept the Pope's decision regarding the suppression of the Chinese rites. The following year, 1716, another father, by name Cartorano,

published Pope Clement's "bull" severely condemning the rites. Pedrini, accused of taking advantage of the Emperor's friendship to betray him, was thrown into prison, tortured, and terribly lashed. He wore chains for two years, until Yung-chen, placed on the throne, delivered him.

An important incident of the last years of Kang-si's reign was the fact that he instructed the Jesuit fathers to survey and make accurate maps of the provinces of Chili, Shantung, Fu-kien, Tche-kiang, Kiang-nan, Hu-nan, Yunnan, Kui-tchen, and Hu-kuan. A man of well-balanced brain, even in his advanced years; a fervent lover of music, art, literature, and science, all of which flourished during his reign; a great general, a man of sound judgment and practical mind, Kang-si, who died on December 2, 1722, was probably the greatest of all the Manchu Emperors who have ever reigned over the Chinese Empire.

CHAPTER LII

Yung-chen persecuting Christians—Missionaries banished—The Pe-tang confiscated—The Sourmiana martyrs—Father Marao strangled—A Papal Embassy—Christians murdered—Treaty between Russia and China—Owing to the rites and worships—Kien-lung, the successor—Castiglione the painter—The rebel Tartars—The victorious Generals Fu-te and Tcha-huei—Extension of the Chinese Western boundary—The war against the Miao-tse—Imperial caprices—Father Benoist—An artist's troubles—Virulent persecution of Christians—The Empress and the Nan-tang cathedral—Imperial generosity—The suppression of Jesuits—Replaced by Lazarists—Churches in Pekin—Russian, Dutch, and British Embassies—Kien-lung's abdication and death.

YUNG-CHEN'S reign was marked principally by its persecution of Christians. Yung-chen was already forty years of age when he came to the throne, and no sooner were the affairs of the Empire in his hands than he ordered all missionaries, except those employed at Court, to be sent out of the country, and their residences and churches used as store-houses, schools, or public granaries. The missionaries themselves were to be accompanied to Macao by officials so as to guarantee their safety. Even the Pe-tang presented by the Emperor Kang-si to the Jesuit fathers was confiscated and the church turned into a plague hospital. The princely Tartar family of Sourmiana, two members of which had embraced Christianity,

were made to suffer unspeakable torture, the old father dying in poverty and exile. The two Christian sons succumbed to ill-treatment and hunger in wretched prison cells. Their dishonoured bodies were burned and the ashes scattered to the winds. The Jesuit Father Marao, who had been sent into exile and prison with them, was strangled by order of the Emperor, and the Embassy sent by Pope Benedict XIII. did not reach Pekin in time to save his life. The Embassy was received by the Emperor, who treated the missionaries in a civil manner, yet did not fail to humiliate them by the servile and renewed genuflexions and prostrations at his feet required by Court etiquette.

Rich presents and courteous messages were exchanged with the Pope, yet the persecution of Christians all over the Empire became more and more severe, and in August 1732 all the missionaries were banished from China. Those who were not able to escape were butchered, together with the native converts, or beaten to death.

Father Pedrini alone remained a friend of the Emperor, but all the work of the Catholics was destroyed ; their buildings, their churches, were razed to the ground.

It was during the reign of Yung-chen that a commercial treaty between Russia and China, which allowed of Russian establishments being erected in China, was signed at Kiahta.

Although bitterly anti-Christian, Yung-chen was good at heart, not only to his own people, but, in times of distress, even to the very missionaries whom he was persecuting. For instance, during the terrific earthquake which wrecked and ruined most of the buildings in Pekin, Yung-chen gave large sums of money to the Catholics to rebuild or repair their homes and chapels. But these curious contrasts of charity and severity were too common in the relations of

Chinese Emperors with missionaries to be constantly referred to. They are perhaps almost incomprehensible to a Western mind, but nevertheless quite in keeping with those rites and worships so dear to the Chinese, and which the Popes of Rome, in a narrow-minded spirit, tried to eradicate by brute force. In fact, had it not been for the fulfilment of those rites and worships that still remain firmly planted in China, the missionaries would probably not have fared half as well as they actually did in the past and do at present.

Yung-chen died on October 7, 1735.

His successor, Kien-lung, was a young man of ambition, not devoid of sense and generosity. He, too, was anti-Christian, yet he kept at his Court the Jesuit Father Castiglione, a painter of great talent, whom he ordered to decorate the halls of the Imperial Palace with handsome pictures. It is true that the Portuguese friar-artist had to deviate from his European training in art and perspective to suit the Tartar taste, but notwithstanding this interference in his art his pictures were good. They were much admired and prized by the Court.

Kien-lung behaved chivalrously toward the exiled Sourmiana family, which he again elevated to their former grade of princely dignity; but probably the most interesting point in his reign was the expedition against the rebellious Tartars of the north-west. The fortune of war was at first adverse to the Emperor. He met with defeat after defeat, until Fu-te, a Manchu general, and Tcha-huei, a Chinese, were placed at the head of the Chinese army. They carried everything before them, and conquered the rebel country of the Olots, whose leader, Amur-sanan, escaped to Siberia, where he subsequently died. The warlike operations of

these famous generals extended across Asia, to what is to-day called Chinese Turkestan. The Turkish cities of Kashgar and Yarkand became part of the Chinese dominions, and the western boundary of the Chinese Empire was now extended as far as Persia and the Cossack country. A smaller war, of which, however, the Chinese seemed very proud, was carried on successfully in 1775 against the Miao-tse, a Tibetan race living in the mountainous district of Sze-chuan.

This little nation, driven from mountain to mountain, received no quarter, and were practically exterminated by their stronger foes. The heads of their chiefs were exhibited in cages in Pekin.

Of all the Manchu Emperors who profited by the work of missionaries, Kien-lung was no doubt the greatest. He had more missionaries employed at his Court than any other Emperor, and he made them work harder. He was an absolute tyrant to them, although probably he himself was hardly conscious of his tyranny. Father Benoist, his chief astronomer and mathematician, was suddenly taken from the study of stars and made to build fountains and water-spouts in the Imperial gardens and grounds, and, that work completed to the Emperor's satisfaction, the Catholic's versatility was put to a severe test by his being set to engrave and print maps of the Chinese Empire, as well as pictures of battles. The poor missionary died of a stroke of apoplexy.

A young French father—a painter—fared no better. The Emperor would not hear of oil paintings, for he could not stand their smell when fresh, nor would he take the trouble of dodging around to get the right light on the canvases to see what they represented. He liked water-colours, and these only when painted in Chinese fashion! The artist's

studio in the Palace had no windows or doors, and was so cold in winter that he had to hold his paint-box and water over the brazier to prevent their freezing hard. In summer the heat was so great that he nearly succumbed, but his pictures were good nevertheless, and pleased the Imperial fancy.

Again we have another instance of the strange combination of cruelty and kindness towards missionaries. A number of Catholics were put to death, especially during the two years between 1746 and 1748; others were subjected to frightful tortures and then strangled. The persecution of Christians became more virulent every year, and showed no sign of abating, yet, curiously enough, when the cathedral of Nan-tang in Pekin was destroyed by fire, the Emperor hastened to inquire what had been the original cost of building it, and furnished an equivalent for its immediate reconstruction.

The old Jesuit fathers were rapidly dying off owing to the suppression of the Jesuit Society by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, and there were none to replace them. An understanding was entered into by Louis XVI. and Pope Pius VI. that the Lazarists should replace them in Pekin, where the Jesuit fathers had occupied the Pe-tang from 1692 to 1785, or seven years short of a century. The Lazarists arrived in Pekin in 1785. There were then in Pekin four churches and chapels, the Pe-tang in the Imperial City; the Nan-tang in the Tartar city; the Tun-tang and the Si-tang, two small chapels, of which one was Portuguese, while the other belonged to the Lazarist fathers.

The Lazarists were amicably received at Court, and rose into such favour that they persuaded the Emperor to revoke the sentences of a number of missionaries who had for

several years been in chains in the Pekin prison. Twelve who were still alive were set free. Encouraged by these successes, the missionaries made a great number of converts, and fared well for some years afterwards.

Several Russian, Dutch, and British Embassies were sent to Pekin during the reign of Kien-lung, the most important being probably the Macartney mission in 1792.

Kien-lung was a careful statesman, who had at heart the happiness of his country. Hardened by constant brain-work and bodily exercise, coupled with sober habits and an iron constitution, he remained healthy and well able to conduct the affairs of State until a very old age. He preserved marvellous activity to the last. But having reigned sixty years he abdicated the throne in 1796 in favour of his son, Kia-king, and died three years later, in 1799, at the age of eighty-seven years.

CHAPTER LIII

Kia-king's cruelty—Uprisings—Pirates—A stroke of lightning—The Pe-tang a home for concubines—The opium war—The banishment of opium traders—Occupation of the Chusan Islands and the Canton forts—Indemnities—A commercial treaty—The Emperor and Christians.

WEAK, effeminate, addicted to all kinds of vices, these are the words in which one must sum up the character of the new Emperor, Kia-king. He did nothing to better the condition of his Empire, nor, indeed, did he attempt to keep matters in so good a condition as when the Empire was handed him by his respected father.

Kia-king's reign is marked probably more than that of any other Emperor by cruelty to Christians and missionaries, many of whom paid with their heads the price of their faith. In 1805 he forbade missionaries to remain in China under penalty of death. Their churches and chapels were destroyed, even the Nan-tang and the Pe-tang in Pekin.

As he was unable to maintain a firm rule over his subjects, and as the corruption of his officials was rampant in every nook of the Empire, rebellions broke out in different forms in various provinces. The cowardly Emperor and those around him appeased these uprisings with money rather than by force. Attempts were made to murder the Emperor, and conspiracies were discovered, even within

the walls of the Imperial Palace, while secret societies innumerable, the result of immorality and feebly administered law, flourished in the reign of this unworthy successor of Kien-lung.

Shan-tung, which has at all times been one of the most troublesome provinces, became the centre of an outbreak of great magnitude, which spread with astounding rapidity over the neighbouring provinces. The leader of the movement took for himself no less a title than "Ruler of Heaven, Earth and Men" (San-hoang). The society itself was called the Pe-lien-kiao, or the "Faction of the White Water-Lily." But of these secret societies we have already heard.

While insurrections were caused and suppressed on land by bribery and corruption, pirates were raiding the coast. They had formed a powerful association, and owned a fleet of over six hundred junks, so well armed and manned that the Imperial Navy could not hold its own against them. Tchan-pao and Tchen-ih commanded this fleet of filibusters, terrorising the coast towns and villages, which were absolutely at their mercy, and which they pillaged and burnt.

A stroke of lightning in August 1820 eventually ended the life of Kia-king while he was asleep, in the Imperial Palace of Je-hol, in Mongolia. A befitting death for so puerile, unnerved and depraved a ruler, whose poverty of intellect seems to have been equalled only by his intemperate habits.

There now came to the throne a quiet, unassuming, kind-hearted, steady-headed prince, the second son of Kia-king, who went by the name of Tao-kuang. Although he was not so bitter against Christianity and Christians as his predecessor, a number of missionaries fell victims, and much of their property was confiscated or destroyed, even during his reign.

The Nan-tang church in Pekin remained standing, but the residential part of the premises was destroyed, and the Pe-tang, which had for one hundred and thirty-five years stood notwithstanding the insults, the martyrdom, the persecution of Christians, was now sold by order of the Emperor. The church was demolished in 1827, and on the site were erected the apartments of the concubines of a young prince, to whom the premises had passed after the death of Yu, a high mandarin to whom the Pe-tang had in the first instance been sold.

In 1840 broke out the so-called Opium War between England and China, caused by the importation of opium from India into the Celestial Empire by British merchantmen and traders, an importation which the Chinese Emperor declared illegal and immoral, as well as injurious to the welfare of his nation. From this mistaken notion we civilised, worthy, religious people, who drew a handsome financial profit from it, begged to differ.

The smuggling of opium on the Chinese coast had gone on steadily for some eight years since 1832. An edict of the Viceroy of Canton in 1838 inflicted the penalty of death on a number of prominent Chinese smugglers, and in the following year the Viceroy of Hu-kuang seized and destroyed twenty thousand cases of opium, worth some two million and a half pounds sterling, and caused the banishment from Southern China of all foreigners who were engaged in this illegal trade. H.M.S. *Ariel* was despatched to England, and returned bearing a declaration of war, by way, presumably, of revenge for the insult offered to our civilising influence. The islands of Chusan, off the Chinese coast, in lat. 30 N., long. 122° 10′ E., were occupied, as well as the forts of Canton. To conclude peace an indemnity and the island of Hong Kong were offered and then withdrawn by the Chinese, so

that hostilities continued, the British seizing Tse-ki, Shanghai, and the ancient city of Nanking, up the Yangtze River.

Shanghai paid an indemnity of seventy-two thousand pounds, Nanking a sum ten times greater, or seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

Peace was restored in August of the same year, the Chinese paying Great Britain an additional indemnity of some twenty-one million taels, besides refunding the value of the opium destroyed by order of the Viceroy Lin.

After this, a commercial treaty was concluded between Great Britain, France, the United States of America, and China, and an assurance was obtained that missionaries should in future be tolerated and protected in the Chinese Empire. The Emperor ordered that the churches and houses of missionaries which had been confiscated, and not converted into pagodas or private dwellings, should be returned to the missionaries to whom they had belonged. Foreigners were not to be permitted to promulgate the Christian religion in the interior of China, nor to travel in the interior, but these rules were not necessarily to apply to native Christians.

The Emperor Tao-kung died on February 20, 1850, having remained on the throne thirty years.

CHAPTER LIV

The reign of Sien-fung—The rebels with long wild hair—The fall of Nanking and Shanghai—The bombardment of Canton—The revision of treaties of 1842—Bombardment of the Taku forts—French and British reverse in 1859—An Anglo-French Expedition—The Taku forts recaptured by the Allies—Chinese Treachery—Defeat of the Imperial Army—The seizure of the Summer Palace—Surrender of prisoners—Norman's fate—The burning of the Palace—The entry into Pekin—The treaties signed—Russia defines her frontier.

THE successor of Tao-kung was Sien-fung, who was aged nineteen. When he came to the throne the country was troubled in many ways, and he, being a man of violent temper and comparatively little judgment, made things no better. He was not able to suppress the Tchang-mao rebellion —"the rebels with long wild hair"—without foreign aid, and when the country was pacified he revenged himself on foreigners because the rebels, he said, displayed a cross on their banners and destroyed Confucian temples. This was undoubtedly true, but the Emperor was fully aware, like every one else, that the rebels had adopted this device to mislead foreigners and be spared by them.

In 1853 the rebels took Nanking, and in 1854 they seized Shanghai. It was not till the year 1855 that the Imperial troops, aided by the French, were able, after a siege of six

months, to capture the city and drive the rebels away. The following year the atrocious tortures and murder of the French missionary, Chapdelaine, compelled France to join England, which had proceeded to teach China a lesson by bombarding Canton.

Attempts were made to revise the treaties of 1842. Great Britain selected Lord Elgin as her Envoy, France the Baron Gros, Russia Count Pontiatin. Mr. Reed represented America. Fifteen British, eleven French, one Russian and two American ships of war were despatched to the Petchili Gulf, in front of the Taku bar.

The Emperor, nevertheless, over-confident in his own strength, refused to see the Envoys or to have any dealings with them, an incivility which was duly punished by the bombardment of the Taku forts on May 20, 1858. The forts capitulated the same day. The treaties were signed in Tientsin early in June, and in July had already been approved by the Emperor. The Allies, satisfied, retired, leaving the Chinese to reoccupy the Taku forts. Advantage was taken of this by the Chinese, who spread official news throughout the Empire that "foreign devils" had been driven out of the country with great loss. When, the following summer (1859), the British and French fleets attempted to force the mouth of the Pei-ho River, they were really and fairly driven back. Three gunboats were sunk by the Chinese, and nearly five hundred men were killed and wounded on our side, including Admiral Hope and Commander Tricault.

Such an insult and injury could only be avenged by a strong punitive expedition, but Taku being frozen in winter and navigation stopped, it was not possible to carry it out until a year later, 1860, when the Anglo-French expedition, with no less than two hundred vessels, anchored in front of the Pe-tang forts, to the north-east of Taku. The

forts were captured without firing a shot. A somewhat stronger resistance was met with at the fortifications of Tong-ku and Sing-ho, and a fierce defence was made at the Taku forts, directly at the mouth of the Pei-ho. But one after the other the forts fell into the victorious hands of the two Allies. The Envoys reached Tientsin with the troops five days later, that is on August 26. In many ways the expedition of 1860 resembles the last expedition of 1900. On their march to Pekin the allied troops (only twenty-five hundred in number) suffered much from the terrific heat and dust, but hardly any fighting took place. The Chinese begged for a peace conference at the walled town of Tung-chow, fourteen miles to the east of Pekin. The request was readily granted. The Envoys, unaware of the treachery of the Chinese, proceeded with their interpreters to the appointed place. Many of them were massacred by their cowardly hosts, others managed to escape. Several were made prisoners, among whom were Mr. Parkes (later Sir Henry Parkes) and M. Latoure.

The Chinese army of over thirty thousand men was led by San-ko-lin-sin. They fiercely attacked the Allies at Tchang-kia-uan, and on the memorable 18th of September the whole army of the Empire of Heaven was put to rout by barely 2000 British and French, who captured all their artillery, their arms, and quantities of ammunition.

Following the historical "paved road," the Chinese General and his remaining soldiers retreated post haste into Pekin, closing the gates fast behind them. The General then proclaimed that he had beaten the Allies. On hearing that the Chinese forces were concentrating near the Summer Palace, twelve miles to the west of Pekin, the French and British decided to proceed to that point at once, and to engage them again in battle. The French reached the Palace first and

captured it, but waited for the British General Grant to make a formal entry.

The Empress had just escaped towards Je-hol, in Mongolia. The looting of the Summer Palace is too well known to be referred to. The most valuable pieces of cloisonné, jade, porcelain and brocade were sent to Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. In a house near the Summer Palace the clothes worn by the unfortunate French and British soldiers treacherously taken prisoners at Tung-chow were discovered, and the Allies feared that the worst had befallen all captured, but the day after the fall of the Palace, Parkes, Lock, and Messrs. Latoure and Petit were surrendered to the Allies. They were in a dreadful condition, and had been subjected to torture and humiliation of all sorts. They were, however, more fortunate than other members of the Embassy, who died of the most atrocious torment human mind could devise.

Of Norman, a member of the British Embassy, it is said that the chains and ropes were so tight round his ankles and wrists that his fingers and toes fell off, gradually eaten away by the gangrene thus developed. Maggots formed in his wounds, and were devouring him alive.

So angered were the British by these fearful outrages of the Chinese that Lord Elgin ordered the Summer Palace to be set on fire. Thus the Yuen-ming-yuen—for this is its Chinese name—with its magnificent library and works of art that could not be carried away, was mercilessly destroyed—a severe lesson, perhaps, yet the only lesson which the Emperor of China would be likely to remember.

The Emperor had left his brother, young Prince Kung, to settle matters with the foreigners in Pekin. When the Allies came to camp under the wall, on October 9, it was apparent that no resistance would be offered by those within. Kung

wavered, but finally obeyed the summons to open the Ngan-ting-men (gate) for the Allies, and the flags of England and France waved triumphantly on the wall of the Tartar city.

Lord Elgin, on behalf of Great Britain, and Baron Gros, on behalf of France, signed their respective treaties with China, Prince Kung acting for the Emperor. In these treaties England obtained substantial commercial advantages; France seemed better satisfied with her glory in war, and with having avenged her massacred sons.

Russia seized this opportune moment to define her frontier with Manchuria, following the River Amur to its tributary Usuri. The two cities of Urga and Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, were in future to be opened to Russian trade, and a regular postal service between Siberia and China was established across the Gobi desert.

The missionaries gained much by the French treaty, which allowed them, when provided with suitable passports, to live undisturbed in any part of China, practising and teaching their religion. The confiscated property of missionaries, such as their churches, their dwellings, and their graveyards, were to be returned to them.

Owing to the severe winter in Petchili and the fact that Taku is frozen and therefore closed during the cold months, only very few troops, English in the northern and French in the south fort, were left to guard the Taku forts, until the indemnity claimed was paid in full. The other troops embarked and departed.

The treaties were definitely approved by the Emperor on November 8, and shortly afterwards Sien-fung died, his death being kept secret for a whole year. In 1861 his son, Tung-che, succeeded him.

CHAPTER LV

Powerful long-haired rebels—Suicide of their leader—Perfect peace for eight years—History repeats itself—Violation of graves—The massacre of French officials and missionaries—Sisters of Charity impaled—Useless ultimatums—The first reception of Foreign Ministers in audience by the Emperor.

THE long-haired rebels of the South had again become powerful and troublesome. They had seized Shanghai and Nanking afresh, as well as the towns of Ning-po, Hang-chow, and Chao-sing; in fact, the whole of the South of China had been conquered by them. Again the Allies had to come to the help of the Emperor, and in 1862 Shanghai and Ning-po were recaptured. Nanking, the stronghold of the rebels, however, did not fall till July 1864. The leader of the Tchang-mao rebels, by name Tae-ping-uan, killed himself, and the rebellion ended. On this occasion the French rendered valuable services to China.

For the next six, or even eight, years, perfect peace seemed to reign in Northern China. Foreigners fared well and were treated respectfully, so that when rumours arose that an uprising against foreigners would presently take place, the representatives of the various Powers in Tientsin looked upon the report as exaggerated and unfounded. History repeated itself in the year 1900.

On June 4, 1870, a horde of fanatics, rendered wild by the

maliciously circulated stories that missionaries stole babies, whose eyes and hearts they compounded into medicine, broke loose and violated the graves of Christian women and children. This criminal act remaining unpunished, Europeans were, a fortnight later, insulted in the street and openly threatened. It was not, however, till June 21 that a throng of bloodthirsty Chinamen ran to and fro along the river front and streets of Tientsin, incited by the thundering sound of gongs and drums to the diabolical work of destruction and murder. Among them were a great number of soldiers. The French Consul requested the protection of the Viceroy and Governor-General Tchung-eu and of the local mandarins of Tientsin, but, as in the Boxer movement, the authorities openly showed themselves on the side of the mob. The French Consul, his secretary, the Chancellor of the French Legation in Pekin, and his young wife, were one after the other mercilessly massacred in the Consulate, together with several missionaries from the mission-house, who had taken shelter there. The Sisters of Charity in this building met a similar fate. Some were impaled, and their bodies exposed to the insults of the mob in front of the mission; others were cut to pieces, or beheaded, or strangled. Three Russians, who were caught on the road, and a number of other Europeans, were also among the massacred. The missions were looted and afterwards burnt.

In due time two British, one American, and five French gunboats arrived and landed troops. The officers and men were eager to avenge the terrible affront offered by the Chinese, but diplomacy intervened, and the offenders escaped unpunished, and it is not therefore surprising that worse outrages have occurred since. The mandarins, who were

perhaps the chief instigators of the riot, were exiled for a short time and then reinstated in their former grade and rank; a few ruffians were beheaded, while their families received large rewards of money, and ample compensation was at once awarded to the families of the Europeans massacred. Threats and ultimatums were sent to the Chinese and remained unnoticed, and then, when the indemnity was paid, the Chinese had a good laugh at the European Powers, and the European Powers laid the blame of the massacres on their own sons and daughters who had been brutally and shamefully murdered.

The most important event that occurred during Tung-che's reign was the formal reception of the foreign Ministers in audience by the Emperor in person. It occurred on June 29, 1874, and was mainly due to the efforts of the Japanese minister, Mr. Soyesima. The representatives were, however, not received in the Palaces of the Forbidden City, but in the Tse-kuan-ho, or audience hall, in the west gardens. The Ministers were allowed to dispense with the servile prostrations made by the Chinese when facing the Emperor.

CHAPTER LVI

No direct heir to the Throne—Kwang-su elected Emperor—Dowager-Empress Regent—The Tonkin and Annam War—A Franco-Chinese Treaty—An anti-Christian rebellion—The Tsa-pi-ti—Li-hung-chang represses the rebels—The Hermit Kingdom of Corea—The Chino-Japanese War—Pin-yang—The naval battles of the Yalu river and Wei-hai wei—Admiral Ting's suicide—Kin-chow, Ta-lien-wan and Port Arthur—China sues for peace—Li-hung-chang at Shimonoseki—The Liao-tung peninsula—The cession of Formosa—The war indemnity—The Liao-tung peninsula leased to Russia—Imperial audiences—Li-hung-chang and the Czar's coronation—His European and American tour—Unsuspected shrewdness.

In January 1875, Tung-che, who had been in poor health for some time, died, leaving no direct heir to the throne. The Dowager-Empress, Si-tae-hen, as has been already mentioned, selected the new Emperor from among the princes, and her choice fell upon Kwang-su, son of her sister by the seventh prince (brother of Prince Kung). The Dowager-Empress became Regent.

In 1884 the war in Annam and Tonkin broke out between France and China. The naval victory of the French at Fu-chow somewhat scared the Chinese in Pekin, but the war was never regarded by the Court as a serious one. The Chinese well knew that when France had taken what she wanted she would not advance to the north. On June 9,

1885, a treaty was signed in Tientsin between the Viceroy and his Excellency M. Patenotre, by which France took possession of Tonkin, and China lost her suzerainty over the Annamites. Six years later an anti-Christian rebellion broke out in Mongolia and spread with alarming rapidity towards Pekin. The movement was particularly directed against native Christians, of whom hundreds were massacred. The rebels went by the name of Tsa-pi-ti, and professed to act under direct orders from Heaven. The Viceroy Li-hung-chang was deputed by the Emperor to suppress the riots, which were threatening to inflame a rebellion all over North China, and the Viceroy's troops, despatched in due haste—more to protect the safety of the dynasty than the lives of the Christians in danger—eventually vanquished and dispersed the rebels.

The year 1894 saw a war which astounded the whole world. The Hermit Kingdom of Corea, the "*Chosen*," the Land of the Morning Calm, was troubled by internal rebellions, and the Japanese, who had already obtained a strong foothold in the capital, Seoul, and in the ports of Chemulpo, Fusan and Gensan, hastily despatched troops with the object, they said, of suppressing troubles that interfered with their commerce.

Corea was still nominally a tributary State under the suzerainty of China, so the Chinese naturally enough resented Japanese intrusion. They hurriedly despatched troops to protect their rights, so long neglected that they had almost fallen into disuse. The chartered steamer Kao-shing, with Chinese troops on board, was fired upon and sunk by a Japanese man-of-war. Hostilities thus began between the Empire of Heaven and the Land of the Rising Sun. The "Land of the Morning Calm" was at first the field of the

operations, which were of a one-sided character, the Japanese being well prepared to fight, armed with weapons of great precision and their soldiers well equipped in every way. They had plenty of food and ammunition, whereas the Chinese were sent to the front armed with picturesque bows and arrows, spears, and old, useless matchlocks, or old European rifles, no two of the same pattern, and for which no ammunition was served out. The few troops that were fairly well armed could not hold their own against the well-drilled and plucky Japanese, who carried everything before them. Their commissariat was perfect, and they marched through the country with astounding rapidity, notwithstanding climatic and other natural difficulties that might have hindered any less energetic army. The Chinese, whenever encountered, were beaten in a way which did great credit to the Japanese, and brought contempt upon Celestials in general. At Pin-yang the Chinese, established behind earthworks, attempted a somewhat stouter resistance, but were driven from the city and eventually routed on the other side of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary between Corea and Manchuria. The Chinese, gradually awakening from their slumber, had despatched their fleet to protect transports that carried thousands of troops, and the two rival armies, encamped on both sides of the river, prepared to strike a final blow.

The Chinese fleet, commanded by the brave Admiral Ting and a number of European officers, was composed of six fine ironclads with excellent guns, and five smaller vessels. The Japanese, under Admiral Ito, had twelve ironclads, with the finest guns on board that were ever made.

On September 17 the two fleets met at the mouth of the Yalu River. The history of the China-Japan war is too recent to make a detailed description of the engagement

necessary; it will be remembered that the encounter proved fatal to the Chinese, who ran short of ammunition and were far inferior to the Japanese in manœuvring their ships. In five hours half the Chinese vessels were sunk or burnt, and the other half so battered that they had to make their escape under cover of the night to Port Arthur. Admiral Ting and his men had behaved with great bravery. Together with Li-hung-chang they were mercilessly blamed by the Emperor for their defeat. The ships having been hastily repaired and plenty of ammunition placed on board, they took shelter at Wei-hai-wei, where, attacked a month later by the Japanese, they made a desperate resistance. They were overpowered, their ships captured or destroyed, and Admiral Ting, in despair, committed suicide. Ten Chinese torpedo-boats fell into the hands of the Japanese, as well as a damaged ironclad and a cruiser; the others were either sunk or blown up by the Chinese themselves, who preferred death to surrender. Thus the Chinese fleet came to an end.

The Japanese army, under the supreme command of Count (now Marquis) Oyama, advanced through the enemy's country, their Celestial foes running before them like sheep, and throwing away their rifles, spears and swords to be lighter in the race for life.

Kin-chow fell, and the forts of Ta-lien-wan were captured without resistance. In them large stores of modern (Krupp) guns, rifles, ammunition and provisions were seized.

Port Arthur, with its impregnable fortifications, was next attacked, on November 16, and a few hours later the flag with the "rising sun" floated on its earthworks.

Whether because the financial conditions of Japan did not allow of the war proceeding as quickly as it had previously done, or whether the severity of the coming winter seriously

impeded the movement of the invading forces and the work of their commissariat, or whether—and this is most probable—the European Powers, afraid of the consequences that might arise to the balance of the peace throughout the world from the conquest of Pekin and Mukden, brought pressure to bear on this brave and victorious young nation, now ready to march on the capitals of China and Manchuria, the Japanese failed to carry out their original plans and concentrated their troops at Kin-chow. The forts of Taku and Shan-hai-Kwan, in which the Chinese had foreign-drilled troops, but which would have offered but a small obstacle to the Japanese march on Pekin, were never attacked. The Emperor, who was in readiness to flee from Pekin to the old capital of Si-nang-fu, despatched Li-hung-chang to Japan to sue for peace. The negotiations took place at Shimonoseki. The natives had been looking on aghast at the marvellous success of the Japanese in the field. Their military progress was astounding, and won unbounded praise from every quarter. But no sooner were their labours ended and Japan ready to reap the fruit of her victories, than the Great Powers—France, Russia and Germany in particular—intervened on behalf of China. The unfortunate attempt made by a Japanese fanatic to shoot Li-hung-chang while carrying on peace negotiations in their country necessarily interfered with the original intentions of the Japanese, and compelled them to be lenient towards their vanquished foes. According to the treaty of Shimonoseki, the Liao-tung peninsula, which they had conquered, was to remain Japanese, and Formosa was in future to form part of the Japanese Empire. An indemnity of £32,000,000 was paid, and, owing to the pressure of Russia, Japan agreed to hand back to China the Liao-tung peninsula in return for the sum of £4,800,000.

Once more in the hands of China, the Liao-tung peninsula was later leased to the Russians, who established themselves firmly in Port Arthur.

Soon after the war was over the Russian and French Ministers obtained from the Emperor an agreement that Representatives of foreign Powers should be received in the Imperial Palace, and not, as had been customary before, in audience halls destined to Envoys of tributary States and suzerain Princes.

When the coronation of the Czar of Russia took place the Emperor of China took the opportunity of despatching Li-hung-chang to Europe to represent him at the function. This was considered a good occasion for the astute Viceroy to visit the principal countries of Europe, returning to his native land through the United States. There was much amusing rivalry in commercial circles of the various nations, and the Viceroy, in his European and American tour, visited more shipyards, arsenals, gun and firearm factories than was good for him. Large orders were expected on all sides, but apart from kind inquiries after the various relations of the people who entertained him, the Viceroy limited himself to expressing admiration of what he saw, and that, at least as far as the public knew, was all. There was some laughter and considerable disappointment in Europe and America over the fact that the only article the Viceroy bought in his tour round the world was a sewing-machine which he intended to present to a favourite child! The Chinese were pronounced to be more clearly than ever ignorant barbarians, and even Li-hung-chang fell ninety per cent. in the estimation of the general public when it was believed that he understood nothing about war materials. The recent war with China, however, furnishes clear proof that while the

European and American public were laughing at the Chinese Viceroy and his people, the Viceroy himself, under cover of Eastern civility and simplicity, was laughing heartily at the whole of Europe and America.

Indeed, he showed that he knew more about rifles and guns and ammunition than was suspected, and, if anything, could give points to Western connoisseurs. If not, how did it happen that during the recent campaign every arsenal was filled with hundreds of thousands of the best rifles ever made, and with millions of rounds of ammunition of all calibres and of the latest and most improved patterns? As for big guns, none of the allied nations in the war of 1900 had any as good as China.

Li-hung-chang and his advisers may well be complimented on their good choice of weapons, and upon the shrewd secrecy with which they carried on their negotiations and their extensive purchases of war materials.

CHAPTER LVII

The Lotus Ponds—A summer-house—Native names—The *Le-in-ko*—The Empress's Palaces—The Throne—Works of art—The clock mania—Automatic devices and presents from foreign potentates—The Dowager-Empress's private palace—The Empress's bedroom—Sensible bedding—A reception hall—Theatrical performances—Gardens—Store-houses—The ten thousand *Fo*—Silk worms—A giant statue.

THE most refreshing sight in the Imperial City was that of the lotus ponds—I say ponds and not pond, for there were several of them, the largest being over 3500 yards long, the others of comparatively small size. They stretched from the most northern to the southern wall of the Imperial City, and were cut by three marble bridges of considerable beauty and some smaller ones of less importance. The handsomest of these was probably the one that cut the larger pond in half, and had nine arches.

The full-page illustration, from a photograph which I took on Coal Hill, gives a fair idea of the picturesqueness of the place, if one imagines the water covered with lotuses, the white marble bridge—the Yu-ho-kiao—spanning across, and the Empress's palaces, with their brilliantly coloured tiles, to the right of the picture as one looks at it. On the left were other Imperial buildings, roofed with highly-glazed

THE LOTUS POND AND MARBLE BRIDGE

yellow tiles, pagodas, and a picturesquely decorated gateway on the road.

A lovely summer-house or pagoda, called Uan-chan-tien, was to be seen on a small island south of the bridge.

The Chinese called the almost circular lake to the south the *Nan-hae*, the centre one the *Tchung-hae*, and the northern

THE TCHUNG-HAE LOTUS POND

and larger portion *Pe*, or north lake. Collectively they were named *King-hae*. Although the Yuens were responsible for their origin, it was by the Mings that the lakes were embellished with works of art of really extraordinary beauty.

The large palace to the west was the *Leh-in-ko*, where the yearly military examinations took place, as well as the official receptions to Mongol princes and envoys of suzerain States. It was here that foreign ambassadors were for the first time received by the Emperor in 1874.

Further south, on the same side of the lake, were the elabo-

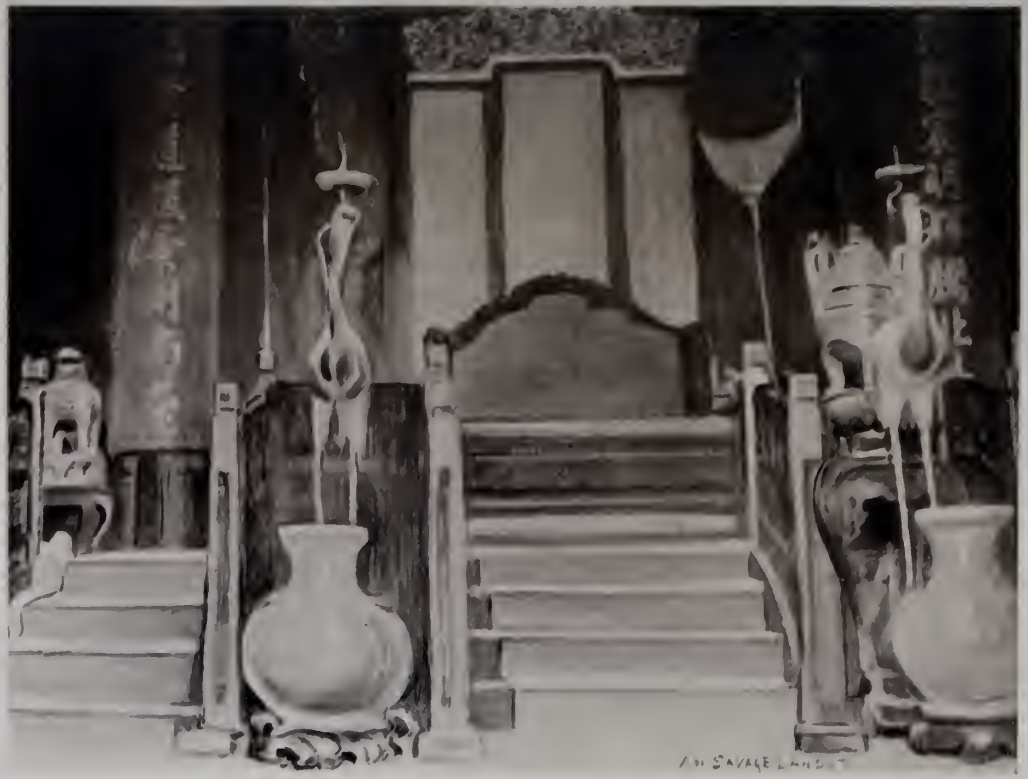
rate palaces which were restored and beautified a few years ago, when the Dowager-Empress, on the Emperor's marriage, selected this spot as her own private abode. From the south these buildings were connected with the Emperor's palaces.

I was particularly fortunate. The Russians were in possession of these buildings and grounds, which were kept in their original condition, each building being carefully sealed by officers, and no one allowed in. By the extreme kindness of Generals Linievitch and Vassielevsky a special permission was given me to inspect all the buildings, and I had the honour of being conducted round by Lieutenant-Colonel Shirinsky, the liberator of the Tientsin settlement, and of the Seymour expedition.

We entered the Leh-in-ko Palace, with its gilt throne and yellow-covered furniture, its beautiful jade ornaments all round the room, and the cloisonné "phœnix" standing at each side of the central staircase leading to the throne. Magnificent yellow carpets covered the platform steps and lower floor, while priceless china vases rested on finely-carved wood bases. Peacock-feather fans were placed at each side of the throne, and behind it a long inscription in gold, which, unfortunately, I could not decipher.

On both sides of the Emperor's seat, and next to strange jade quadrupeds, were narrow panels with large gold characters. Invaluable urns and incense-burners of astounding artistic beauty stood on high pedestals in several parts of the hall.

Along the walls were cabinets and shelves, on which were beautiful native works of art by the side of the most gaudy and atrocious clocks of foreign make. Yes, indeed, the Emperor and Empress, like every one else in the Empire,



THE IMPERIAL THRONE

suffered from the clock mania in a most appalling degree. Some of the apartments adjoining the reception-hall were crammed with timekeepers of all sizes and patterns, some set in jewels, others in bits of parti-coloured glass, others with a cuckoo or a cock springing out of a trap-door to announce the hours; while preserved in magnificent glass

GROUNDS IN THE EMPRESS'S PALACE

cases were displayed German clockwork puppets of abnormally-proportioned eyes, mouth and legs, which spun round wildly when they were wound up.

This was nothing to what we came across in some of the other buildings, where articulated crowing cocks, artificial Swiss humming-birds, speaking dolls, old clocks, vile imitation Venetian glass candelabra, Bohemian glass of the coarsest description, and German painted vases that would set on edge the teeth of the most inartistic, were promi-

nently displayed in the company of jade vases of exquisitely refined shape and proportion, cloisonné works of delicate finish, and enamels of mellow, refined and harmonious tints.

The contrast between specimens of the highest Chinese art and the most ordinary European efforts in that direction was quite flagrant.

Behind the Leh-in-ko was another building, where presents to the Emperor and Empress from foreigners were kept, such as elaborate sleighs, chairs, saddles, vases of great proportion and gorgeous design, busts, swords, more clocks and automatic devices.

The buildings towards the south were all connected by paved courts and a number of reception-halls, all more or less richly furnished, and bearing a great resemblance to the first described. Several of the buildings had plate-glass swing-doors, such as one is accustomed to see in hotel entrances and shops, but the most remarkable thing of all was that all these palaces were lighted up by electricity. I was told that Chinese workmen had been specially trained to make the installation, as foreigners were not permitted to tread inside the palaces.

Now let us visit the Empress's palace, not as large a building as might be expected, but very handsomely decorated and richly furnished. Outside it had green columns joined by a red balustrade and lattice-work all round. There was a reception-room as one entered, with a throne similar to that of the Emperor, reached by three staircases, the centre one to be used by the Empress only.

A gilt throne, with yellow brocade cushions, was the only seat in the room. There were around the room some lovely vases and cups and nick-nacks made of jade, gold,

and precious stone. Little clocks set in diamonds and pearls; medium clocks in leather cases or ivory on alabaster stands; big clocks showing seconds, minutes, hours, the days, the year, the moon, and I do not know what else, were all to be admired. A great number of Imperial sceptres of black wood, inlaid with jade, were on the shelves and tables, some in yellow silk cases, others without.

Adjoining was the Empress's bedroom. There was certainly an idea of vastness and comfort about her Imperial Majesty's sleeping couch. It was low — only about two feet above the ground — but what it lacked in height was made up in width and length, the bed occupying all one side of the room. It was broad enough to accommodate comfortably side by side half a dozen people, and quite sufficiently long to suit as many again at the other end.

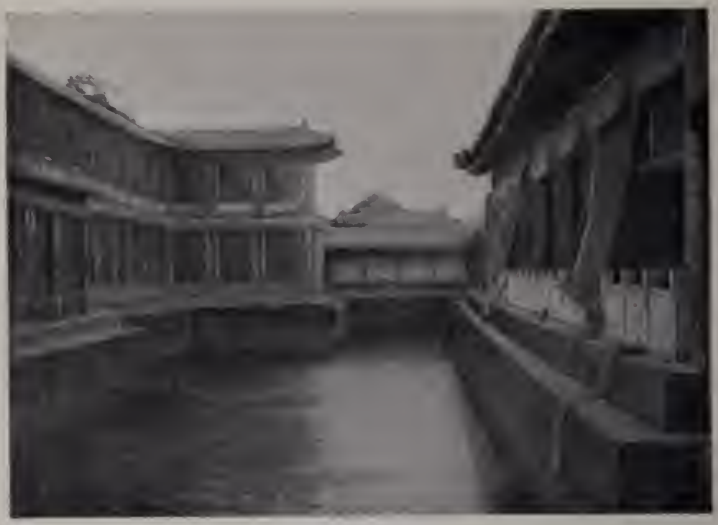
RECEPTION HALL IN THE IMPERIAL GROUNDS

The old Empress was a sensible person in the way of bedding, the mattress being not too soft and not too hard, with comfortable pillows well suited not to disarrange her elaborate coiffure, and with a magnificent covering of yellow silk spread over the whole and reaching down to the ground. There were hangings and curtains of a similar fabric to close in the bed; in fact, all that portion of the room occupied by it, and the chairs and walls of the room, were also of the Imperial colour.

Here again were clocks in profusion.

There were other rooms of less importance in the building. Close at hand was a series of palaces, and eventually we reached the large and handsome reception-hall where the Empress-Dowager occasionally of late received the wives of foreign Ministers.

Directly outside this hall, one wall of which could be



EMPRESS'S HALL WHERE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES WERE GIVEN

opened entirely, was a picturesque structure on columns, over a solid base of masonry, surrounded by water. The hall and this part were joined by a short bridge. Theatrical performances, music and dancing, were given under this colonnade, for the enjoyment of the Empress and her guests, and the place on such occasions was decorated with myriads of lanterns and beautiful draperies. The effect of these, with the reflection in the limpid water below, must have been enchanting.

The photograph shows the side of the building and moat

SUMMER HOUSE IN EMPRESS'S PALACE

round it. The houses to the left and back were the quarters of the ladies of the Court, and of the Imperial singers and dancers.

As one went further south from this building, one came across prettily laid out rock gardens, grottoes, and little summer-houses overlooking the lotus-pond. There was even a narrow-gauge railway, which went the whole length of the grounds, for the amusement of the Emperor and Empress, and boats to go on the lake when the lotuses were not out. The place for embarkation was called the U-lung-ting, and on it were constructed several pavilions.

It would take more space than I can afford, and more patience than the reader could spare, to give a detailed description of the innumerable buildings—all beautiful and interesting in themselves—where the Princes, their families, the high Court officials, and the servants lived, to say nothing of the store-houses where cases and cases of magnificent gold embroideries, furs, golden shoes, rolls of silk and brocade, and ornaments of jade, amber, gold and silver, such as the Empress was in the habit of presenting to her friends, officials, and ladies of the Court, were kept.

Then there were, besides, other interesting buildings, such as the temple of the ten thousand Fo, which really contained as many little images of Buddha; and the beautiful Ki-lo-che-kie pagoda, with its rugged wood-carving represen'ation of a rocky mountain with grottoes and narrow paths.

The Empress took a keen interest in silkworms, and a place was specially dedicated to their maintenance in the Imperial grounds. The *Siao-si* and *Ta-si* temples, though less important, were also worth seeing, as well as the pagoda of Buddha the Great, inside which stood a statue of Fo measuring seventy feet in height.

CHAPTER LVIII

To the Summer Palace—Civility of natives—An amusing tale—The first court—The front building—The throne-room—The throne—The Phœnix—Works of art—Fans—An automatic cock—Columns—Electric light—The principal buildings.

TWELVE miles or so outside the west gate of Pekin Tartar city, and along a pleasant road with many wayside houses and tea-shops, I came, in the pleasant company of Messrs. Munthe and Yanchevetsky, to the Summer Palace, now, as well as the country between, in the hands of Russians.

THE AUTHOR ON A COSSACK PONY

There were a great number of natives about, and I was much struck by their friendliness and civility towards us, which I cannot say was common in suburbs of Pekin under the supervision of other Powers. Each bowed and chin-chinned as we gaily rode past, and many of the specially polite ones offered us roasted Indian corn, dried fruit, tea, or cold water. They had erected little tables with these

delicacies all along the road, some by way of trade, others out of mere good-nature or fear.

Yanchevetsky, who had only the day before come from the Summer Palace, told me of an amusing incident that had taken place a day or two after the Russians had cap-

THE FRONT BUILDING IN THE FIRST COURTYARD OF THE SUMMER PALACE

tured the palace. A Boxer leader, sent with an important message from a distant province to the palace, and unaware of the presence of its new occupants, rode full gallop into the gates. When in the courtyard, he jumped off his sweating pony, only to find himself in the arms of some powerful Cossacks. Before his astonishment was over and he had realised his position, he was duly relieved of the dangerous weapons he was carrying on him and was made a prisoner.

We reached the Summer Palace. Here, too, I was

greatly indebted to the Russian General for his kind permission to visit any building I chose—a privilege which I understood was not granted to everybody.

Within the gate of the first court were two gigantic monoliths of rock, and a number of large bronze urns, and one's eye was caught at once by two magnificent representations of the fiery dragon and the dignified phœnix, its tail spread fan-like, at the entrance of the splendid red-lacquered and gold building at the end of the court. These mythological animals were most beautifully cast and finished, and rested on majestic bases of bronze and finely carved marble. Vases supported on red stands and containing rare plants were placed between these animals, and at each side of the three central staircases was one beautiful bronze burner.

The base of the front building was of solid masonry, wider than the building erected on it, so as to form a wide verandah. Red-lacquered columns supported most elaborately painted cross-beams, on which rested the gaudy roof of imperial tiles. The doors and walls were of red lattice-work, with gold corners and angles, and beautiful mat screens hung over every door and also between each two columns of the verandah, so that the glare of the sun could be kept out.

A Cossack stood on guard at the door, and presented arms as we entered.

We were in the throne-room, a spacious apartment occupying the greater part of the building, and so arranged that the two ends of the room could be partitioned off. The throne was on a platform in the centre, and was directly in front of a three-panelled glass screen, surmounted by a gold ornamentation. There were red inscriptions on these panels, and gold ones on a blue ground in the lateral panels. Farther, on either

A COURT IN THE SUMMER PALACE
(The Bronze Dragon and Phœnix)

side of the throne, were huge characters, such as are found in the famous tablet of the Summer Palace, *Wan-sho-shan* (*Tze-mi-hu*), or Mountain of the Ten Thousand Ages. The character *Sho*, which appears in the illustration, means "long life"; *Wan* is for "ten thousand"; and *shan*, "hill."

The throne was a spacious chair, magnificently carved in black wood, with arms at each side. The cushions were of thick yellow silk. The carpet on the platform and steps was of the same colour, and of a costly fabric. There were three staircases—two at the sides and one in front, the latter being reserved for the Emperor only. Contrary to one's expectations, one found the throne surrounded by a mass of beautiful works of art of Chinese manufacture. The photograph which I took may give probably, with a few additional notes on the colouring, a better idea than a long description.

The six long-legged phœnixes guarding the staircases were of the most perfect cloisonné, white, red, green and blue, and their twisted necks and beaks supported an artistic candlestick, in the shape of a lotus-leaf. At the foremost angles of the platform, on beautifully carved tables, rested two gilt vases of enormous proportions, with branches of peach-tree bearing fruit artistically embossed on them. These were made of precious stone, and on the lid of the vase was an enormous peach of a delicate and very beautiful red-tinted stone. At the base of the receptacles were beautiful lacquer and jade screens, more cloisonné burners and vases of the rarest blue china.

The sticks of the two peacock-feather fans at each side of the throne were also of the finest cloisonné, as well as the lower portion of the fan itself, in which the feathers were fixed.

Here, too, were conventionalised lions, standing with

head erect, stiff legs, and swollen bodies, turning their backs to the Imperial chair. Directly behind the peach vases were two very beautiful small pagodas, of gold, silver and cloisonné.

On turning away from the truly gorgeous throne to examine the other contents of the audience-hall, one experienced the same dreadful shock that had set our teeth on edge in the Empress's palaces. At my feet crouched a beautiful green jade lion, that must have been worth a fortune, and behind it rose a tall glass case containing a clock, with a contrivance that at each hour set in motion a doll dressed in silks and gold braiding, which did some tight-rope dancing. On the other side of the hall was another glass case, with another clock. This one displayed a full-sized cock which crowed spasmodically, and in a somewhat sickly manner—probably through overwork—each time that the hour struck.

There was further a big ox in jade and cloisonné—a fine work—and next to it several large cases crammed full of jade pieces of great artistic and commercial value. On the walls was a profusion of looking-glasses, round, square, oblong, in frames varying from the most graceful gold Florentine and Chinese sandal-wood to the coarsest German moulding by the yard. A number of handsome yellow-covered chairs stood all round the wall, and some divans at the two ends. Fossils and curiously shaped stones were also carefully preserved in these palaces.

Ten red-lacquered columns supported the ceiling, which was painted green, with delicate ornamentation, and from which hung charmingly decorated lanterns, with long silk tassels, as well as Venetian glass candelabra.

The electric light was laid on in most of the Summer Palace

THE THRONE IN THE SUMMER PALACE

buildings, which I believe numbered in all some two hundred Indeed, the Summer Palace, with its artificial hill, its lakes, bridges, canals, and gardens, might more appropriately be called a small town. The principal palaces were in irregular succession, and joined by courts, passages, paved roads, or long flights of steps.

It is said that from the time of the Tsings these hills were used as an Imperial summer resort, although all that was beautiful before the fire of 1860 was mostly due to the Mings.

The principal buildings were the Yuen-ming-yuen, the Tcha-chun-yuen, and the Uan-cheu-chan ; but, much to my regret, I was unable, owing to the absence of Chinese officials from the palace, to obtain the names of each of the more modern structures. The Emperor Kien-lung united and enclosed all these palaces, and they have since gone by the name of Yuen-ming-yuen.

CHAPTER LIX

The second building—Bamboo scaffolding—A stone balustrade—Islands—Beautiful panorama—A four-tiered octagonal pagoda—Tortuous passage—A canal—Three gates—The third audience hall—The Emperor's bed—Two tablets—The hill of the ten thousand ages—Buddha—A rustic path—Bronze figures—Superb view—A famous tablet—A copper structure—Inclines—Presents—Russian hospitality—Sniping.

I WILL not attempt a detailed history of the various structures and artistic bridges, for, to be candid, I do not know it myself. If I did, I fear it would take several volumes to relate it; so I will limit myself to making a hasty circuit of the place, pointing out the most striking sights.

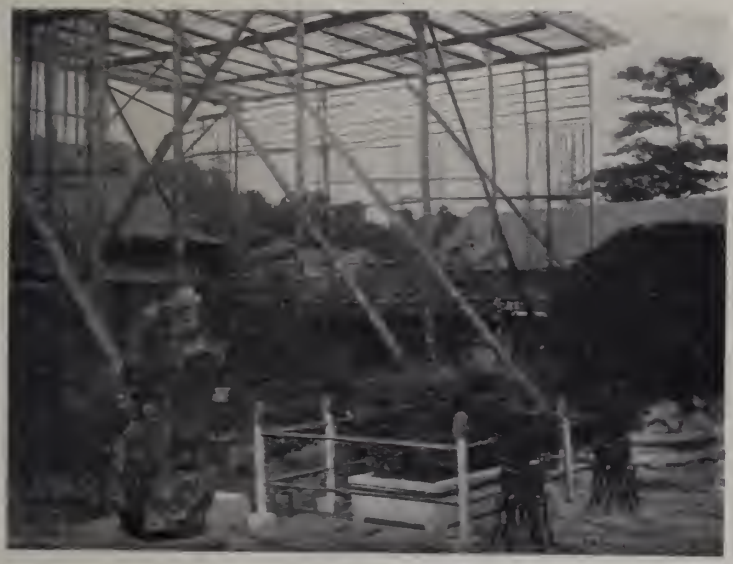
There was a second building, similar to the one we had just left—with a throne precisely similar, and masses of cloisonné and jade and precious stones and blue china. The building was not well lighted, and did not look quite so rich as the first, and I was told that probably this was because the palace was older and more used than the first visited. There was a most fascinating garden in the court outside, with weird rocks, and precious plants in vases of marble and stone.

A high scaffolding of bamboo was erected in the half of the court directly adjoining the principal palace, the purpose of which was to support fine mats spread out at the top, and

so afford a delicious shade to the court, for these mats let in the breeze from the lakes and kept out the light and hot sun.

This palace was said to be the Emperor's favourite. At the sides there were richly-furnished quarters.

Directly outside this court was a wide terrace with a stone balustrade, overlooking one of the most heavenly sights I



A COURT IN THE EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE PALACE

have ever gazed upon. To the south, some distance off, was a long and quaint bridge of masonry with seventeen arches, and a smaller one, the Lu-ku-kiao, of the same shape as those one always sees depicted on Chinese plates. These joined small islands, covered with high and magnificent old trees. On one island a palace was visible, and to the east end of the longer bridge stood a two-tiered pagoda.

But the most beautiful part of this panorama was the view to the west and north. In the distance, against the back-

ground of blue hills, a high pagoda rose on a small eminence to the west, and next one's eye was attracted by the uninjured and most elegant balustrade, that ran in a straight line along the northern shore of the lake. The water just below it in this northern portion was covered with lotuses; but this was not the case in the centre of the lake, where the reflection of the sun, and of the brilliant red, yellow and blue buildings, played on the rippling water in a fascinating fashion.

Let us examine more carefully the numerous structures on the wooded hill to the north.

On a platform of masonry of gigantic height towered a four-storied pagoda of octagonal shape, green and red in colour. The platform was reached by a grand double staircase, which joined at the top and bottom of the southern wall facing the lake. Higher up still, the topmost building of all was rectangular, and not so elaborate as the pagoda in front; it rejoiced in the name of the "Palace of Reason and Longevity."

Up the hill, on both sides and at the bottom of these gigantic structures, were minor pagodas, marble tablets of great proportions, temples and gateways; and, notwithstanding the great heat of the day, I could not resist the temptation of climbing up to inspect them all one by one.

Following the balustrade, one came to a narrow and tortuous passage along a low wall, with picturesque lanterns let into the masonry and lighted by coloured electric lights, calculated to produce at night entrancing effects by their reflection on the water.

Further on ran a pretty canal, almost parallel with the shore of the lake, and a few yards away from it. It was full of lotuses, and a small but beautiful marble bridge spanned it,

while old trees all along shaded the long avenue, paved with marble slabs for pedestrians. There was also a covered passage-way.

From the lake three gates of gold and red lacquer gave entrance to the "hill of the ten thousand ages." Wonderful bronze vases stood first on the two sides, then the Emperor's emblem, two magnificent bronze dragons, modelled with

THE PAGODA, SHRINES, AND TABLET IN THE SUMMER PALACE

muscular force and contortions to express power and strength. Behind them came the more modest phœnix, the Empress's emblem, representing chastity and grace. Then the usual bronze burners.

Beyond was the third palace of his Majesty the Emperor, with an audience-hall exactly like those we have already seen, and his private bedroom. His bed, like that of the Empress, was very spacious, but not quite of such extravagant dimensions. It had a very alluring appearance to us,

who had not slept in a bed for several weeks, and looked as comfortable as one would wish, with a rich and soft yellow silk coverlet, adorned by rampant woven dragons, and a haldaquin overhead of delicately blue-tinted silk.

Everything in the room was beautiful, but comparatively simple as compared with the appointments in that of the Empress-Dowager. The Emperor's taste in clocks, at least in his sleeping-room, ran to those of smaller size, set in diamonds and pearls. White and light green jade nick-nacks were plentiful in his room.

We had in the next place to climb up the long flights of steps to reach the four-tiered pagoda, after deciphering a tablet in gold which declared that "happiness and peace come with the spring." This aphorism hardly applied to the Boxer movement and the recent war, which came in that season; but we had no time to consider these small discrepancies between Chinese wise sayings and foolish facts, and on we struggled up the hundreds of steps until the pagoda was reached.

Under the last roof was another tablet, announcing in big gold letters that "above the clouds heaven was full of sweet smells." There was wisdom in this saying, which was undoubtedly true with respect to China in general, and Pekin in particular, where the odours below the clouds were indeed far from sweet, especially since the war!

To return to the pagoda; it had a small structure on the southern side at its entrance, and flat buildings which spread at the sides of the quadrangle of masonry, in the centre of which rose the actual pagoda. Each tier, except the highest, had a verandah with columns supporting the upturned corners of the roof directly above. This was the Wan-sho-shan—translated literally, "the hill of the ten thousand ages," or in other words, the "hill of longevity."

Inside, on the first floor, on a high marble base, was a large standing gilt figure of Buddha, wearing his historical cap, and the gem on his forehead. Two clean-shaven golden disciples, with palms joined in the attitude of prayer, stood at each side.

In front was a fine altar, with joss-sticks and incense-

BUDDHA AND HIS DISCIPLES

burner in the centre, and with high pewter candlesticks and tall vases for lotus-flowers at the sides. Behind the central figure was a red lattice screen, and on the other side of it two finely executed miniature pagodas.

The last building on the top of the hill was reached by a rustic and slippery stone path, roughly fashioned like steps. Besides three inscriptions engraved on white marble, inside niches decorated in yellow and green, that accommo-

dated small images of Buddha, there was another very large and artistic bronze image of Buddha in the centre of the temple, with two small ones by its sides. Then there was an altar, and pewter decorations similar to those in the pagoda. Two other bronze figures were at the two ends of the room, but it was very dark, and one could not plainly see what they represented.

When we came out of this temple it was sunset, and the view from this high point of vantage over the lakes, islands, and gaily-roofed palaces and pagodas, was superb. The surface of the lake reflected the golden and crimson tints of the sky. The minute detail of the buildings all round was considerably toned down and rendered warmer. Pekin in the far distance, with its high gates and pagodas, such landmarks as Coal Hill and the Pe-ta, could just be seen through a thick veil of dust at the end of the paved road which, like a grey snake, wound its way through the intervening country between this heavenly spot and the capital. Right below us, masses of green-tiled roofs melted away into the surrounding foliage.

We came down by a different way to inspect the famous tablet in honour of the hill, and the various smaller pagodas, of which there were two similar sets, east and west of the great platform of the central row of structures.

We inspected those to the east. The way to the tablet was rustic and picturesque—even romantic—through dark grottoes and passages pierced in the rock. One trod on green moss underfoot, and creepers hung overhead, along the narrow and damp path.

The tablet, a very large one of white marble, was set upright in a base finely carved with demons, and rested on a platform, also of marble, with pretty balusters. Access to it

was obtained by a long flight of steps to the south. On the tablet was written in large Chinese characters the name of this heavenly abode, viz., "the hill of the ten thousand ages."

To the west of the tablet, and higher above it, was perched on a rock a most beautiful, large, double-roofed

A MARBLE BRIDGE OVER LOTUS POND

pagoda of copper, to which years had given the finest tints of verdigris. Two other pagodas were directly behind the tablet to the north.

Long, covered inclines led down at the sides to the water's edge. Bewildered and confused by the innumerable marvellous things one had seen in so short a time, one had no strength left to admire or take in any more. One felt possessed by a desire to get away as soon as possible so as not to see more beautiful things. One's brain after a while

got so crammed full of dragons, pagodas, bronzes, long-legged images of the phœnix, tablets, lotus-flowers, bridges, lakes, Buddhas, and capricious ornamentations, that really it was impossible to grasp any more. One can have a great deal too much of beautiful sights. Besides, Munthe reminded me that night was coming on, that he had to ride fourteen miles to get back to his quarters, and I two miles further than he, or sixteen. The roads were not safe at night.

The Russian officers were, however, extremely kind, and insisted that I should see everything. I almost wish I had not. We went into the palace where the Emperor stored away the gifts of European potentates. It was indeed the best thing he could do with them. I glanced round. There were two awful clocks, two high and elaborate kerosene lamps on gaudy stands, a huge and expensive musical box, six large and handsome vases presented by the German Emperor, and yet another clock given by the Emperor of Russia.

Before we could leave the palace we were entertained to tea (which consisted of beer and vodka) by the Russians, who insisted that we should also remain to dinner. Much to our regret, we could not stay, and as it was already dark when the Cossacks brought our ponies, we galloped back to Pekin.

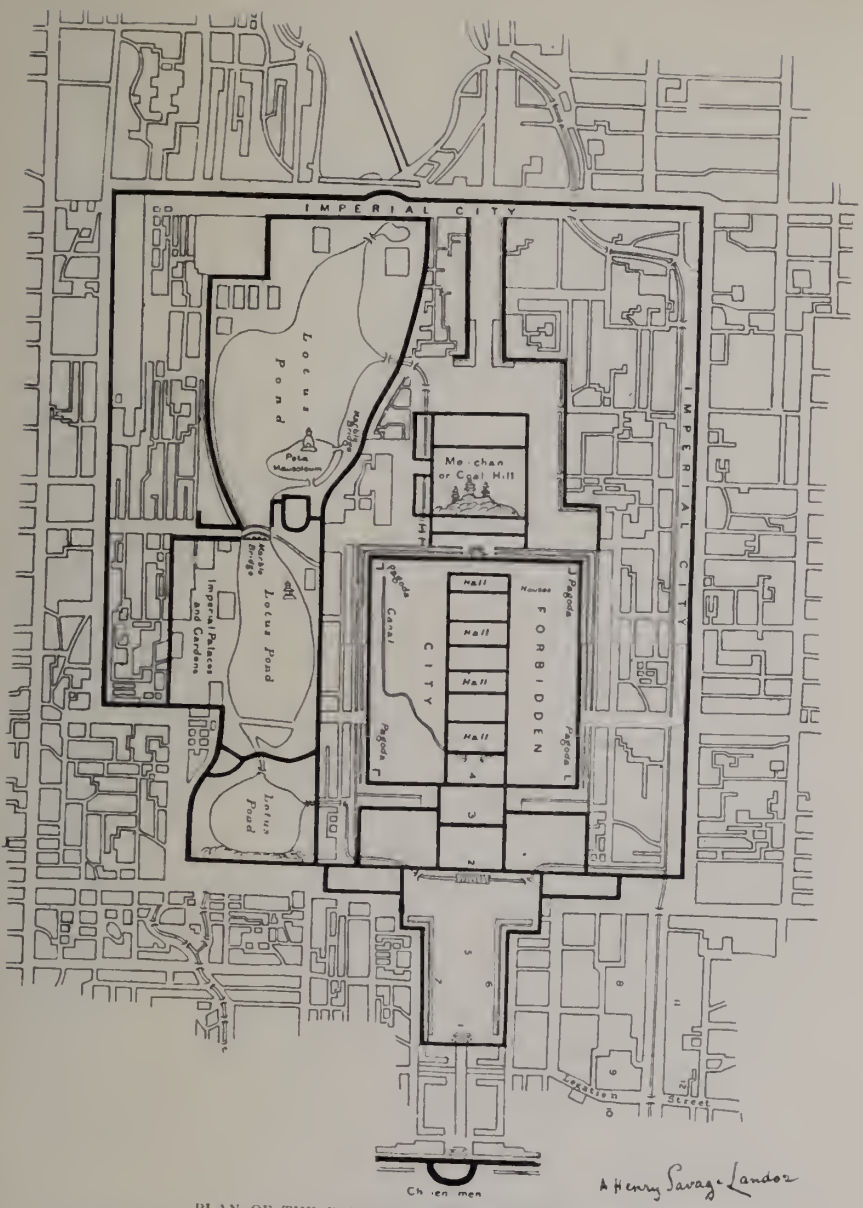
Having lost our way in the labyrinth of streets, I only reached my own camp in the middle of the night, sniped at once on the road, and as hungry as a wolf, but with no further discomfort. My camp was then outside, and directly under the south Tartar wall. Two American friends were also camping there, and we slept out in the open. During the night we heard peculiar noises, and two arrows were shot at us from the wall. Judging by the whiz, they sounded too high to do us any harm.

The Chinese were very wasteful of ammunition, and there were a good many casualties caused by this treacherous sniping that went on at night, not only in the more secluded spots, but even in the most central parts of Pekin.

CHAPTER LX

Four cities in one—The Forbidden City—*Kiao-leou*—Gates—The *Ou-men* — *Tung-hoa* — *Si-hoa* — *Chen-ou* — Every soldier's dream—Chinese conclusions—Prestige to be maintained—Red tape—The American general—A privilege—The first to enter the Forbidden City.

THERE are, as we have seen, four cities in one in Pekin—the Chinese, the Tartar, the Imperial City, and the violet or red Forbidden City. In the very centre of Pekin, and within the wall of the sacred Imperial City, stands the "Forbidden City," containing the Emperor's audience-halls, his private palaces, and those of the Court eunuchs, officials and attendants. From its most northern to its southern point the wall enclosing the sacred grounds measures over a thousand yards in length, whereas from east to west the distance is only eight hundred yards. A moat sixty-five yards broad surrounds the City, while a large number of barracks and ammunition storehouses for the use of the palace guards are to be found all round it. Small pagodas and pavilions are scattered here and there in the sacred enclosure, and, indeed, when a bird's-eye view is obtained of the Forbidden City from "Coal Hill," directly north of the Palace, the sight is a wonderful one, the brilliant yellow and green roofs—masses of them—shining gaily in the sun,



PLAN OF THE FORBIDDEN AND IMPERIAL CITIES

1. South Gate. 2. Ou-Men. 3. Gate. 4. Gate. 5. Courtyard
6. 7. Side Buildings for servants. 8. British Legation. 9. Russian Legation.
10. American Legation. 11. The *Fu* and Italian Legation. 12. Japanese Legation.

and the buildings, mostly of sombre red, being carefully laid out with geometrical precision as well as artistic taste.

Four *kiao-leou*, or angular, three-tiered pagodas, gracefully adorn the corners of the wall, and four gates, at the four points of the compass, give access to the Forbidden City to those few persons allowed to enter it. The principal of these, though less beautiful than the others, is the South Gate, the "Ou-men," whence a long row of buildings, higher and more elaborate than the rest, stretches in good architectural symmetry from south to north. They are eleven in number, all very handsome, with yellow-tiled roofs surmounting the red-lacquered wooden structure above the stone and marble basement.

The other three gates are called "Tung-hoa" (east), "Si-hoa" (west), and "Chen-ou" (north). It is well to remind the reader that although during the war in China the allied forces had entered the Chinese and Tartar City and captured the Imperial City, although they had destroyed, burned, and looted wholesale the houses of friends and foes alike, the Forbidden City, with all its palaces, that nest of infamy and corruption, where the plans for the destruction of foreigners in China had been conceived and organised, and whence orders had been issued accordingly to the populace, was respected and protected. The Allies marched triumphantly through the country from Taku to Pekin, carrying all before them, but here they now came to a dead stop before the Imperial Palace—that very palace which every soldier of the Relief Expedition wanted to be the first to set on fire in order to avenge the insults and cowardly tortures inflicted by the Chinese upon our men, women, and children. Indeed, it was every soldier's dream to see the place flare up (after it had been looted, it must be under-

stood), as a crowning victory of civilisation over bigotry. As we have seen, the Americans, with their artillery, had already begun to attack the first three gates prior to entering the Forbidden Palace itself; but when on the point of easily achieving a brilliant victory, they were ordered to cease fire and withdraw, so as not to "offend the Chinese." Russian, British, Japanese, and French were left to guard each of the four gates, so as to prevent inmates of the palace escaping, but for two whole weeks the palace was left untouched and closed. The result?

The Chinese naturally concluded that we were afraid to take it, that we felt our inferiority, and therefore did not dare trespass on this sacred ground. Pigtailed busybodies at once spread rumours that the foreign devils were not strong enough to take the Palace; that when they had reached the gates they were unable to go further. Why, even their big guns, they declared, were not powerful enough to blow up the fourth gate! Hence, within the next ten days after our entering Pekin, when everything seemed quiet and orderly, the lives of several American, French, and Russian soldiers were lost, they being murdered by Chinese while peaceably going about the streets of the city.

The Boxers in the neighbourhood of Pekin, encouraged by what they believed to be our lack of courage and strength, again became threatening. It was then decided by the foreign Representatives that a suitable way of maintaining our prestige and of giving China a lesson would be to make a formal entry into the Forbidden City, and that the entry should take the form of an International procession. Only one small detachment of each of the eight military victorious Powers concerned in the war would be allowed to march through the Forbidden grounds, each nation to be represented by a

THE FORBIDDEN CITY SEEN FROM THE PE-TA MONUMENT

number of men in proportion to the number of troops despatched for the relief of Pekin.

On hearing that the Powers had come to this agreement, I immediately called on General Barrow (British) to obtain permission to accompany the British troops in this triumphant march of so great a historical interest. The General was not approachable, but referred me to an officer, who said that no permits would be issued. A great mystery was made about the whole affair, and it seemed as if the authorities were afraid—almost ashamed—to let the world at large know that the penetration of light and civilisation into the innermost shrine of Celestial exclusiveness would presently be an accomplished fact. It was apparently the intention to have the whole performance "on the sly," as it were, and much disappointment prevailed among press people when one and all were flatly refused permission to witness the procession.

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER AND SECRETARY TALKING TO GENERAL LINIEVITCH

The American General was no better than the British, and when interviewed by an American correspondent is reported to have struck a stage attitude and exclaimed: "There are things in this world that are sacred! The Imperial Palace is one of them!" He would see newspaper men anywhere rather than let them into the Palace to see the show.

Extraordinary as it may seem, the British General informed the press people later in the day that he would take example from the Japanese. What they did he would do. If the subjects of the Mikado allowed their own correspondents to enter, he might be tempted to allow the British to do so.

This conduct on the part of the authorities seemed incomprehensible, and newspaper men felt hurt, after undergoing all the hardships of the campaign, at being now prevented from reporting to the people at home the triumphant day of their respective armies. They signed petitions and formulated complaints.

Even medical men with the army were at first refused the privilege of accompanying the British force, but eventually Dr. Myers was allowed to officially represent the profession in the parade.

Personally, fortune attended me. Being of a somewhat independent disposition, I never beg for favours. I happened to pay a friendly call on the Russian General Linievitch, when I was asked whether I should attend the procession the following morning. I answered that the General of my own country would not allow me to see it. Much astonishment was expressed by the Russians present, and, to use their words, it seemed beyond their conception that I, who had single-handed tried to do in Tibet what the allied nations were now going to do in China, should be prevented by my own countrymen from attending the ceremony. An invitation was thereupon given me to ride into the Palace by the side of General Linievitch, who, being the senior General, would be the first foreigner to enter the forbidden ground. I was proud beyond words at receiving such a great honour from the greatest of all Generals in the field, and on so great a historical occasion. "The General and you will be the

first two white men to enter the sacred precincts," said an officer to me, "and you will be the first Englishman—in fact, the first Anglo-Saxon—that can claim the privilege." I was told that, although many had applied, no permits whatever had been issued by the Russians, which made me appreciate the invitation all the more.

"Be here at 7.30 to-morrow morning, for I shall start at eight to review the International troops," said General Linievitch as I heartily thanked him for his kindness.

CHAPTER LXI

Wash-day—Troops reviewed by the *doyen* General—The troops—Chinese officials—Entering the sacred precincts—The diplomatic body—A military affair—The audience halls—The line of march—An ancient tree—Chinese attendants.

Off I went back to camp, overcome with joy, and then the bitter truth flashed across my mind that my khaki clothes, not taken off my back for several weeks, were torn and dirty, and hardly suitable for such a grand occasion. But no other garments could be procured, so what could I do but make the best of them? My Indian servant was made to wash them, and when they were washed I put them on again to dry them, the lack of sun and the heavy dew at night rendering the ordinary methods of doing so impossible. A fresh set of buttons, a stitch here and there to mend the pockets, and by contrast with others my attire looked as good as new. My two instantaneous cameras, with eighteen plates in each, were made ready, and when morning came I rode briskly to the Russian Legation, reaching it an hour, or even two, before the time appointed.

I was cordially received by the General and his staff, and we eventually started on our horses, and passing through the quadrangle, with its high marble balustrade, between the city gate and the first gate of the Palace, we entered the first

courtyard.* Here the troops that were to march through the Palace were already in line. The various Generals were on foot at the head of their respective columns, and as we rode past each contingent the *doyen* General reviewed them, each General and staff in turn saluting as we passed, and accom-

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR WHILE RIDING BESIDE RUSSIAN GENERAL REVIEWING ALLIED TROOPS

panying us to the end of the line. I must confess that I felt a certain childish delight when I passed the British General, who stood at "attention" and on his feet, while I was mounted on a fine Chinese pony. But that is human nature all over. The photograph here reproduced shows the troops saluting as we rode past them.

As far as numbers went, the Russians were most prominent of all, then the Japanese, the British, the Americans, the French, the Germans, the Italians, and the Austrians. One and

* August 28.

all looked as smart and well as circumstances allowed, and to gaze on these fine, brave fellows of all nations, in their white or khaki uniforms, all doing their utmost to look their best, all seeming proud and happy to take part in such a grand international matter, was as fine a sight as can be given to any one. Indeed, there were many sore hearts in Pekin that

CHINESE OFFICIALS WAITING AT THE ENTRANCE TO ESCORT ALLIED TROOPS

day among the soldiers and officers who, owing to the small number of men that each nation was allowed to take into the Palace, were not permitted to attend the parade. The foreign Ministers in a body now walked on foot along the middle of the road, they, too, being saluted by all the troops. They took up their position to the left of the courtyard as one looked towards the second gate.

The review of the troops completed, General Linievitch his staff, and myself, with an escort of Cossacks, rode up through the second courtyard, followed by the diplomatic

body, the Russian marines, Russian line officers, and infantry. We passed through the two gates of the approaches to the Palace, which had already been opened by the Americans, and were now before the last gate, that leading into the Palace itself, upon which no foot of "foreign devil" had ever trespassed. The moment was impressive.

Three Chinese officials—two of them interpreters to the Yamên—in their long blue State robes and conical white hats, stood on the central staircase, as can be seen in the illustration, waiting for us at the closed gate. As we approached, they stooped and chin-chinned, joining their thumbs together. General Linievitch and I dismounted, and walked up the incline to the gate.

Opened from inside, the huge wooden doors, studded with iron knobs, revolved slowly on their rusty and squeaky hinges. When one thought that for five centuries, since this Palace was built, these gates had barred the way to all civilising influence, when one realised that, whatever had occurred outside in the way of intercourse with foreigners, no one had ever penetrated these sacred walls, it is excusable if one felt somewhat proud to be the first of one's race to set foot inside this Forbidden City. It was a memorable event in the history of China, and never did I realise its moral weight so fully as when, beside General Linievitch, I stepped into the Forbidden City. The British artillery fired the first salute of one-and-twenty guns to announce the memorable event. The spell was broken. The deed was done. What Celestials had kept most sacred for 500 years, foreign devils desecrated in two seconds.

"*Entrez dans le Palais de l'Empereur!*" ("Enter the Emperor's Palace!") said the Chinese official, Lien-fang, who spoke the most perfect French, to the General; and having

shown us the way with an extended arm and a grand bow, he joined his companion ahead of us.

They marched quickly, evidently in a hurry to get us through in all speed, and by their side played a pretty fox-terrier dog, who seemed to enjoy the experience as much

THE DIPLOMATIC BODY

as any one else. Behind us we had General Linievitch's staff, including the brave Norwegian Munthe and the Russian Yanchevetsky, who had rendered such excellent services as scouts, guides, and interpreters. Then came the third Chinaman, who kept with the diplomatic body—an extraordinary-looking set, dressed up in the quaintest of costumes, most of them hardly adapted to so grand an occasion. Indeed, one only has to look at one of the snapshots to see what they were like. In front stood prominent

A RECEPTION HALL IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Chinese officials leading the Allies

(This photograph was taken by the author at the head of the procession)

the lumbering, bony figure of Sir Claude MacDonald, in an ample grey suit of tennis clothes and a rakish Panama slouch hat, which he wore at a dangerous angle. He walked jauntily and with gigantic strides, moving his arms about as if preparing for a boxing-match. To his right the Russian Minister seemed quite reposeful by contrast. He was clad in dark clothes, and bore himself with dignity. Next to him came

RUSSIAN MARINES

the Representative of the French Republic, in a garb which combined the requirements of the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday with the conveniences of tropical attire on a week-day. Mr. Conger, the American Minister, strode ponderously behind, dressed in white cottons and military gaiters, while a horde of Secretaries, Students, and interpreters, in various fancy garbs, made part of the distinguished crowd.

The march through the Palace being a military affair, it seemed as if the Ministers were sulky and attached no import-

ance whatever to the occasion. In fact, some appeared quite bored. The remarkable head of Dr. Morrison (correspondent of the London *Times*) could be seen among the crowd.

The chief buildings and the Emperor's audience-halls occupy the central part of the Palace grounds in a line. The troops were not made to march through these throne-halls or other buildings, but we skirted them to the right, through various courts of more or less magnificence, passing buildings of great age and out of repair, and going through pretty rock gardens, quaint to a degree, until we came to a centenarian tree of gigantic proportions. The Chinese professed that it was five centuries old, and we all exclaimed "Ah!" and "Oh!" to express our admiration. Its branches were so heavy that they had to be supported by strong beams. Beyond that, through delightfully artistic grounds, was to be found a hill with curious grottoes. In the grottoes were idols and

A TREE FIVE CENTURIES OLD

SAD-FACED CHINESE OFFICIAL

RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE GENERALS IN THE FORBIDDEN CITY

(Sir Claude and Lady McDonald to the right of picture)

statues of Buddha, besides a number of silver and jade cups, vases, images, candlesticks, and bowls. Each of the courts or passages through which we went had massive gates that were opened by attendants as we approached. These attendants, who had been besieged in the Palace, seemed famished and worn. Although apparently submissive, even servile, any observant person could notice on their stolid faces an expression of hatred and contempt for us as we went by.

CHAPTER LXII

The most northern court—Impressive scene—Russian band—The *defilé*—Russians—Japanese—A strange figure—The British—The Sikhs—The Americans—Machine-like German contingent—A mental shock—The French—A curious incident—The Italians—Austrian marines.

We reached the last and most northern court of the Palace, and here came the grandest and most impressive part of the procession. The Russian General with his staff, the diplomatic body, Lady MacDonald, and one or two other ladies, stood under the northern gate leading out of the Palace—the *Yu-hoa-yuen*. The Russian band, an excellent one, took up a position in the courtyard, while a strong force of Cossacks and Russian infantry stood under the gate and round the wall of the court. Presently the *defilé* before the *doyen* Russian General began, and with the first bars of the Russian National Anthem in marched the Russian marines, infantry, and a contingent from each of their regiments in Pekin. A finer, healthier, sturdier, better or more sensibly-drilled body of soldiers it is impossible to imagine. They marched manfully across the court, amid the "hurrahs" and wild excitement of all present. Some marched out of the Palace, but a number of them were ordered by the General to remain inside the court and line the sides. The object of this was a charming

THE RUSSIANS MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

politeness on the part of the Russians towards their allies. The soldiers had been ordered to cheer themselves hoarse as the contingent of each nation went by. Next to the Russians the Japanese marched through, those wonderful and absolutely perfect little soldiers and officers who have astounded

RUSSIAN INFANTRY MARCHING PAST THE GENERAL

the world by their bravery and strategical skill. In their white uniforms and black and yellow caps, perfectly equipped with all the requirements of a campaign, they marched slowly and sensibly—a delightful display of precision and discipline. Baron Yamaguchi, their Commander-in-Chief, and General Fukushima, with his staff, marched proudly at their head, taking a place next to the Russian General when they reached him. The soldiers marched by the sound of their own bugles, as, alas, the Russian band, excellent as it was, broke down when it came to play a Japanese air! The absence of

what might have turned out an ear-rending performance was, however, more than compensated by the enthusiastic and prolonged cheering of the Russians, which was much appreciated by the Japanese, and which lasted until the last of them was out of sight.

There was a pause. A strange figure, no taller than five feet, and wearing a white sun-helmet of exaggerated proportions, now solemnly strode in alone. He was further garbed in an ample, unbuttoned black frock-coat over speckless white trousers, the top of his trousers reaching up to his neck, and the bottom of his frock-coat a couple of inches above his heels. A huge revolver and a Japanese two-handed sword, which he displayed under his frock-coat, completed his get-up, besides short top boots into which he had tucked his unmentionables.

"Who in the world is that?" one heard people exclaim on all sides as the little man bravely continued his solitary march, quite unconcerned, and making a hybrid civil-military salute to the Russian General. Some people said he was a Japanese war correspondent; others pronounced him to be a doctor. He caused some merriment, to hide which he was frantically applauded.

And now for the British. Here they come! One cannot help being struck by the fact they wear better clothes than any other nation — everything made of the best material instead of the cheapest. They looked as smart and spick and span as if they had come out of a bandbox, the officers especially. They had a dashing, free-and-easy, but extremely manly and business-like way of marching along, keeping good step, and with a graceful, unaffected swing that one cannot help liking and admiring. You could see as they

JAPANESE MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

came along that they were men who belonged to a great nation. They knew it, and were proud of it.

As General Gaselee and his staff appeared in the courtyard the Russian band played "God Save the Queen," and the most frantic hurrahs and waving of hats and caps took place as the Marines and Welsh Fusiliers marched by. Hardly ever have I witnessed a scene of such wild and hearty enthusiasm. It was indeed pleasant to think that so warm

WELSH FUSILIERS AND INDIAN TROOPS. SIKHS PLAYING BAGPIPES

a feeling of affection and respect existed between the two greatest Empires in the world.

In now came the Sikhs, with their bagpipes, which, little as I know about bagpipes, they seemed to play as well as any Scotchman. They created a *furore*, and you could see their jet-black eyes gleaming with joy at such a reception. The pipers remained in the courtyard, playing as delightfully as Scotch tunes permit, until the 1st Bengal Lancers, the 7th Rajputs, the Pathans, and at last the Wei-hai-wei Regiment, all passed through, all received with thundering cheers, moderated slightly towards the Chinese Regiment, for

it seemed to go against the grain, even with the Allies, that Chinamen should have been sent to fight against Chinamen. One felt rather sorry at their present position, for as a regiment they are a wonderful body of men.

The Americans were ushered in with "The Star-spangled Banner," blown through the brass instruments by powerful Russian lungs. And did not the boys look smart as they

GENERAL CHAFFEE AND STAFF MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

came through the gate! Officers and men were all in khaki, except General Chaffee, who wore his blue uniform.

They, too, like the British, were most enthusiastically cheered, and they deserved it, for indeed they had done excellent work in the campaign. On this particular occasion, when one could contrast and compare them with other nationalities, one was particularly struck by the individually intelligent appearance of each man, and by the matter-of-fact mien of the line officers. At the same time they presented quite as good a military appearance as soldiers of any other

PATHANS GOING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

nation. The boys marched through with pride, and waved their flag as cheers were raised for them.

The German contingent came next. Splendid men, tall, heavy, machine-like, and all so perfectly alike in height, build, and shape that they seemed made in the same mould. The contrast between them and the natural, easy-going Americans was great. It was so great that when they came

GERMAN MARINES AND OFFICERS IN THE PARADE

in with their extraordinary parade march—as unnatural a way of locomotion as was ever invented—there was general semi-suppressed laughter, drowned at once in "hurrahs." One could but admire the way they were equipped and drilled, their training being absolutely perfect—that is, if a soldier who is a machine is to be taken as a model soldier.

If one received a mental shock at the contrast of the American and German warriors, we had now a greater one when the French marched in. The poor fellows seemed so

much exhausted that they could scarcely walk. Their clothes were in a dreadful state. They hardly showed the French army at its best, but how could they? These men had been for several years in the deadly climate of Saigon, whence they had been despatched to Pekin, where they had just arrived. It is to be regretted that France was

FRENCH GENERAL AND STAFF

not better represented, for we all knew she could make a better show than that.

A curious incident, noticed by few, happened. The Russian band had been playing the "Marseillaise," the Republican march of France, but a forbidden air in the monarchical neighbouring country of Italy, at the full power of their lungs.

As the French were meagrely represented, the Italians came immediately behind them, just as the "Marseillaise" was in full swing. The Russian General discovered the *faux*

pas at once, and tried in vain to signal the bandmaster to stop. The musicians were blowing their hardest when the General's Aide-de-camp was despatched across the line to them, as can be seen in the photograph here reproduced. Just in time. In a hurry-scurry fashion the Republican march ceased abruptly, and the "Inno Reale" of Italy

ITALIAN MARINES AND THEIR OFFICERS

struck up, much to the reassurance and relief of the Italians, who seemed perplexed to march to an air foreign and distasteful to their ears.

They looked very manly and neat, well drilled, and carried themselves splendidly. They were much admired and cheered. So was the small and last contingent—the Austrian marines—which worthily ended this marvellous International historic parade through the Forbidden City and Imperial Palaces of Pekin.

CHAPTER LXIII

Inspecting the various palaces—"Marriage hall"—Emperor's private apartments—Coffers—Looters—A valued necklace—Refreshments—Through the fissures of a barricade—The two Empress's Palaces—Storehouses—The Imperial treasure—Council Hall—The *Tai-ho-tien*—A magnificent court—A thing of the past.

THE international parade being over, and the contingents having marched out of the Forbidden City by the North Gate, the Chen-ou-men, the Generals, officers and Ministers retraced their steps through the Imperial Palaces, which we were asked to inspect by the Chinese officials who led us.

We went once more through the flower-garden adjoining the Yu-hoa-yuen, or last court, and through the *Kun-ning* gate, which we have seen represented in the background of the photographs of the parading troops, and which gave access to the spacious palace of *Kun-ning-kung*, and the *Kiao-tae-tien*, the "marriage hall," directly south of it. These palaces were enclosed to the east and west by a long wall, with gates leading into separate courts.

The halls themselves bore a striking resemblance to one another, and were in a state of dilapidation, the carpets being torn up and dirty, the furniture partly destroyed, the wooden balustrades pulled down, evidently to be used for barricades to withstand a siege. The Imperial platform and

AMERICANS MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

throne with screen behind it were usually in fair preservation, but somewhat the worse for wear and tear. No doubt that, in their normal condition, these buildings must have been very handsome, and they were much larger and higher than any I had seen in the Emperor's, Empress's, or Summer Palaces.

We now came to the *Tsien-tsin-kung*, the private apartments of the Emperor, which were still in good condition, with magnificent jade and solid gold vases. At the sides were a number of lacquered cases with the Imperial dragon in gold, and handsome ivory tablets for the keys. These coffers contained magnificent gold embroideries, official insignia, jade Imperial seals, amber necklaces, decorations, and other such articles.

Much to the evident annoyance of General Linievitch, a number of officers of the Allies made direct for these coffers, smashed them open, and filled their pockets with what they could get, regardless of the feelings of the spectators, who stood aghast.

A worse thing happened. Out in the court, as one of the Chinese officials who was escorting the visitors stood impassive, with his white tasselled hat, and a long necklace of amber and jade, with pendants, the emblem of his rank, dangling on his chest, a military officer approached him and with a bow removed the valued necklace from the Chinaman's neck, placed it round his own, and with a "Ta-ta" and graceful wave of the hand, walked away with it. A complaint was later made of this to Sir Robert Hart, but, unfortunately, the necklace could never be recovered.

All these buildings were red-lacquered outside, and had a marble balustrade and three staircases, similar to the more modern palaces we have already visited.

South of this palace was the *Tsien-tsing* gate, a single building, whereas the Emperor's Palace was surrounded by three high structures and the court had lateral buildings.

We were now taken to a side building in a picturesque garden, where spread out on the verandah were six small cheap plates, two containing a few and ancient foreign biscuits, two had walnuts, and the last two, dried fruit. Several Court attendants stood, with sulky faces, and long gowns reaching to their toes, serving out boiling tea to any one who wanted some. There was a rush for both tea and eatables, and the conquering Allies walked off even with the plates and cups!

One was permitted to prowl anywhere, and I went with some friends to look through the fissures of a barricade on the east side behind some of the buildings. On the other side were a number of Chinese soldiers, armed with swords and Mannlicher rifles, with their belts full of cartridges, and apparently ready to fight if attacked. They looked somewhat wan and half starved, but very resolute. Many of these soldiers seemed Manchus by their features, stature, and bearing.

In the northern part of the Forbidden City, outside the line of the central row of reception and audience halls, were situated the two sets of palaces belonging to the two Empresses. To the east side was the *Tung-leu-kung* for the Empress *Tung-tae-hu* (the Empress of the East), and to the west the *Si-leu-kung*, for the Empress of the West (*Si-tae-hu*).

Behind these, in good symmetrical order, and occupying all the northern portion of the Forbidden City, were the innumerable lower buildings in which were accommodated the eunuchs, the Court officials, the concubines, the singers,

actors and musicians, the Court physicians. Then there were storehouses for silk robes, embroideries, silk in rolls, furs, tea, jewellery, golden Manchu shoes, and precious stones.

The larger side buildings were built parallel to one

THE SOUTH APPROACH OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY

another, had only one storey, and their longer side faced south and north.

The Imperial treasure was kept in a separate building called the *Kuang-chu-tse*.

Then we entered another court where stood the *Pao-ho-tien*, the Council Hall, which was also used as an examination hall for the candidates who joined the Hanlin University. A record of these examinations was carefully kept. Then another and similar hall, the *Chung-ho-tien*, where the less important ceremonies took place in the Emperor's presence.

The principal and most elaborate hall was the *Tai-ho-tien*, the throne on which the Son of Heaven received the

Imperial Princes and grandees of his country. The special envoys of suzerain States were also received here on great official occasions, and the Emperor held audiences in this hall on his birthday and on New Year's Day, when with great pomp and ceremony the highest dignitaries in the country came to prostrate themselves at his feet, and bring their good wishes, accompanied by rich presents.

In front of this palace was a magnificent court with beautiful marble three-tiered balustrades and triple staircases, the central one being used by the Emperor only.

The court and buildings were full of used-up cartridges; rank grass had grown in the courtyards, and the place had a marked look of broken-down, stately magnificence.

The full-page illustration from one of my photographs represents this court seen from the south, at the moment the Russian General and myself—the two first Europeans to enter the Forbidden City—strode into the sacred gate. It will be noticed that the only two people ahead of me were the two Chinese officials who led the international procession through the forbidden precincts.

By the *Tah* or *Tai-ho*, the "Great Gate," the Allies were again shown out of the Imperial Palaces, and when all had left the huge gates, studded with iron knobs and bars, swung again on their rusty hinges and closed behind them; but the Forbidden City was a thing of the past.

CHAPTER LXIV

Relative qualities of allied armies—A perfect type of soldier—Khaki clothes—Cover—For comfort and not for show—The value of a first-class soldier—Military routine and victory—The best soldiers of the Allies—The strongest soldier physically—Sensible officers—Scouts—Munthe—Yanchevetsky.

THE China war of 1900 gave one an excellent opportunity of judging the relative qualities of the various European and Eastern armies concerned in it.

I will attempt to give my impressions of how the several soldiers struck me, basing my observations on a careful study of the different troops employed in the operations.

I may preface my remarks by saying that, in doing so, I start from the assumption that the perfect type of soldier, to my mind, is not necessarily the best dressed nor the needlessly courageous, but the practical, sensible, healthy, cool fellow, quick at taking advantage of opportunities—in other words, the soldier that knows how to gain battles instead of losing them. The khaki clothes, patent boots, and other paraphernalia upon which so much stress is laid in military circles, are not sufficient to make a good warrior, any more than expensive brushes are the only things that an artist requires in order to paint good pictures. All that a really good soldier needs is a first-class rifle (of the simplest pattern), sufficient ammunition (carried in the way that will hamper

him least), a water bottle and a blanket. Bayonets, swords, and spears are practically of no use in modern warfare, and are not worth the waste of energy that it takes to carry their weight.

The value of khaki clothes is, in my mind, open to discussion. The military critics tell us that the only fault they could find with the Russian and Japanese soldiers in this campaign was their wearing white clothes. Personally, I am of opinion that, if anything, it is rather an advantage for the soldier to know that he can be seen from a long distance, as he then takes every precaution to advance as much as possible with his *whole body* under cover, and not like the khaki-clad soldiers, who, unconsciously imitating the ostrich, that hides his head in a hole so as not to be seen, and when advancing where cover was scanty, laid down on the ground, piling up heaps of earth to screen the head, forgetting that the Chinese, who were shooting at them from a height, could still see projecting beyond the cover their legs and other prominent parts of their anatomy, in which they were promptly shot!

That so many wounds were thus received was the result of the false idea of invisibility with which the khaki-clad soldier is imbued, and which is apt to make him careless and cause him eventually to get wounded or killed.

The clothes are of little consequence, as long as they are comfortable and suitable to the climate where they are to be worn. They should leave the soldier's action as free as possible. Anything for show and not for comfort ought to be absolutely abandoned.

My principal contention, however, is that it is not everybody who can make a good soldier, and that soldiers who are not good would not only be better employed in some

more peaceful occupation, but are in warfare a constant drag on the good soldier. One first-class soldier, with a good constitution—a man who can take immediate advantage of the natural condition of the ground he is fighting on; a man of quick perception, good sight, a certain amount of suppleness, and a thorough knowledge of shooting—can accomplish marvellous feats in modern warfare, and keep at bay a great number of men. A first-rate soldier is equivalent to fifty mediocre ones.

Strict military routine is not always conducive to victory, but is probably necessary where soldiers have little faith in their leaders. It should therefore be one of the main points, in selecting these leaders, to have men of real, sound, and practical ability—leaders who enjoy the absolute confidence of the men.

The Russians and the Japanese, taking things all round, impressed one as being the best soldiers in the field. Physically, the Russian soldier was stronger than the Japanese, and, owing to his easy white clothing, was able to out-march any of the other Allies with the greatest ease. On the trying march to Pekin, where soldiers of all other nationalities collapsed in hundreds along the road from sunstroke or dysentery, or oppressed by the great heat, I never saw a single Russian fall out of the ranks. Their sturdiness was extraordinary as compared with that of the other Allies.

One could not help being struck by the earnestness and gentlemanliness of their officers, and by the strange mixture of great severity and extreme affability—even familiarity—with their men. I have often seen high Russian officers joke and laugh with their soldiers as if they had been chums, which is rather contrary to the general idea of people in England, who believe Russian officers make their soldiers

march by means of a knout. Indeed, nobody could have been more unconventional and practical than the Russian soldier on the march. He went along with whatever green leaves he could find stuck under his cap to keep the head cool, and opened umbrellas which he had found in Chinese shops.

The officers took great care of their men, and saw to every sensible detail that might make them comfortable and keep them healthy. When possible, they were made to march in the cool of the early morning and evening, instead of in the hottest hours of the day, like the Americans ; and, having excellent scouts, who knew the country well, they avoided the unpleasant and trying experience of sending the tired men wandering round the country through cornfields for several miles, instead of sending them by the direct road.

In fighting, the officers and men behaved on every occasion with more than ordinary skill, caution, and bravery, and their Generals Linievitch and Vassielevsky were two men of great intelligence, refinement, and valour, which gifts were—as they usually are—accompanied by extreme kindness, thoughtfulness, and affability.

Besides the plucky and clever Yanchevetsky, the Russians showed great wisdom in selecting so able a man as Mr. J. W. N. Munthe (a Norwegian) as a scout and intelligence officer in the campaign. He acted in this capacity to Colonel De Wogack, military agent for Russia, who was the life and soul of the defence of Tientsin, and was ably assisted later by Captain Bayly, Commander Beattie, and Major Luke (all three British).

Nor must the senior Russian officer, Colonel Anisimoff, and Colonel Shirinsky, the liberator of Seymour, be forgotten.

Mr. Munthe was attached to General Linievitch's staff, and his services were of very great assistance, owing to his thorough knowledge of the country in general, and of the value and efficiency of the military organisation of the Chinese in particular. Indeed, Mr. Munthe, as instructor-in-chief of cavalry, and adjutant-general in the Chinese army to his Excellency Yuan-Shih-k'ai, had had six years' experience of Chinese soldiers. He had resigned his post at the beginning of the hostilities, and with great generosity offered his services to the Allies, refusing all remuneration, and making the sole condition that he must be at all times in the front. The Russian General lost no time in accepting his offer, while other Generals preferred in many cases to employ men who, although very worthy in themselves, could be of no great assistance to the troops.

CHAPTER LXV

British bluejackets and marines—Our army—Artillery—Welsh Fusiliers—Sir A. Gaselee—Indian regiments—Transport—Field hospital and ambulances—The evolution of the Wei-hai-wei regiment—Colonel Bower—Recruits—Obstacles—Families—Height of the men—Officers—Want of extra drill-sergeants—Speculation—Uniform.

THERE is little to be added to what is known already of the behaviour and bearing of British bluejackets and marines. They were magnificent in every possible way, and, with their officers, came as near perfection in their own line as it was possible to.

One did not, however, find altogether the same degree of excellence in our army. The soldiers themselves were extremely plucky—more so than was really needed—but somehow or other they seemed to lack that confidence in their leaders which makes soldiers ever certain of victory.

The British artillery was magnificent, and probably the best equipped of all. The men showed great coolness under heavy fire, and did good execution.

The Welsh Fusiliers behaved on every occasion with great courage, and did capital work every time they came in for some fighting.

No better man could have been selected to command the British forces than Brigadier-General Sir A. Gaselee, who

took the local rank of Lieutenant-General. General Gaselee proved himself to be a most prudent and sensible commander, who took great care of his men, and showed uncommon tact and skill.

I am rather doubtful whether the last two remarks should apply to another high British military officer, whose manner did not always seem particularly dignified nor suited to the

GENERAL GASELEE AND STAFF MARCHING THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN CITY

situation ; in fact, it was not even justifiable, as, much to our regret, we have had occasion of late to discover.

The Indian regiments, both cavalry and infantry, were first-rate in every way, and behaved most satisfactorily. They were the admiration of everybody, and their officers have every reason to be proud of their men, just as the men should be proud of their leaders.

The British transport was very well managed, and was equal in excellence to the Japanese and Russian. Everything was carried on pack-mules, commandeered native carts, and the

great bulk of it was brought up by river on junks and lighters. The men were fed regularly and well and were properly clothed. The commissariat in its minutest details—allowing, of course, for the difficulties encountered—was well-nigh perfect.

The same could be said of the British field hospital arrangements and ambulances, which were excellent. The coolie corps, who carried the covered dandies, performed deeds of bravery, and the "dandies" themselves afforded more comfort to the wounded than either the carts used by the Russians or the open stretchers of the Japanese and the Americans.

In talking to Russian and French officers, they expressed the greatest admiration for our ambulances and field hospitals, and so did all the officers of other nations.

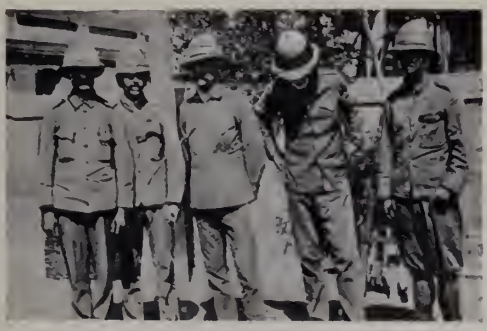
They were beautifully organised.

The evolution of the Wei-hai-wei or Chinese regiment was quite interesting. Colonel Bower, who was entrusted by the British Government with the duty of raising the regiment, arrived at Wei-hai-wei in November 1898, soon after Great Britain had taken possession of the place, but the first men were not enlisted till the beginning of January 1899. There were then only two officers, viz., Colonel Bower and Captain Wood, but five more officers arrived on March 1, 1899, when only ten recruits had so far been secured. The regiment was not, therefore, practically started till March 1, 1899.

Great difficulty was experienced at first in getting the men to join, and only the riff-raff of the neighbourhood applied. Partly attracted by the handsome salary offered, four companies were got together in the first five months, and three more were added later. The recruits came principally from the district all round (Shantung), and, to avoid friction with

the Chinese, no men were enlisted outside a radius of ten miles—that is to say, outside British territory. No recruiting parties were ever sent outside the boundary, and no other means which might be construed into breach of faith with the Chinese were used to decoy the men.

The recruits were mainly drawn from the agricultural classes of the immediate neighbourhood, but quite a number of deserters from the Chinese army joined the ranks. These made the best soldiers of all, as they were sharper, sturdier and more accustomed to discipline than the agricultural folks. Also, as they had a more adventurous temperament, and most of them had deserted their families, or been deserted by them, they were ready to throw in their lot entirely with any one ready to advance cash for their services. They had been about the country in all directions, and were not quite so narrow in their ideas as the recruits drawn from the more respectable classes.



OFFICERS OF THE WEI-HAI-WEI REGIMENT

The Chinese placed every kind of obstacle in the way of the recruiting officers. With hard work and perseverance these difficulties were overcome, and a year later, in May 1900, the regiment had reached its maximum complement of men, 600 all counted. The men were enlisted for three years and for service in all parts of the world. Most of them were between the ages of twenty-three and twenty-five, and all were married.

One of the greatest difficulties with them was their connection with their families, especially the fathers and mothers, who constantly visited the barracks and besought their sons to return home to live in peace and till the fields. The fellows seemed to have no will of their own, and were easily persuaded to desert. Especially at first, desertions were very frequent.

Considering that the recruits did not belong to a fighting race, it was marvellous how quick these fellows were at learning drill, of which they had as much as four and five hours a day. The results were excellent. The men were intelligent, good-tempered, and never got angry, even under the most trying circumstances. They were, however, superstitious.

The average height of the recruits was five feet seven inches; chest measurement, thirty-five inches. Being slim and wiry, they were splendid walkers and good weight-carriers, able to march long distances on very little food. They were armed with .303 Martini-Enfield rifles, and up to 600 yards made excellent practice, and took great delight in the shooting.

The officers in July 1900 were Colonel Bower, a cavalry officer, with a German called Schaller as a Chinese secretary and interpreter; Major Bruce, second-in-command; Captain A. Barnes (Wiltshire Regiment), who, besides the duties of district paymaster, found time to train the eight buglers of the regiment; Captain M. Watson (West Riding Regiment), who became second-in-command after Major Bruce was severely wounded in Tientsin; Major G. F. M. Montgomery, Adjutant; Captain W. Dent; Captain A. J. Hill; Captain G. F. Menzies; Captain G. E. Pereira; Captain B. C. Fairfax; R. T. Toke, senior lieutenant; Lieutenants R. M. Bray, W. T. Laird, Brooke, and Johnson.

Lieutenant Olivant was unfortunately killed in Tientsin.

The want of extra drill-sergeants was felt, those at present employed having become worn out in the terrific heat of the sun, and being ill with overwork. It was not possible to employ native officers, and great difficulty was experienced in finding non-commissioned officers.

Although excellent in every way, the natives cannot be

THE WEI-HAI-WEI REGIMENT IN TIENTSIN

relied upon if sent out by themselves or under officers of their own blood, for whom they have not the same respect and fear as for Britishers.

The complete success of the regiment will mainly depend on sufficient drill officers being sent out. The Germans at Kia-chow have long ago discovered this, and their companies of 120 men have two officers and twelve drill sergeants, whereas in the Wei-hai-wei regiment there is only one officer and one sergeant to the same number of men—a somewhat considerable difference.

In April 1900, Company 7, under Major G. Pereira, went to escort the Boundary Commission with Colonel Bower, Major Penrose, R.E., and three Chinese commissioners. The country all round was in a state of unrest, and there were many rows with the natives, but the men behaved very faithfully. When the trouble became serious, the whole

regiment turned out and did good work until the country was pacified. On returning to their barracks they were ordered to Tientsin, where the regiment came for the first time into actual warfare.

There was much speculation as to how the men would conduct themselves, but although the circumstances of having to fight their own compatriots were very trying, they showed great pluck and coolness under heavy fire.

The Wei-hai-weis had a very smart appearance in their khaki shirts and bloomers, with wideawake straw hats, black putties, and broad silk sash, which gave them a waist like a girl. They displayed ten cartridges on the chest, where suitable loops had been provided to receive them, in Cossack fashion. This, however, was only their attire in the field. The parade uniform of the regiment was even more becoming. It consisted of a long, dark grey blouse, reaching to the knee, with brass buttons, and red kamarband and small dark blue turban.

CHAPTER LXVI

The American soldier—Line officers—General Chaffee—Mule-teams—Field hospital arrangements—Japanese perfection—Sharpshooters—Physical strength—A fighter—White clothes—Bravery—Transport—Light vehicles—Field hospital work—Generals Yamaguchi and Fukushima—Intelligence department—French troops—Commissariat—Saigonese soldiers—Italian marines—German and Italian troops.

THE American soldier was the type, with some slight improvements, of the soldier of the future. He was a general and a tactician in himself. He had a great deal of dash and courage, and much unconscious perception and natural intelligence. He did wonders in the Chinese campaign, and were he to possess a stronger physique and a healthier constitution, both of which he does all he can to ruin, he would probably be the best soldier in the world.

The line officers, too, were perfect gentlemen, and most business-like soldiers. They knew and did their work in a sensible, practical, and excellent way, whenever, of course, superior orders permitted them to do so. Whether right or wrong, I cannot express the same heartfelt admiration for the American commander, General Adna Chaffee.

The American mule-teams and waggons which they used for their transport were quite a sight. They were certainly

wonderful conveyances, and could carry a great deal at a time. For an open, flat country like China they did very well.

The field hospital arrangements of the Americans were not so good; in fact, they seemed quite inadequate to the requirements. They had insufficient medical skill with the force, and not enough medicaments to supply the wants. It is true that each soldier carried fastened to his belt a little bundle, supposed to contain bandages for immediate use in case of a wound, but that was about all.

For marvellous neatness, exemplary conduct, and discipline, perfect transport and hospital arrangements, and admirable coolness in fighting under the heaviest fire, commend me to the Japanese. It was a pleasure to see them marching along, heavily-laden, in the most terrific heat, looking as neat as possible. The sharpshooters carried a small pair of binocular glasses slung over the shoulder, and each man had a small double basket for his rice, which was boiled and pressed into it in sufficient quantity to last him two days He further had a haversack, a water-bottle, a heavy coat or blanket rolled over the shoulder, a pouch for cartridges, and a bayonet besides his rifle. He lacked, perhaps, the physical strength of the Russian—the only soldier, as we have seen, that bore the hardships of the trying march to Pekin without flinching—and many of the little fellows, after struggling with all their might before giving in, eventually collapsed under the heavy weight they were carrying.

For actual fighting the Japanese were undoubtedly as good soldiers as any of the Allies, if not, indeed, better than the others. Much has been said about them already, and, unlike military critics, I will not find fault with their white clothes; in fact, I can find no fault with them at all, except the display of too much courage in exposing themselves to

THE THREE PAGODAS ON COAL HILL.

be mowed down by the enemy's bullets when there was no necessity.

This, of course, comes from the old idea, prevalent also among English people, that such unnecessary exposure is an act of heroism. Truly considered, it is just the reverse, for brave officers and soldiers were often killed in this fashion by stray bullets, and most valuable lives that might on other occasions have been of the greatest use to their country were absolutely thrown away to no purpose.

Bravery is to my mind only to be admired when its exercise can accomplish an object, and not otherwise. It is absurd for any man to face the fire of Maxims or modern magazine rifles. To do so is equivalent to committing suicide, and the sooner soldiers, in advancing, learn to take advantage of all available cover, the better. It is the duty of the soldier to preserve his own life to do damage to the enemy, and not to waste it for the sake of old-fashioned notions which do not apply to long-range, modern fire-arms.

The Japanese Generals know this perfectly well, and it may be that, in this particular war, the appalling waste of life in their ranks was principally intended to show the world of what stuff the Japanese soldier was made. The world knows and admires their marvellous tenacity and heroism, but such heroic soldiers as the Commander-in-Chief, General Yamaguchi and General Fukushima led to Pekin are too good to be thrown away.

It is useless for me to repeat how marvellous the Japanese transport arrangements were. They went like clockwork. There never seemed to be a hitch, and whether on pack-saddles, in large rope bags slung across, or in cases, or on carts, everything with them was as tidy as possible. Here a word may be put in for light vehicles on rough roads against

heavy ones. The Japanese had commandeered a great number of rickshaws in Tientsin, which were laden with weights often too great for the capacity of the spidery conveyances. Curiously enough, although on the march to Pekin one saw dozens and dozens of heavy carts smashed and abandoned by the roadside, I only remember seeing one broken rickshaw out of the several hundreds that were taken up.

Interesting to a degree were the hospital arrangements of the Japanese. Their army was accompanied by a great number of skilled surgeons and doctors, who, whenever a battle took place, selected a suitable building or spot where they pitched their folding dissecting tables, and spread out their instruments, medicaments, &c. They instantly put on gowns and aprons such as those used in hospitals, and were ready immediately on arrival of the wounded to perform the operation necessary, whether to amputate limbs or saw portions of the skull, or easier operations. No time was wasted lest inflammation should set in. One felt as if one were attending the anatomical class in a well-regulated city hospital, rather than seeing a field hospital. The Japanese surgeons were very skilful with their carving instruments; they possessed steady sight, nerve, and hand, besides being endowed by nature with a most delicate touch in their supple fingers.

I had the pleasure of meeting both General Baron Yamaguchi and General Fukushima, to whom I was indebted for much kindness and thoughtfulness shown me on many occasions during the war. Both as affable and simple in manner as only great men can be, these two generals were a remarkable instance of how fast the Japanese have become efficient, and indeed actually superior to most of us, in military matters. One felt at once, in conversing with them,

that these were two great leaders of men. The facts proved it.

The Japanese Intelligence Department bore out its name in its work. The Japanese and Russians were the only two forces of the Allies who had accurate maps of the part of China through which the allied troops were marching.

ITALIAN INFANTRYMAN

It is not fair to comment on the French troops, for they were in small numbers and not representative. What work was entrusted to them was usually done well, but their commissariat seemed to be somewhat out of order. I have on several occasions heard their men complain of not being able to obtain food, at their pickets especially, when the men were left in the hot sun the whole day without food or water. The native Saigonese regiment, which bore a certain resemblance to our Wei-hai-wei regiment, looked very neat and smart, and the French marines showed considerable pluck.

There was something nice about the gentle, quiet Italian marines from the armoured cruisers *Calabria* and *Elba*, forty of whom, under Lieutenant Sirianni and Sub-Lieutenant Premoli, accompanied the Seymour expedition, and fought with more than ordinary bravery, losing five killed and two wounded. They were armed with Wetterly rifles, pattern 87, and had with them a Maxim.

It was not till all the fighting was over that the Italian infantry arrived, and also the bulk of the German troops of magnificently-drilled men, quite machine-like, but apparently too heavy in build for colonial warfare. They were beautifully armed, but their clothing and hats seemed more adapted

for suburban summer gardening in Germany than for war purposes. Allowing khaki clothes to be of real use, the incongruity of khaki clothes with an enormous white straw hat,

GERMAN SOLDIERS LANDING IN TIENTSIN

which must have been very difficult to keep on one's head on a windy day, was palpable. However, as these soldiers took no part in the main operations against the Chinese, I do not feel justified in expressing an opinion.

CHAPTER LXVII

Mr. Munthe—Chinese foreign-drilled troops—Officers and men—Yuan-Shih-k'ai — Foreign officers — Apprehension — A stanuch friend of foreigners—A great man—Two instructors—Drill—On the march — Endurance — Equipment—Arms—Cavalry—Artillery—Target practice—System of drill—General Nieh's army—An experiment—Soldiering—A steady way of earning money.

THINKING it would prove interesting to the reader, I obtained from Mr. Munthe some particulars regarding Yuan-Shih-k'ai's foreign-drilled Chinese troops. The men, said Mr. Munthe, were all picked and guaranteed by the home authorities. They were well fed, well and regularly paid, clothed, armed, and taken care of in every way. The work of these men, who were extremely smart in appearance on parade and in their drill, was quite up to the ordinary standard of most foreign armies. The native officers, however, were not so good. This, in Munthe's opinion, was accounted for by the fact that, until proper reforms had penetrated the official classes and altered the condition of life for all those in power and authority, it was impossible for these men to get sufficient experience.

Yuan-Shih-k'ai knew this, and had therefore appointed from time to time a number of efficient officers of various nationalities to bring his army to a standard of excellence.

At the end of their contracts they had all left or been dismissed, except Mr. Munthe, who was held in great esteem by Yuan-Shih-k'ai, and had gained considerable influence over him.

Grave apprehension was felt, at the outbreak of hostilities, lest this foreign-drilled army of Yuan might obey the Imperial orders issued to it, and join the force fighting the Allies. Yuan-Shih-k'ai, however, remained a staunch and loyal friend of the foreigners, and did all he could to influence the Court in Pekin to protect the besieged in the Legations. He kept his army in Shantung (of which province, as we have seen, he was made a Governor), and actually suppressed, to the best of his ability, the anti-foreign movement in his province.

Yuan-Shih-k'ai was one of the great men in China, extraordinarily able and acute, and of an iron will. He was ever fair to his people and foreigners alike (as we have seen in the settlement of the Brooks case).

Comparatively young, only forty-three years of age, and a *protégé* of Li-hung-chang, he was a taotai at the age of twenty-six, and afterwards for ten years Minister Resident in Corea. He was blamed, without reason, for causing the Chino-Japanese war, and on returning to his country took over the Ting-wu-chun force of 5000 men of all arms, formerly under the command of Hu-Yun-mei. The latter became Governor of Pekin.

This force was then being drilled by two foreign instructors, Munthe and Shaller (a German). Munthe, formerly an officer in the Norwegian army, had been detached from the Imperial Customs to undertake military work, while Shaller afterwards left upon being engaged by the British Government at Wei-hai-wei.

Mr. Munthe's experiences of Chinese soldiers was that they were much quicker at their drill than the average foreign soldier. Their freedom from nervousness made them excellent shots—that is to say, of course, after due instruction and practice. The Chinese soldier marched extremely well and had unusual powers of endurance. He did not seem to suffer or grumble when insufficient food could be obtained, and was at all times obedient to leaders whom he respected. Under strict discipline and capable leadership such men could accomplish as much as most foreign troops.

The infantry was equipped on the pattern of European soldiers, with slight modifications required by Chinese wants, and the soldiers were armed with excellent Mannlicher rifles.

The cavalrymen carried Mannlicher carbines and German-made swords.

The artillery had no less than eighty field and mountain guns of the latest pattern, besides thirty quick-firing Maxims. With these their gunners made excellent practice, as they had perfect eyesight, and had the national gift of being accurate judges of distances.

Strangely enough, the cavalry with carbines could shoot better than the infantry with rifles, which is not often the case. Dismounting and firing rapidly at ranges varying from 500 to 900 yards, they did excellent work, far above the average of European armies.

The system of drill was German, as was that of the other foreign-drilled troops belonging to General Nieh's army at Lutai, where Colonel Voronoff and two Russian officers had been engaged in 1898 to act as instructors of cavalry. Colonel Voronoff was also to be foreign adviser,

but the experiment proved a failure on account of General Nieh's unwillingness to be guided by a European. These troops, together with General Sung's army, which went by the generic name of "foreign-drilled troops," took very active part in the fighting in Tientsin, and gave the Allies considerable trouble. They were also armed with small-bore Mannlicher and Mauser rifles.

There is no doubt that a most efficient army could be formed with Chinese material under foreign officers, but constant supervision is absolutely necessary to keep the men in good condition.

To be a soldier is considered in China a good steady way of earning money; such qualities as loyalty and patriotism cannot be expected, as they do not exist in Celestials. It is only "foreign devils" who can indulge in such unremunerative qualities.

CHAPTER LXVIII

The end of the campaign—The Emperor and Empress—An excitement—Captured towns—Diplomacy—A strange call—The journey to Tungchow—My pony—Shrill notes of a bugle—An excited French officer—Interrupted harangue—In the American Commissariat quarters—American humour—Junks—The journey by water—The line of communication—Mr. Ragsdale's hospitality—Tientsin settlement—Soldiers of all nations—Pekin—Loot in demand—Minor encounters—Paoting-fu—The Pe-tang forts—The tail end of a typhoon—Arrival of Field-Marshal Waldersee—A well-spent holiday.

THERE was no doubt the campaign was over. The Chinese were demoralised; the Emperor and Empress well on their way to the old and distant capital of Si-nang-fu; the Government vanished; the Chinese army disbanded; the invulnerable Boxers in such mortal fear that they dared not come within several miles of the muzzles of foreign rifles.

One day there was a great excitement. We saw columns of dust rise to the south of the Chinese city. An attack on Pekin was expected, but the dust settled, the attack never took place, and life in Pekin was getting decidedly dull.

The captured towns were comparatively deserted, only very few natives having ventured to return to their wrecked homes. Day after day was passing, and nothing exciting or new was happening, nor likely to happen. Diplomacy—ironically called, as regards the Chinese question—had

now to settle the entangled minor points, and how far it may succeed is a question that, personally, I would not willingly commit myself to answer.

Lien, the Yamên interpreter, was busy going round in his cart to call on all the Ministers and Generals, and, curious as it may seem, one day the Russian General, to his great astonishment, received the visit of a high Chinese official, whose rank corresponds to that of Minister of War, and who came accompanied by several other Ministers of the Yamên, to convey the thanks of the Chinese nation to the Generals of the Allies for their kindness in entering Pekin so promptly and restoring peace and quiet! A call of the same kind was paid to some of the other Generals of the Allied forces.

Towards the middle of September things were getting so slow that I decided to return to Europe. Early in the morning I sent my carts by the paved road to Tungchow, with my Indian and Chinese servants in charge, and rode on my China pony by the new road. I started alone late in the afternoon. The country all along was desolate and practically deserted, except that now and then, as one came suddenly upon them, dozens of natives, mostly wearing soldiers' trousers, but no coats, dashed across the road and disappeared in the high corn on the other side. The result of this imprudence was that a great number of them had been shot by new foreign troops just arriving up the country, and not yet accustomed to the ways of Celestials, and now lay dead in the road, and on the banks on both sides. In one spot there were some thirty or forty who had been killed only shortly before my arrival.

Owing to the scarcity of grass or any other kind of fodder in Pekin itself, my pony was in a wretched condition, half-

starved and lame, and as it had been raining in torrents two days before, he sank up to his chest in mud. I could only proceed very slowly, and he fell a great many times during the fourteen miles. I walked and led him the greater part of the way, wading through deep mud and slush, with interludes in which one forced one's way through thick fields

THE FRENCH COLONEL AT THE BRIDGE

of Indian corn eight feet high, while, in addition, horse-flies, mosquitoes, and all other kinds of flies and midges were busy biting and stinging.

The sun was getting low, and I had yet several miles to go. On and on I went, taking things as calmly as was possible under the circumstances, when I heard close by the shrill notes of a bugle. Then came the commands given in a loud, angry voice, and I caught the words "*'Alt ! 'Alt ! En arrière. . . .*" Hurrying forward, and, coming out of the corn, I saw a number of French soldiers on a bridge over the canal. An excited superior officer (as can be seen in

the photograph) rode ahead of them and drove them back. Then he rode over the bridge and down to the other side, where about a thousand more French soldiers, who were on their way to Pekin, had been spread in a line, presenting arms, and facing a cornfield, the stalks of which were several feet higher than their heads and screened from their sight anything that there might be to be seen.

I halted to see what was taking place. The superior officer, after ordering the bugles to play various high notes—the

THE COLONEL'S HARANGUE

military significance of which I do not know—and after clearing his voice in all the recognised ways, thundered an oration to his men—whom he called "*compagnons d'armes*" —on the historical battle which had been gloriously won at this bridge by the French troops in 1860.

The photograph represents the orator in full swing, and the backs of the listeners. There was a good deal in the speech about "*Vos frères aînés qui sur ce pont gagnèrent une victoire glorieuse*" ("Your elder brothers who scored a glorious victory at this bridge"), each *r* rolled as if it had been twenty; but all at once another officer, with a map spread open, galloped to his superior with this astounding news:

"*Mais sapristi! mon Colonel, mais ce n'est pas ce pont ci!*" ("By Jove, Colonel, this is not the right bridge.")

A sudden shock to the orator, an interruption of his speech,

and a lively discussion as to whether this was or was not the right bridge supervened, while the men still stood at attention, with their noses against the corn.

"*Mais, je m'en fiche pas mal,*" conclusively ended the colonel, who was not to be done out of the discourse. "*Ça doit être ce pont ci*" ("It ought to be this bridge"), and, with more thundering notes, he finished his long and flowing harangue.

"*Mais, Monsieur le Colonel, où est-ce, le pont?*" ("But,

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA OF 5TH AVENUE, TUNGCHOW

Colonel, where is the bridge?") queried a chorus of astonished soldiers, who had not yet quite grasped what all the fuss was about.

A less self-confident man than our French friend would have collapsed, but he did not.

About an hour later I reached Tungchow, where I was most kindly received in the American commissariat headquarters by Captain Franklin. The Americans had installed themselves in a compound on the river front, and lived surrounded by tins of provisions and packages of khaki clothes, brown boots, and perforated hats.

The British commissariat adjoined the American, and then came the Russian on one side and the Japanese on the other. Further up were the Italian and the French.

A couple of canteens had been established on junks by speculators, where beer and whisky of doubtful brands fetched exorbitant prices.

There was a good deal of humour among the American soldiers. At Tungchow, where a few boys had put up a

JUNK IN WHICH AUTHOR TRAVELLED FROM TUNGCHOW TO TIENTSIN

rough shed, they displayed such notice-boards as: "Waldorf-Astoria" and "Fifth Avenue," and as I photographed them they assumed such attitudes as they would have done had they really been dining in that palatial hotel of the great American city.

Boats were offered me to go down the river, both by the British and Americans; but as Captain Franklin had one junk leaving immediately with some sick, I accepted his very

kind offer. My carts had unfortunately come to grief on the broken-up paved road, and had overturned several times. Eventually all the teams arrived, everything was placed on board the junk, and at last I was under weigh for Tientsin.

The journey occupied three days, during which I had a much-needed rest. There were posts of the Allies all along the bank to our right as far as Yangtsun, and after that also to

THE CABIN OF JUNK WITH SICK ON BOARD

our left. We passed hundreds and hundreds of confiscated junks, now flying European, American or Japanese flags, towed by coolies up stream, and laden with provisions, guns and ammunition for the Allies. All seemed quiet round us, and Tientsin was reached safely.

Thanks to the delightful hospitality of Mr. Ragsdale, I had here my first taste of civilisation, and thoroughly enjoyed

a bath, a shave, a change of clothes, and a huge plate of vanilla ice-cream.

Tientsin settlement had now quite a lively appearance. Germans, with their wide-awake straw hats and short khaki frock-coats, French, and Italians were arriving in great numbers. The streets were full of soldiers of all nations, the river swarming with junks, tugs, launches, and lighters.

There was a great demand for Pekin loot, printed notices such as the following, being actually posted up and circulated in the settlement :

"Wanted to buy, some of the dark blue porcelain vessels taken from the Temple of Heaven at Pekin. Apply to 'H' c/o *Tientsin Press*."

Loot was openly bought and sold in the streets by soldiers and civilians.

Since the departure of the Allies for Pekin, there had been encounters of the garrison and Boxers, and several expeditions were despatched in different directions. The chief one was that to Pao-ting-fu, which led to the discovery of the massacred missionaries, whose mutilated bodies were recovered from a well into which they had been thrown.

Then there was the surrender of the Pe-tang forts, near Shan-hai-kwan, and with this event ended the list of engagements of any importance which took place during the last war of the century between civilisation and fanaticism.

Hastening down to Taku, and thence on to Shanghai by a cargo boat, I struck on the way the tail-end of a typhoon, which tossed us about considerably and delayed us for several hours. I was nevertheless in time to witness the arrival in China of Sir Ernest Satow, the new British minister in Pekin, and the more imposing reception given to

Field-Marshal Waldersee, the new Commander-in-chief of the Allied forces.

When I left the Celestial Empire I felt that my summer holiday had not been absolutely wasted while I witnessed the campaign of China and the Allies.

BOATMEN

APPENDIX

COMPOSITION OF THE BRITISH FORCE DESPATCHED TO CHINA.

1ST INFANTRY BRIGADE:

7th Bengal Infantry.
26th Bombay Infantry.
1st Sikh Infantry.
24th Punjab Infantry.
No. 39 Native Field Hospital.
No. 43 Native Field Hospital.
No. 1 Brigade Supply Column.

2ND INFANTRY BRIGADE:

2nd Bengal Infantry.
14th Sikhs.
1–4th Gurkha Rifles.
30th Bombay Infantry.
No. 63 Native Field Hospital.
No. 66 Native Field Hospital.
No. 2 Brigade Supply Column.

DIVISIONAL TROOPS:

12th Battery, Royal Field Artillery.
R–7 Ammunition Column Unit.
1st Bengal Lancers.
1st Madras Pioneers.
No. 4 Company, Bengal Sappers and Miners.

No. 3 Company, Madras Sappers and Miners.
No. 2 Company, Bombay Sappers and Miners.
1 Photo-Litho Section, Madras Sappers and Miners.
1 Printing Section, Madras Sappers and Miners.
8 Special Signalling Units (British Infantry).
Section B, No. 22 British Field Hospital.
No. 42 Native Field Hospital.
No. 3 Brigade Supply Column.

LINE OF COMMUNICATION TROOPS:

22nd Bombay Infantry
3rd Madras Infantry } Garrison troops at Hong Kong.
1 Telegraph Section, Madras Sappers and Miners.
1 Railway Section.
1 Ordnance Field Park.
1 Engineer Field Park.
Section A, No. 25 British Field Hospital. (As base hospital for British officers and soldiers.)
No. 47 Native Field Hospital.
No. 41 Native Field Hospital. (For sick and wounded returning from the field.)
No. 4 Field Medical Store Depot.
1 Native General Hospital (400 beds).
1 Native Military Base Depot.
1 Base Supply Depot.

PUNJAB COOLIE CORPS:

No. 1 Punjab Coolie Corps.
No. 2 Punjab Coolie Corps.
No. 3 Punjab Coolie Corps.
No. 4 Punjab Coolie Corps.
No. 54 Native Field Hospital.

SUPPLY BATTERY.—The 57th Battery Royal Field Artillery supplying battery of the 12th Battery Royal Field Artillery.

COMMAND AND STAFF.

DIVISIONAL STAFF:

Commanding (with local rank of Lieutenant-General).	Brigadier-General Sir A. Gaselee, A.D.C., K.C.B., I.S.C.
Aide-de-Camp.	Captain B. T. Pell, the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment.
Aide-de-Camp.	Lieutenant R. A. Steel, 17th Bengal Cavalry.
Deputy-Adjutant General (with local rank of Major-General).	Brigadier-General E. G. Barrow, C.B., I.S.C.
Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.	Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. W. O'Sullivan, R.E.
Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General.	Captain I. Philipps, 5th Gurkha Rifles.
Marine Transport Officer.	Commander F. H. Elderton, Royal Indian Marine.
Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for Intelligence.	Captain E. W. M. Norie, Middlesex Regiment.
Field Intelligence Officer.	Captain MacC. R. E. Ray, 7th (D. C. O.) Rajputs.
Principal Medical Officer.	Colonel J. T. B. Bookey, V.H.S., I.M.S.
Special Service Officers.	Captain G. H. G. Mockler 30th Madras Infantry. Captain the Hon. H. D. Napier, 1st Central India Horse. Captain G. de S. Barrow, 4th Bengal Cavalry.
Commanding Royal Engineers (with local rank of Lieutenant-Colonel).	Major G. K. Scott-Moncrieff, R.E.

Adjutant Royal Engineers.	Captain R. E. Picton, R.E.
Assistant Field Engineer (Railways).	Lieutenant H. E. C. Cowie, R.E.
Assistant Field Engineer (Telegraphs).	Lieutenant S. G. Loch, R.E.
Superintendent, Army Signalling.	Captain G. C. Rigby, 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment.
Provost Marshal.	Captain R. B. Low, D.S.O., 9th Bengal Lancers.
Ordnance Officer.	Captain M. S. C. Campbell, R.A.
Field Paymaster.	Captain C. N. Baker, Military Accounts Department.
Staff Surgeon.	To be detailed from the Force.
Chief Commissariat and Transport Officer.	Major W. J. Bond, Assistant-Commissary-General.
Assistant to ditto.	Lieutenant H. N. Young, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General.
Divisional Transport Officer.	Major F. C. W. Rideout, Assistant-Commissary-General.
Assistant to ditto.	Major H. D. McIntyre, 8th Madras Infantry.
Commissariat and Transport Officer for Divisional Troops.	Lieutenant L. M. R. Deas, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General.
Assistant to ditto.	Lieutenant R. M. Hall, 13th Bengal Lancers.
Veterinary Officer.	Veterinary-Captain E. H. Hazelton, A.V.D.

1ST INFANTRY BRIGADE STAFF:

General Officer Commanding.	Brigadier-General Sir Norman R. Stewart, Bart., I.S.C.
Orderly Officer.	Major A. W. Leonard, 5th Infantry, Hyderabad Contingent.
Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General.	Captain T. Jermyn, 2nd Sikh Infantry.

Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General.	Captain H. T. Brooking, 21st Madras Pioneers.
Brigade Signalling Officer.	Lieutenant C. R. Scott-Elliott, 4th Madras Pioneers.
Brigade Commissariat and Transport Officer.	Captain R. E. Vaughan, Assistant-Commissary-General.
Assistant to ditto.	Captain D. R. Adye, 6th Infantry, Hyderabad Contingent.

2ND INFANTRY BRIGADE STAFF:

General Officer Commanding.	Brigadier-General O'M. Creagh, V.C., I.S.C.
Orderly Officer.	Captain W. A. Watson, 2nd Central India Horse.
Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General.	Captain J. M. Stewart, 2–5th Gurkhas.
Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General.	Captain J. A. Houison-Crauford, 7th Bombay Infantry.
Brigade Signaling Officer.	Captain J. Gaisford, 25th Punjab Infantry.
Brigade Commissariat and Transport Officer.	Captain F. C. Rampini, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary General.
Assistant to ditto.	Lieutenant M. R. W. Nightingale, 2–5th Gurkhas.

LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS AND BASE STAFF:

Base Commandant and in charge of Line of Communications.	Colonel L. R. H. D. Campbell, I.S.C.
Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, Base and Communications.	Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Swann, 1st Bombay Grenadiers.
Principal Medical Officer, Line of Communications.	Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. P. F. Esmond-White, I.M.S. (Madras).

Commandant, Native Military Base Depot.	Major W. S. Delamain, 23rd Bombay Rifles.
Adjutant Native Military Base Depot.	Lieutenant E. C. Creagh, 4th Punjab Infantry.
Base Commissariat and Transport Officer.	Captain A. W. Cripps, Assistant-Commissary-General.
Assistants to ditto.	Captain F. E. Geoghegan, Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General.
	Lieutenant W. St. G. Chamier, Deputy - Assistant - Commissary-General.

TRANSPORT OFFICERS:

Senior Transport Officer for Chinese Transport.	Major S. G. Radcliff, 33rd Madras Infantry.
Transport Officers for Chinese Transport.	Captain J. A. Douglas, 2nd Bengal Lancers.
	Captain E. A. W. Stotherd, 4th Lancers, Hyderabad Contingent.
	Lieutentant W. L. O. Twiss, 25th Madras Infantry.
	Lieutenant C. L. Peart, 4th Sikh Infantry.

INDIAN COOLIE CORPS.

FIRST CORPS:

Commandant.	Major St. G. L. Steele, 2nd Bengal Lancers.
Second-in-Command.	Lieutenant H. S. Garratt, 3rd Bombay Infantry.

SECOND CORPS:

Commandant.	Captain J. L. Rose, 2–1st Gurkhas.
Second-in-Command.	Lieutenant C. H. Alexander, 6th Bombay Cavalry.

THIRD CORPS:

Commandant.	Captain E. B. C. Boddam, 2-5th Gurkhas.
Second-in-Command.	Lieutenant F. H. Goldthorp, 3rd Punjab Cavalry.

FOURTH CORPS:

Commandant.	Captain P. W. Drake-Brockman, 5th Bengal Infantry.
Second-in-command.	Lieutenant G. A. H. Beatty, 9th Bengal Lancers.

(*a*) The following units were embarked at Bombay:

Staff, 2nd Infantry Brigade.
2nd Bengal Infantry.
14th Sikhs.
1–4th Gurkhas.
3rd Madras Infantry.
26th Bombay Infantry, 30th Bombay Infantry } From Karachi.
No. 2 Company, Bombay Sappers and Miners.
No. 54 Native Field Hospital (for Punjab Coolie Corps).
No. 63 Native Field Hospital.
No. 66 Native Field Hospital.
The four Punjab coolie corps.

(*b*) The remainder of the force was embarked at Calcutta.

Field hospitals were embarked with units as under:

With Field Battery.	1 Section, British Field Hospital.
With Native Cavalry regiment.	2 Sections, Native Field Hospital.
With each battalion of infantry.	2 Sections, Native Field Hospital.
With each coolie corps.	1 Section, Native Field Hospital.

Ordnance.—(*a*) All units and details were armed with .303 rifles or carbines, and were supplied with the necessary proportion of appurtenances and component parts of these arms.

(*b*) Five additional spare vents per gun were taken by the Ordnance Field Park for the Field Battery.

(*c*) *Ammunition.*—(i.) Scale of small arm (.303) ammunition:

	On Soldier.	1st Regimental Reserve.	2nd Regimental Reserve.	Ordnance Reserve.	Total Number of rounds per man.
Artillery per carbine	—	—	—	—	20
Regiment of Native Cavalry .	50	100	—	250	400
Native Infantry Battalion . .	100	80	120	450	750
Native Pioneer Battalion . .	60	120	120	450	750
Company of Sappers and Miners	50	100	—	250	400

In addition to above scale, small-arm ammunition at the rate of 50 rounds per rifle or carbine were furnished to all units for practice on voyage.

.303 Mark II. ammunition only was taken.

(ii.) Battery ammunition. 750 rounds per gun, which included the usual proportion of case shot, or 4500 rounds in all, including ammunition in battery, and ammunition column charge and Ordnance reserve.

(*d*) The Ordnance Field Park stores were drawn from the Allahabad arsenal, supplemented as necessary from the Madras command. The *personnel* was also drawn from Madras.

(*e*) *Signalling.*—In addition to the signalling equipment with corps units and with the special signalling units referred to in paragraph 15, 6 spare sets of signalling equipment complete, and 6 C.C. lamps were shipped by the Ordnance Department, who also made over to the Superintendent, Army Signalling of the Force, 6 cavalry pattern heliographs.

Machine Guns.—One .303 Maxim gun on infantry field carriage, and 30,000 rounds of ammunition (of which 6200 rounds were in regimental charge, and the balance in Ordnance reserve), were issued to each battalion of infantry (except the two battalions detailed for the line of communication), and the Pioneer battalion at the port of embarkation.

Medical.—(*a*) The Native General Hospital for 400 beds, complete with tents, was equipped at Calcutta and despatched with the Force under the orders of the Principal Medical Officer, Her Majesty's Forces in India.

(*b*) A hospital ship for the conveyance of sick from China to India was taken up and equipped by the Director of the Royal Indian Marine in direct communication with the Principal Medical Officer, Her Majesty's Forces in India.

(*c*) Obligatory pack mule transport accompanied the field hospitals except those embarking at Bombay, whose obligatory transport was shipped at Calcutta.

(*d*) Mosquito nets were provided for full number of beds in field and general hospitals under the orders of the Lieutenant-Generals Commanding the Forces, Bengal and Bombay.

(*e*) 500 per cent. reserve of medical comforts were taken, and a sufficient reserve of medicines.

(*f*) Any further medical arrangements deemed necessary were made under the orders of the Principal Medical Officer of Her Majesty's Forces in India.

Ambulance Transport.—No pony ambulance or ambulance tongas were taken. Except in the case of Section A, No. 25 British Field Hospital, which had no ambulance transport, 50 per cent. additional dandies accompanied each field hospital, and bearers were taken at the rate of 6 per dandie and 10 per cent. reserve, making a total of 30 dandies and 180 bearers, plus 10 per cent. reserve bearers for each complete Native Field Hospital; and for Section B, No. 22 British Field Hospital, 8 dandies and 48 bearers, plus 10 per cent. reserve. The usual scale of commissariat sergeants, ambulance agents, sirdars and mates were provided.

Veterinary.—The necessary veterinary arrangements for the force were under the orders of the Principal Veterinary Officer in India.

Transport.—(*a*) Only the obligatory pack-mules allotted to units in Appendix A accompanied the force.

(*b*) The obligatory mules, allotted to units, included mules for the carriage of reserve of emergency rations in the field as follows:

Native Infantry or Pioneer battalion .	8 mules per battalion.
Company of Sappers and Miners .	2 mules per company.
British Field Hospital . . .	1 mule per section.
Native Field Hospital	2 mules per hospital.

(*c*) One duffadar and five sowars drawn from Native cavalry regiments in the Bengal command, and one duffadar and five sowars from Native cavalry regiments of the Hyderabad Contingent, accompanied the force as transport assistants. They were equipped at Calcutta with .303 carbines and 50 rounds of ammunition per man.

Telegraph.—A Telegraph Section from the Madras Sappers and Miners, consisting of 2 British non-commissioned officers, 2 havildars, 2 naiks, and 12 sappers, accompanied the force, with 20 additional military signallers from the Bengal and Punjab command.

A Railway Section of 50 men, inclusive of 2 non-commissioned officers and 4 native surveyors, accompanied the Intelligence Department.

The four Punjab Coolie Corps were composed of Punjabi Mahommedan coolies, accustomed to carry heavy loads and to marching.

The grand total of the force was therefore: 284 officers, 333 warrant and non-commissioned officers, 341 officers and hospital attendants, 9233 non-commissioned officers and men, 8950 public and private followers, 1686 horses and ponies, 2061 mules, 5 syces, 2 warrant officers, 5 non commissioned officers, 10 veterinary assistants, 2 clerks, 40 jemadars, 80 dumadars, 767 drivers, 8 blacksmiths, 8 bellows boys, 5 shoeing-smiths, 25 saddlers, 3 carpenters, 8 hammermen, 6 B.L. 15-pounders, 9 Maxims .303.

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